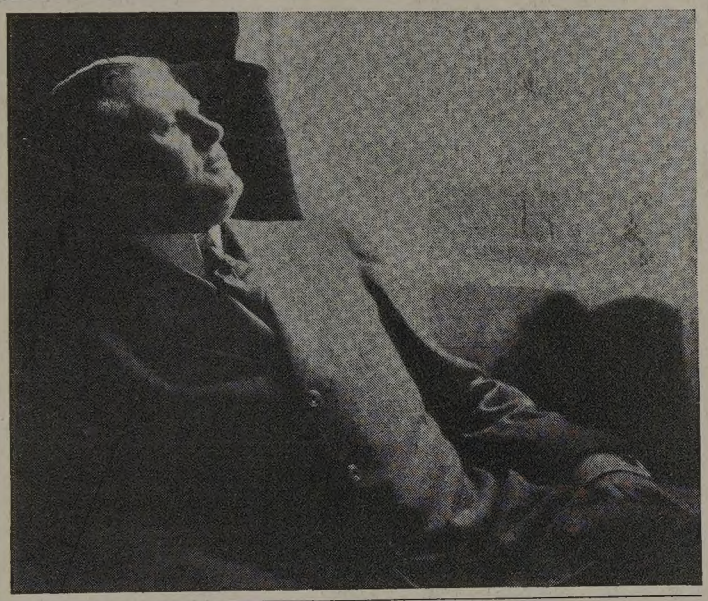
AUG 1 - '56

HOURS WITH O. HENRY

INTIMATE IMPRESSIONS OF THE MASTER SHORT-STORY GENIUS; HOW HE LIVED; HOW HE LOOKED; HOW HE WANDERED; AND HOW HE WROTE



WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER (O. HENRY)—1862-1910

"He gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his genius to humanity." *Dedication by C. Alphonso Smith, biographer and lifelong friend of O. Henry*

1915
1862
7

FRIENDS and family have helped to make this number of The Mentor. Here we have the O. Henry that they knew—the real O. Henry—whom some of them called "Will Porter." They give us here a true, sympathetic picture of the simple, lovable character of O. Henry, and a just and worthy tribute to his original and unique qualities as a writer.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

Photo by W. M. Van der Weyde

O. HENRY, THE GENIUS OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY

O Henry lived nine years in New York, little known to the public at large. During that time he wrote about 250 short stories, and with the years there came to him success, competence, and fame—and then, when at the very crest of the wave, he died. Since his death his fame has grown greater with every year. "The laurel wreath that should have crowned his brow became a garland laid upon his grave—and now the whole English-speaking world recognizes him as one of the great masters of modern fiction."—*Stephen Leacock*

The MENTOR

Vol. 11
No. 1

SERIAL
NO. 240

FEBRUARY, 1923

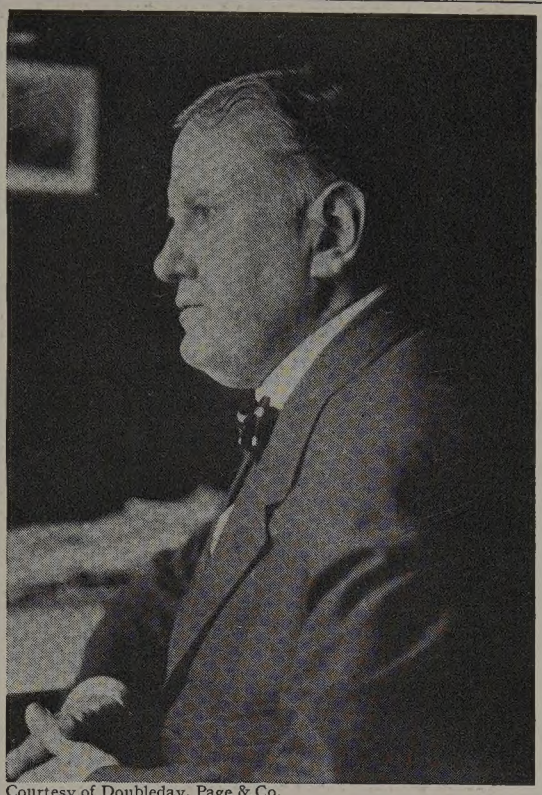
O. HENRY—THE MAN AND HIS WORK

BY HIS LIFELONG FRIEND

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MD.

Author of the authorized "Life of O. Henry"



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

O. HENRY AT HIS WRITING TABLE
A photograph taken some time during his last years

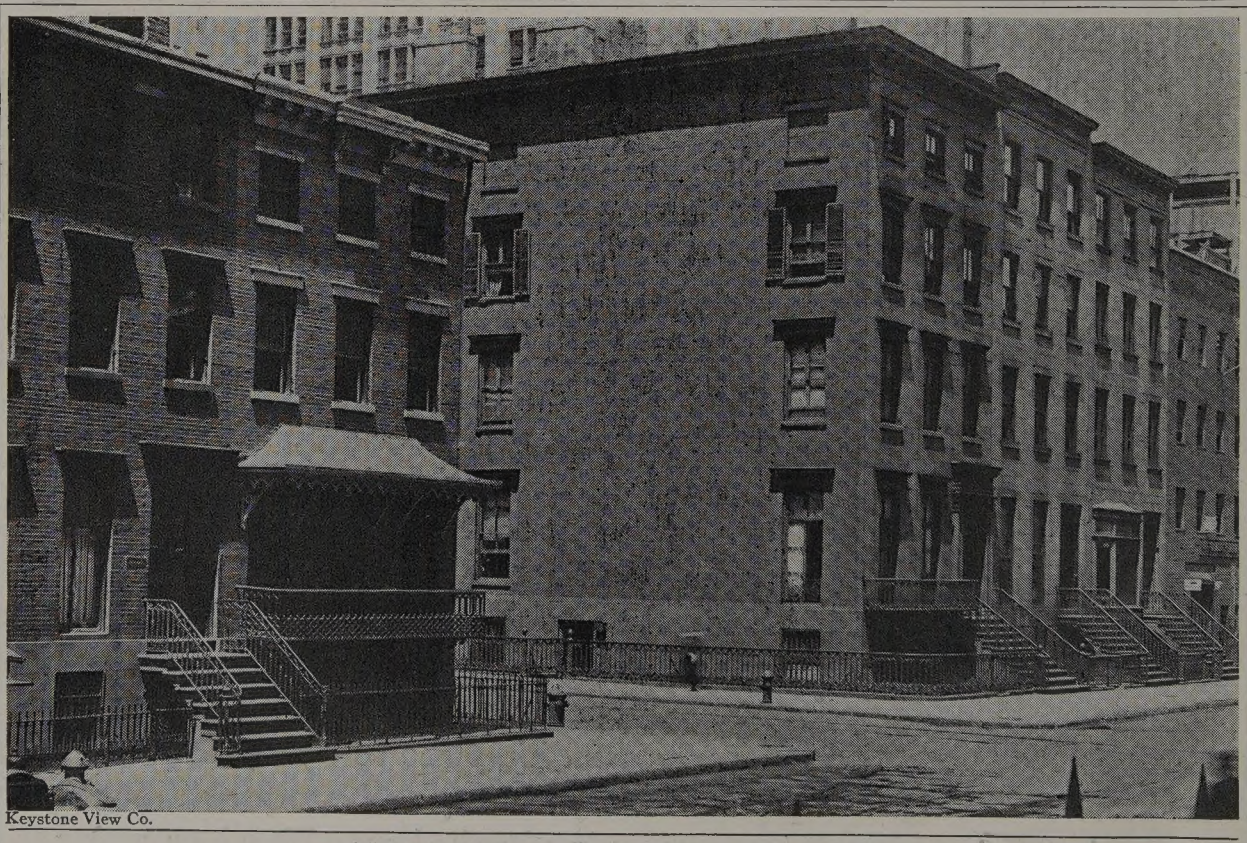
O. Henry's last words, spoken with a smile, were, "I don't want to go home in the dark." Could he return to us he would find that he did not go home in the dark, but that an increasing radiance shines about his name and fame. He is read to-day not only in English but also in French, Spanish, German, Swedish, Dano-Norwegian, and Japanese. "I'm not a critic," a woman said to me in Brooklyn recently, "and know nothing about the technique of the short story. But I do know that, whenever I feel low-spirited, O. Henry is my best restorative." She is typical, I think, of O. Henry's large and increasing clientele of readers. They not only read him but come more and more under the spell of his genial and companionable nature. The entertainer has become both friend and comrade. The best loved author in English literature is probably Oliver Goldsmith or Charles Lamb. In American literature the choice would lie, I think, between Washington Irving and O. Henry.

It is too soon to speak with any claim to finality about O. Henry's place in American literature, but certain phases of his work are beginning already to loom up as salient and distinctive. He is, for example, the only writer in English or American literature who won his place solely by the writing of short stories. Irving soon passed from the story to history and biography; Hawthorne "found himself famous" only after he began his wider career as a novelist; Poe was a critic, short-story writer, and poet; Bret Harte is our greatest parodist, but it is impossible—thinks his latest biographer—to say whether he will make "his appeal to posterity mainly as a poet or prose

writer;" Henry James attained his most characteristic expression in the novel; Stevenson and Kipling would be secure in their immortality if they had never written a short story. In singleness of impression, therefore, as well as in bulk, O. Henry's two hundred and fifty short stories represent the most significant effort yet made by an English-speaking writer to win and hold a place in letters not by that loose thing known as the story that is short, but by that artistic triumph known as the "short story."

O. Henry is also the only short-story writer known to us whose workshop contained no rejected manuscripts. Some of his stories were widely traveled, he tells us, but they all landed at last. "My first story," he said, "was paid for, but I never saw it in print." This was "The Miracle of Lava Cañon," which was accepted by the McClure Company on December 2, 1897, and marked for "publication September 18, 1898." From this date to the appearance of his last story, "Let Me Feel Your Pulse," published shortly after his death, *every story* submitted to a publisher was sooner or later accepted. This unique record is a testimonial to the faith that O. Henry kept with his art. "Write to please yourself," he once gave as the only rule, and from this high standard he never swerved. The story must be as good as he could make it before he was willing for the public to see it.

It will help us to appraise O. Henry's art if we remember that he did not

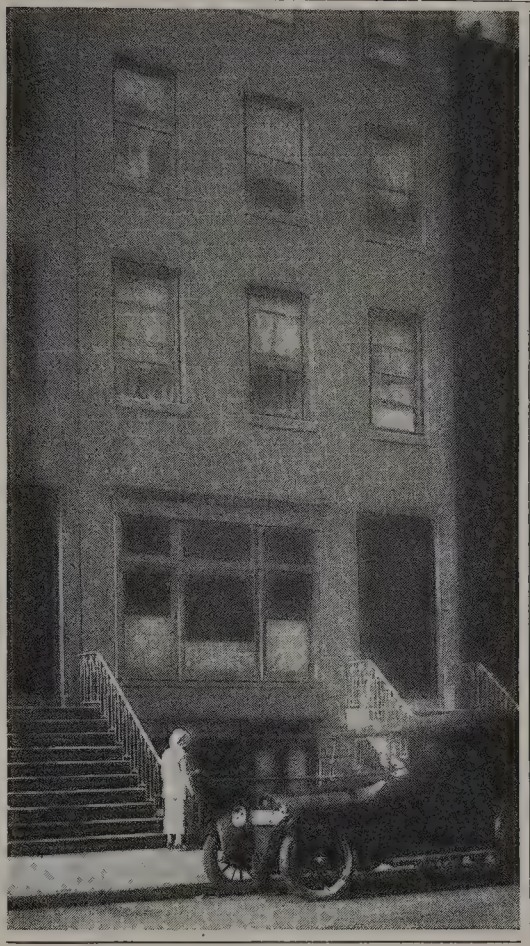


Keystone View Co.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS O. HENRY LIVED ON IRVING PLACE

The house is the one at the extreme right, and O. Henry occupied the front room where the large window is. This picture shows the house as it looked when O. Henry lived there. He liked the situation and its surroundings, and he did not overlook the literary interest of that part of town, for he wrote to a friend once that he was living "a few doors from old Wash. Irving's house." The Washington Irving house is the one on the near corner, with the awning over the iron balcony

find himself in the short story at once. Even after he had won national recognition by the publication of "The Four Million" in 1906, he felt the call of other types and of other talents. In the last conversation that I had with him, in New York, in February, 1908, he talked glowingly of a drama upon which he was engaged, and spoke wearily about the demands made upon him by the publishers to whom he had promised short stories before they were completely written. "Sometimes there will come a telephone message about two o'clock in the morning," he remarked, "saying, 'We must have the rest of that story to-day.' I ask them to read me the last paragraph of the first instalment so that I can know just where to start." I told him that I didn't believe a word of this, that his stories were so notable for their unity as to prove a continuousness in the creative process, even if the story were not all written at once. But he continued to proclaim the superiority of the drama. The drama that he had in mind, however, was not a new creation. It was a reshaping of his short story "The World and the Door," in which he believed that he had hit upon a great truth, viz., "that every human soul has this tendency toward respectability, that it is greater than love;" nobody, thought O. Henry, should be classed as permanently down and out. In boyhood days it was not the drama or the short story that drew him; it was the cartoonist's art. To our way of thinking, no such youthful genius in pen or pencil sketch had yet appeared. Later on, he tried his hand as editor of *The Rolling Stone* in Austin, Texas, and as reporter on *The Houston Post*. After his establishment in New York he felt the lure not only of the drama but also of poetry, the musical comedy, and the autobiographical novel. But all these diversions, though they lessened the number of short stories that he might have written, contributed indirectly to the excellence of those that he did write; they flowed *from* his art at first, but returned later in deepened volume *to* it. Nothing helps a man more to do what he can do than to know what he can't do.



FIFTY-FIVE IRVING PLACE

O. Henry occupied the parlor floor with a window as large as a store front. Behind these window panes he would sit for hours watching the world go by on the street, noting men and women with penetrating eyes. The window has been altered since O. Henry's time. This is the way it looks to-day

The first impression that the reader of O. Henry gets is one of originality. O. Henry was a voice, not an echo. He has been compared with many

THE SCENE OF THE HALBERDIER

This is "Old Munich," as O. Henry called it, a big hall with smoky rafters, rows of steins, portrait of Goethe, and verses on the walls. This picturesque "Beer Cathedral"—on Third Avenue, New York—formed the background for one of O. Henry's best stories, "The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss"

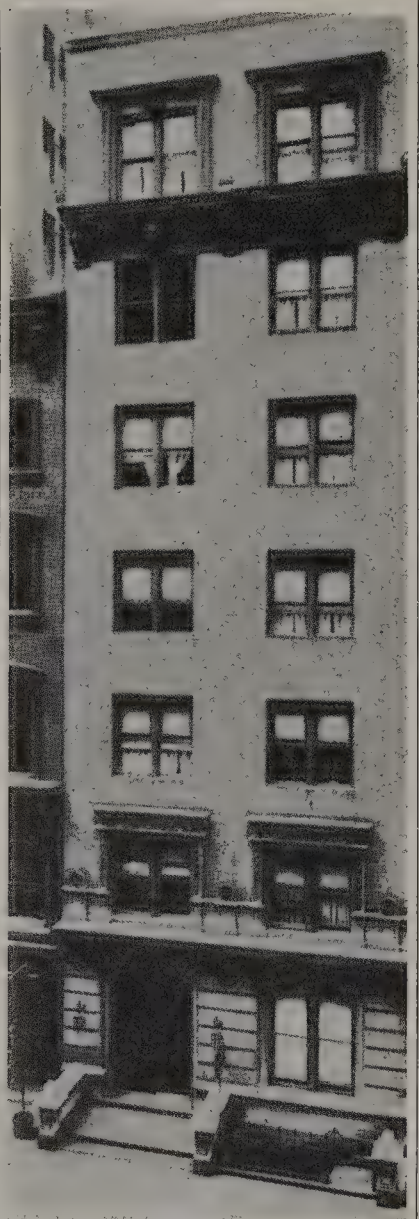
writers, American and foreign, but no one has called him an imitator of anyone else. The O. Henry touch is altogether distinctive in narrative art. He had read much, thought much, and suffered much before he became famous. But every discipline had developed him centrally rather than marginally. If you were thrown with him often you would have observed in him a great equality rather than a steep superiority. I have never known a nature so widely receptive as his, but at the same time so eagerly but quietly reactive. His reactions, however, were not those of criticism or rejection. They partook more of the nature of an instinctive human interest, of a wide and liberal understanding, of a keen but sympathetic determination to see life just as you saw it. The critical judgment must wait. Talk with him five minutes and he could reproduce you to a button in a pencil sketch, and probably reveal some central trait in you unknown even to yourself. There would certainly be something amusing about you, though no one else may ever have discovered it before.

His originality, therefore, is not the originality of novel things but of old things probed a little more deeply. He took old themes—love, habit, the voiceless part of our population, the humor and pathos of daily life, the West versus the East, the South versus the North, the romance and unexpectedness of the commonplace, the things that you and I have in common—and gave them a new meaning, a new interest, a new appeal. Even his literary allusions are of the old-fashioned sort. Though he was saturated with magazine literature and newspaper happenings, the books that had left the deepest impress upon him were the Bible, Shakespeare, Tennyson, and the Arabian Nights. To the Bible he makes his largest number of references, sixty-three; to Shakespeare, thirty-four; to Tennyson, twenty-one; to the Arabian Nights, fourteen. These were familiar to him from childhood, and his use of them indicates anew the quality of his originality. Instead of exploiting the new, he reinterpreted the old.

Much has been written about O. Henry's humor as shown in his calculated misquotations, his inverted phrasing, his verbal coruscations. But O. Henry's humor is only incidentally a thing of words and phrases. You may omit these and O. Henry would still be a great humorist. Had these been

essential, his stories could never have survived translation, for translation shears away remorselessly all that is merely verbal. No, O. Henry's characters are not humorous because they say funny things. They *say funny things because they are humorous*. O. Henry's humor has been acclaimed by a world of grateful readers because, like the humor of Shakespeare and Molière and Cervantes, it rises naturally and spontaneously from the situations in which his characters are placed. The situations become themselves creative; they belong to the elemental nature of comedy. They are matrix rather than copy, and the humor is born rather than made. Review the situations in "The Handbook of Hymen," "A Cosmopolite in a Café," "The Brief Début of Tildy," "A Lickpenny Lover," "Two Renegades," "The Gift of the Magi," "The Cop and the Anthem," "Makes the Whole World Kin," "The Lady Higher Up," "The Pendulum," "The Making of a New Yorker." In each of these the stage is set by a master. There is subtle thought, even profound thought, not so much in the working out of the plots as in the selection and fore-staging of such humorous situations as make the plots work themselves out. Humor is released rather than manufactured. It plays hide-and-seek with pathos in many of these stories, and not infrequently both humor and pathos come before the footlights hand in hand to receive the plaudits of an audience that finds it hard to say which is which.

A special distinction of O. Henry's humor is that it is not harsh, or cynical, or derisive. It is humane because it is fundamentally human. It is associative rather than separative in its effect. As soon as you read one of his stories you want to read it aloud to others. But you do not have to pick your audience for fear that feelings will be hurt. Rich or poor, educated or illiterate, employer or employee, black or white, man or woman—all will find their common heritage of humanity reached and enriched. Much of the stage humor of to-day, certainly that of the school of Wilde and Shaw, derives most of its sparkle from what has been called "the neat reversal of middle-class conceptions." There is no such reversal in O. Henry. Instead of pitting class against class, he reveals class to class and



Courtesy of Arthur B. Maurice

HIS LAST NEW YORK HOME

The Caledonia apartment house on West 26th Street. From his apartment in this building O. Henry made his last move to the Polyclinic Hospital, where he died, June 5, 1910

section to section. He seems to say: "You think the other fellow is funny. Well, you are just as funny as he is."

With his originality and humor must be considered his Americanism. He never visited England or the Continent. But he knew his own country; and his journeyings in Central America, South America, and Mexico gave him just the angle of contrast that was needed to enable him to run the boundary line sharply between what was American and what was not. If we omit the stories of New York and Texas, which include one hundred and seventy titles, there are left twenty additional states represented by O. Henry's backgrounds. If he had not visited all of these and studied their regional differentials at first hand, he had at least heard intimately about them. He knew them accurately enough to make both plot and characters fit naturally and revealingly into each setting that he chose.

But Americanism is not a matter of geography. It is a spirit, a mood, a temperament, an attitude toward men and things, a way of looking at life, of expressing life, and of achieving life. Foreigners detect it more readily than we do. Thus Hugh Walpole, writing in the *London Daily Mail*, declares that American literature has at last become "independent;" and he hails O. Henry as "the true father of this new American literature."

It is impossible to corral Americanism in the confines of a scientific definition, but one element of O. Henry's Americanism emerges in a report that came from the battlefields of France. "As a trench companion," so ran a soldier's comment, "O. Henry cannot be surpassed. He is brief, he is witty, he is deliciously human. Without meaning to, apparently, he teaches a philosophy of cheerful acceptance of 'The Things That Are To Be'." Add to this his instinctive aversion to indecency in every form; recall, too, his exacting idealism which made him say almost with his latest breath, "I want to get at something bigger. What I have done is child's play to what I can do, to what I know it is in me to do"—and you have the American, the artist, and the man in one.

THE HARBOR OF HUMAN DRIFTWOOD—NIGHT TENANTS OF MADISON SQUARE

For such unfortunates O. Henry's hand was always out. He mingled with them and gave freely in charity to them. And from them he learned many of the significant things in human nature that he has disclosed to us in his stories

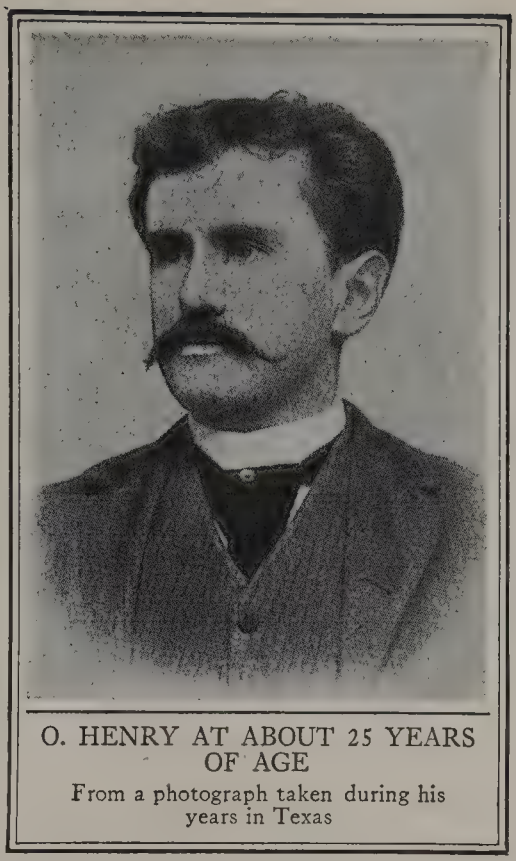
HENRY BOY AND MAN

How he lived, how he looked, and how he worked

BY ARTHUR B. MAURICE

FORMER EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN," AUTHOR OF "NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS," ETC.

We laughed and dozed, then roused and read again
And vowed O. Henry funniest of men.
He always worked a triple-hinged surprise
To end the scene and make one rub his eyes.
VACHEL LINDSAY



O. HENRY AT ABOUT 25 YEARS OF AGE
From a photograph taken during his years in Texas

He was christened William Sydney Porter; in spirit he was always O. Henry—even long before the pen name was invented. In considering his life to-day, almost thirteen years after he passed on, the shadow of the whimsical pseudonym seems to be over every adventure. We think of him as O. Henry when he was the tousled-headed boy playing Indian in his native Greensboro, North Carolina; when he was in school working his "sum" with one hand and making sketches of his teacher, "Miss Lina," with the other; when he was clerk in his uncle's drug store; when he was ranchman in Texas; when he was in Houston as a reporter for the *Daily Post;* when he was in Austin as occasional clerk in a tobacco store, bookkeeper for a real estate firm, draftsman in the General Land Office, and paying and receiving teller in a bank; when he was in Central America hobnobbing impartially with local magnate and beach comber—just as we know the O. Henry of the later years, when he was picturing the heart of the "Big City of Razzle-Dazzle," his "City of Too Many Caliphs," his "Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway."

Let us touch the high lights of that panoramic career—that forty-eight years of life so varied in action, so rich in achievement. He came of good sound stock, his mother's people having settled in North Carolina years before the Revolutionary War. O. Henry's father was Dr. Algernon Sydney Porter, who has been described as at one time "the best known and best beloved physician in Guilford County." O. Henry once summed up his early years with amazing brevity as follows: "I was born and raised in No'th Ca'lina, and at eighteen went west and ran wild on the prairie." Yet, lightly as he dismissed Greensboro in this utterance, he never forgot the debt that he owed to the "somnolent little Southern town."

O. Henry's mother died when he was three years old, and, as his father had become absorbed in the fever of invention, the strongest molding influ-

WHERE O. HENRY LEARNED THE THREE "R'S"

The little school on West Market Street, Greensboro, N. C., where O. Henry was taught by his aunt, Miss Lina Porter. The building, long since removed, stood in the yard of the Porter homestead. This picture was drawn by Miss Isabella Swaim, a classmate of O. Henry's

ence of his impressionable years was his aunt, Miss Evelina Maria Porter, generally known as "Miss Lina," the teacher of a private school. Under her direction O. Henry acquired his elementary education. That ended when he was fifteen. Then he went to work as a clerk in his uncle's drug store, where he served customers, mixed prescriptions, and, between times, told stories and made caricatures. For five years he bore the drug-store grind with patience and fortitude.

Then came the hour of release, the first embarkation on his ship of adventure, which was to carry him far on the seas of life. In the company of Dr. and Mrs. Hall of Greensboro, O. Henry went to Texas, to the home of one of their sons, Jesse Lee, better known as "Red" Hall, who owned a ranch in La Salle County. A colorful man was "Red" Hall, already a Texas ranger of note, and later to become an army officer in the war with Spain. For some time O. Henry stuck to the ranch, learning to lasso cattle, to shear sheep, to ride and care for a horse, and to acquire the art of cooking. What was more important to posterity, he found there a new world, with a thousand contrasting types.

But O. Henry was always looking with eager curiosity for "what's around the corner;" so after two years he jumped the ranch and ran down to Austin, the capital of Texas; then to Houston, where, as a reporter, he had his first opportunity to put his itch for writing to practical use. Then he returned to Austin, and to a variety of occupations that enabled him to acquire a wide knowledge of life at first hand. The O. Henry stories tell us how much of that first-hand knowledge went into their making. To recall at random: the author of "The Love Philtre of Ikey Schonenstein" and "A Ramble in Aphasia" must at some time have been a drug clerk; the author

MISS LINA PORTER

O. Henry's aunt, who was also his teacher

of "Georgia's Ruling" must have worked in a land office; the author of "Friends in San Rosario" must have had practical experience in Western banks.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

PORTER DRUG STORE IN O. HENRY'S TIME
A caricature sketch made by O. Henry while he was a clerk in his uncle's store

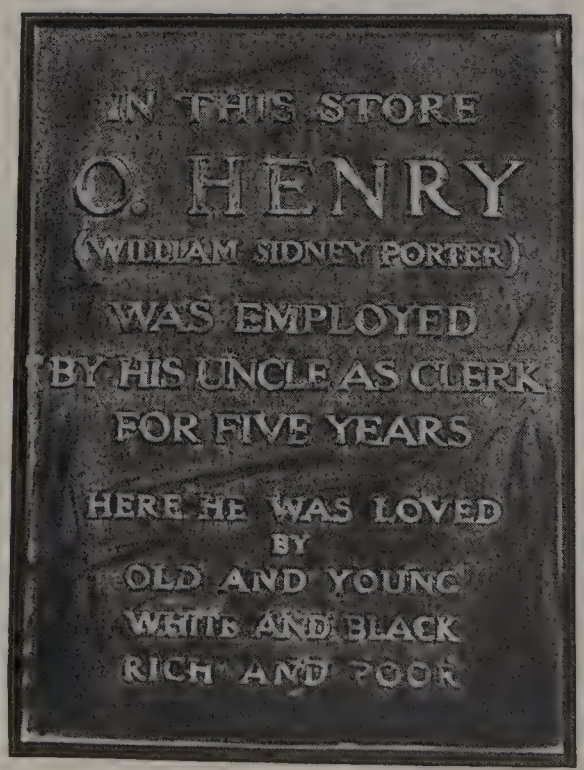
For two years in Austin he worked as bookkeeper for the real-estate firm of Maddox Brothers and Anderson at a salary of one hundred dollars a month; then, for four years, from January, 1887, to January, 1891, he was in the General Land Office. In the meantime he had married. It was an elopement, and the girl was Athol Estes, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mrs. G. P. Roach. There was no parental objection to the bridegroom—but the girl was young and her health was delicate. Once married, however, parental forgiveness and blessing were quickly won, and Mr. and Mrs. Roach were ever after O. Henry's stanch friends. The years immediately following marriage were the happiest in O. Henry's life. The work and environment of the General Land Office were pleasant; in leisure hours he was writing odds and ends and disposing of them here and there for small sums that helped eke out the family income; and, to cap the climax and fill to the brim the cup of content, there was born to him a daughter, Margaret Worth Porter.

The General Land Office position was a political one; and, in 1891, O. Henry's friends were squeezed out, so he turned over his desk to a successor, and entered the First National Bank of Austin as paying and receiving teller. There he remained for four years and then resigned to go into journalism. He had fun for a while with a humorous weekly known as *The Rolling Stone*, which appeared on April 28, 1894, and disappeared on April 27, 1895. "*The Rolling Stone*," O. Henry said: "rolled for about a year and then showed unmistakable signs of getting mossy. Moss and I were never friends, so I said good-by to it."

Though his publication failed, O. Henry was henceforth committed to his pen for his livelihood. For six precarious months he picked up what he could by humorous contributions to any paper that showed a disposition to pay promptly. In June, 1895, he had made up his mind to go to Washington, and was on the eve of departure when his young wife, who had been born to an

THE O. HENRY DRUG STORE, GREENSBORO, N. C., AS IT IS TO-DAY

Reproduced from a photograph made especially for this number of The Mentor



O. HENRY TABLET

Set in the wall on the side of the building in which the O. Henry drug store is located

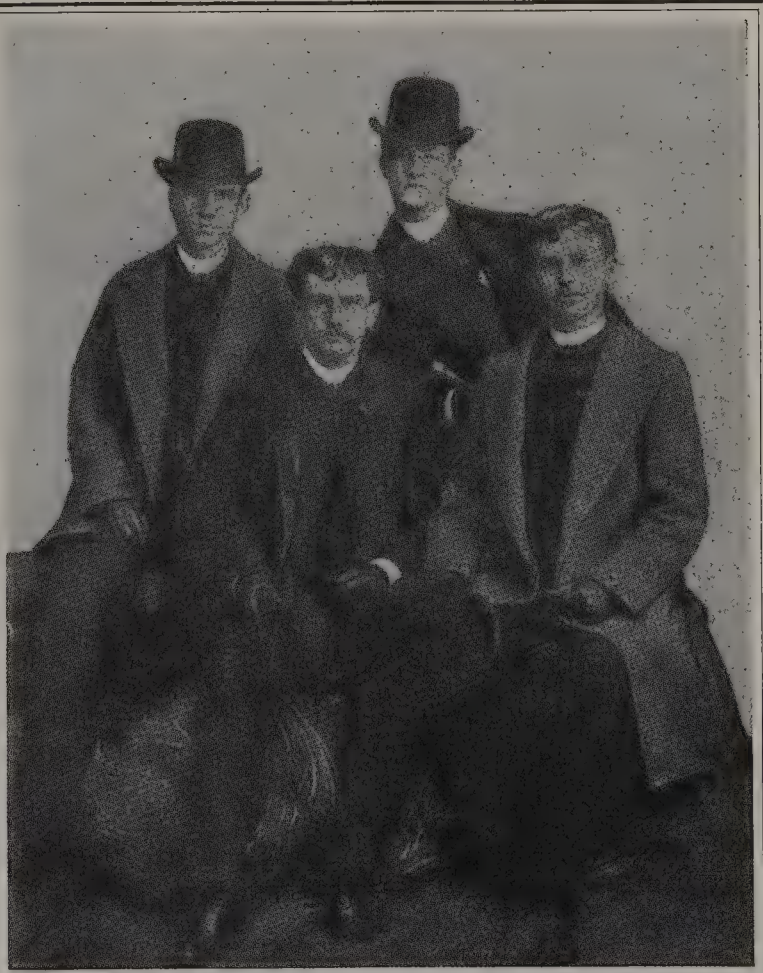
inheritance of consumption, became ill. The sky brightened temporarily when he obtained a regular position on the *Houston Daily Post*. There, as a columnist, he began with "Tales of the Town," which was changed to "Some Postscripts and Pencilings," and later to "Some Postscripts." His first column in the *Daily Post* appeared on October 18, 1895; his last on June 22, 1896.

For many months thereafter the life of O. Henry was one of drifting. The veil drawn back shows him on the deck of a fruit steamer bound for Honduras. Let the reader recall "The Shamrock and the Palm." It pictures him basking in the sunshine of Trujillo. Let the reader recall the Coralio of those splendid tales that make up "Cabbages and Kings," and the figures of Beelzebub Blythe, and Frank Goodwin, and "Billy" Keog, and Willard Geddie. Drifting! One day at

Trujillo O. Henry was standing on the wharf when he saw a tattered dress suit, with a man in it, coming from a fruit steamer that had just arrived. Though O. Henry did not then know it, the dress-suit stranger was Al Jennings, the train robber. "Why did you leave so suddenly," asked O. Henry by the way of conversation. "Maybe for the same reason that you did," was the reply. "What is your destination?" continued O. Henry. "I left the States to keep away from my destination," said Jennings dryly. "I'm just drifting. How about you?" "I can't drift," said O. Henry; "I'm anchored."

But the anchor that held O. Henry was loosened by the tugging of heart-strings. Along about Christmas time a box sent by his wife reached him. It contained some clothing and delicacies—packed by loving hands that were now fast wasting away. It was through blurred eyes that he gazed that day on the waving palms and the blue sky of Trujillo. The homing instinct took hold of him, and he went back to Austin. Then followed tender, sad days when he brooded over his wife and watched the flame of her fragile life grow dimmer hour by hour, until she passed away.

After that came shadowed years—dark years, in which the soul of William Sydney Porter absorbed the most somber and searing lessons of humanity. Those long days and nights of suffering under a charge that was never truly substantiated moved him, not to bitterness, but to a broader tenderness and sympathy, and brought him forever into a keener and closer touch with the unfortunate ones in the battle of life.

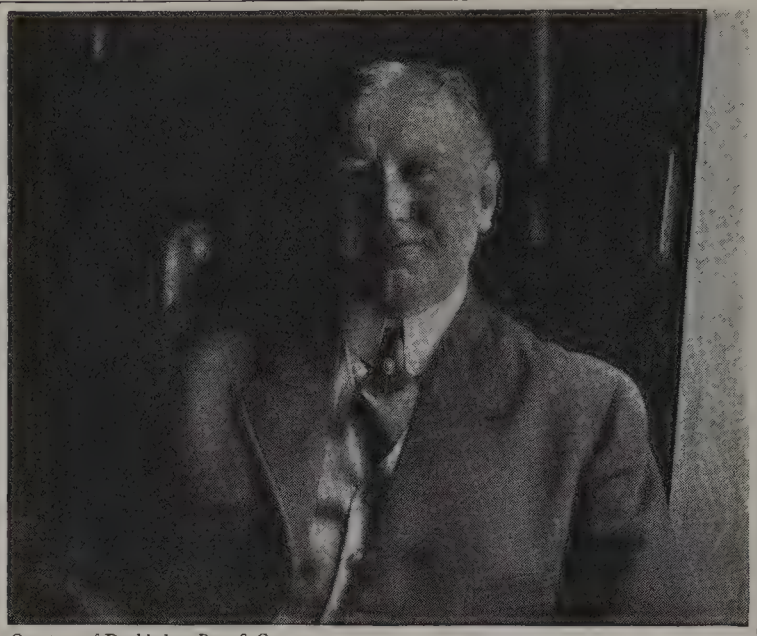


THE HILL CITY QUARTET

Will Porter was a good bass singer long before the world knew him as O. Henry. Shortly after arriving in Texas he became a member of the Hill City Quartet of Austin. Porter is seated in the center. The others are C. E. Hillyer, R. H. Edmondson, and H. H. Long

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Where one happens to be born is a mere matter of chance. The city or town of one's adoption is another matter, and it was in the spring of 1902 that O. Henry came to New York, to take from it and give to it richly. During the late summer and autumn of 1901 he had been in Pitts-



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

HIS LAUGHTER WAS SILENT

Sometimes the softest of chuckles would reveal him ruddy with suppressed mirth. Often it was the result of some trick or joke of his own invention

burgh. From there he had been sending his stories on to the big city; these stories had been accepted and their unusual quality recognized; and one day the call came, not in the form of a definite contract, but in a friendly message that held out a promise that was fulfilled. So, on he moved from Pittsburgh, and crossing the North River by the ferry—it was before the days of tubes and subways—he spent his first night in the "City of Chameleon Changes" in a hotel near the ferry house. Two days later a card bearing the name of William Sydney Porter was presented at the office of the magazine that had sent him the encouraging invitation. The name "Porter" was an unfamiliar one, for the editors had only thought of him as O. Henry. In such manner he came to meet one of his "discoverers," Mr. Richard Duffy, then editor of *Ainslee's*. After that the name of O. Henry soon came to be well known to the readers of that magazine and many others.

After brief stays in various lodgings, he settled in two rooms of an old brownstone house, Number 55, on Irving Place between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets. The front room looked down upon the pavement; and from his window he could study the passing types. Also within walking distance, requiring not too much exertion, were Union Square and Madison Square, the two parks that were to mean so much to so many of his tales, and such individual structures as the saloon of "The Lost Blend," the Hotel America of "The Gold that Glittered," and the beer hall of "The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss." During the rest of his days he occasionally ventured for a time from New York. In the great city he moved about in the spirit that had animated Haroun-al-Raschid "in his golden prime"—every twenty-four hours bringing to him its romance and mystery.

This is the period of O. Henry's life that, more than any other, calls for personal anecdote. It was very shortly after his name appeared in magazine pages that he made his first writing contract, which was to the effect that he should write for a New York newspaper a story a week, for which he was to be paid $100 a week. Further stipulation called for the delivery of the manu-

script on a certain day of the week. O. Henry was a ferocious worker—how otherwise could he have written those two hundred and fifty-odd stories of the first order in the brief eight or nine years of his lifetime in New York?—but he was also given to procrastination. So, when the day came and there was no story, the managing editor of the newspaper would dispatch a messenger to Irving Place with an inquiry. O. Henry's reply would be: "Just writing it. Please send me $50 by bearer." After a few rash compliances with this request the editor learned his lesson and came to realize the necessity of maintaining a hard heart. "No money till part of the story is here," would be the return message. Then O. Henry with a sigh—and no story at all in mind—would sit down and write an introduction that could fairly be considered as a delivery of part of the tale, so that he could collect his advance payment. It is for just that reason that some of O. Henry's introductions have little or nothing to do with the stories with which they are linked.

The days soon came that, to a thrifty person, would have meant prosperity and security against the future. When he had arrived in New York that $100 a story had seemed a far-off goal. His earlier tales had sold for $40, then for $60, and then for $75 apiece. They were not all signed "O. Henry" when they appeared in the magazines. He was so prolific that two or three pseudonyms were needed to fit the requirements of the table of contents of a single magazine. But gradually the name of O. Henry began to take on an augmented value. His price rose steadily. Editors were offering him $300, $500, and occasionally even $1,000, for a tale. But always the money slipped through those easy, generous hands. It was not extravagance or self-indulgence; simply the checks came, were cashed—and the money disappeared.

There were other residences of O. Henry in New York besides the one on Irving Place, though that is likely to remain most closely associated with his memory. Before going to Irving Place he had lived for a brief time in a room in West Twenty-fourth Street, and then in a room in East Twenty-fourth Street. After leaving Irving Place he went to a house next door to the rectory of Trinity Chapel in West Twenty-fifth Street, and then to the Caledonia in West Twenty-sixth Street, and, for a time, he had rooms at the Hotel Chelsea on West Twenty-third Street. Never did he venture far from the Heart of New Arabia, which he held to be the region

THE O. HENRY HOTEL, GREENSBORO, N. C.
O. Henry's native town is now a thriving city of 35,000. O. Henry's memory is treasured there, and the fine hotel that bears his name is an imposing memorial. It was opened July 2, 1919, with a dedication by Prof. C. Alphonso Smith

about Madison Square. Once only he was persuaded to walk as far uptown as Seventy-second Street and Riverside Drive, when he stopped, and asked with an injured air if he had "not yet passed Peekskill." And yet, though passionately loving New York, he left it occasionally for periods. "Because," as he said, "New York gets into my veins so strongly that I have to go away from it sometimes when I want to work. For the same reason, I venture, that a man who is deeply in love with a woman can't think of anything but that woman when he is anywhere near her."

It was during one of his stays in Asheville that O. Henry married his second wife, Miss Sallie Coleman, who had been a boyhood sweetheart. That was in November, 1907. Soon after, he returned to New York, and soon thereafter the shadow of ill health descended upon him. The six months from October, 1909, to April, 1910, were spent in the mountains of North Carolina, but, possibly feeling that the end was near at hand, his heart turned him back to the city of his adoption. Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway called him. April passed, and May—which in one of his tales was the "Marry Month of May"—and then June, with its roses, was ushered in. On June 3d, he collapsed after sending a telephone message to a friend, and was taken to the Polyclinic Hospital in East Thirty-fourth Street. There two days later, just before sunrise on Sunday morning, he died. His very last words were whimsical, in allusion to a song then highly popular: "Turn up the lights," he murmured; "I don't want to go home in the dark."

THE GRAVE OF O. HENRY, ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA
The figure in black in the center of the group is O. Henry's widow, Mrs. Sallie Coleman Porter

MY O. HENRY

Memories of the author, written specially for The Mentor by his daughter, Margaret Porter Cesare

Photograph by W. M. Van'der Weyde

MARGARET PORTER

This photograph of O. Henry's daughter is printed by special permission of Mrs. Cesare and W. M. Van der Weyde, the photographer

When first I met him he was not O. Henry—just Bill Porter. My mother accomplished the introduction. His first remark was an aside to her: "Do you believe she'll ever develop an intelligent, human expression?" He laughed when he said it, and although it was *at* instead of *with*, his laughter held no sting. It never did.

It is a matter of record that the object of comment made no intelligible reply, but, as if in retaliation, almost immediately began to develop into a miniature likeness of himself—and so he was not heard to repeat the question.

This incident is history and, to me, a matter of hearsay rather than memory, but my impressions and memories of my father began at such an early age that I half hesitate to set them down lest they prove too great a tax on your credulity.

From the sunshade rod of my carriage, just beyond reach, was suspended a big silver bubble—ornament from a Christmas tree. It was tantalizing, and I could not accomplish much with a two-word vocabulary. One of the four grown-ups, always in attendance, understood and put it within reach. From that moment he and I were friends—friends of few words and great understanding.

We were inseparable playmates and companions until my eighth year and the death of my mother. After that we were much apart, meeting, after long intervals, during summer vacations. On these occasions we would just begin to emerge from an ever-increasing reserve that seemed to beset us both, and begin to be companions again when the time would come to pack off to school.

But the early days were untinged with the quite natural reserve of maturity. "Uncle Remus" was a strong bond between us. These stories were read and read until he would find himself prompted for the slightest deviation from the text. It was his delight to test the drowsiness of his audience by opening both volumes and reading straight across the four pages. If he crossed the second page undetected he knew that he was free for the evening.

Photograph by W. M. Van der Weyde

MARGARET PORTER
"He always called me 'Bill,' 'Jim,' or 'Pete'—
seldom 'Margaret'"

Another popular means of entertainment was drumming the rhythm of a melody with the finger tips against the wooden headboard of the bed, we guessing the tune in turn. Frequently he found himself receiving too enthusiastic applause when he desired to be relieved by Morpheus. On such occasions he was forced to resort to trickery. Usually one of his thumbs was grasped tightly against such contingency. When this grip became slack from conquering sleep he found that it was sometimes safe to substitute, for thumb, the nose of a carnival mask—and then *exit*.

Throughout the mesh of early memories runs a silver thread of laughter. He seemed to be always highly amused by something. Almost always his laughter was silent. Sitting on his knee I would feel him shaking, and look around to find him breathless with laughter. Sometimes the softest of chuckles would reveal him ruddy with suppressed mirth. Usually, I was the object of his amusement; often it was the result of some joke or trick of his own invention.

The intimate and perfect understanding of early days continued, though less often expressed; for I had inherited the reserve that later was so remarked a part of his personality. This characteristic has been explained and analyzed in various ways. A popular conception is that it was shyness. That I do not accept as the true interpretation. It was, rather, the outward manifestation of a passionate desire to be wholly and only himself. Against the intrusion of more aggressive personalities an invisible barrier was erected. It was a polite "No Trespassing" sign. Sometimes the barrier took the form of words—a barrage of sound protecting the innermost silences of self. When asked once what he thought of the hereafter he replied lightly:

"I had a little dog and his name was Rover,
And when he died he died all over."

A polite way of saying—nothing. But from the incident of quoting a nursery rhyme he had attributed to him views on immortality. Views he may have had. But it was not like him to divulge them. It is not given to such natures to be prodigal of self or soul.

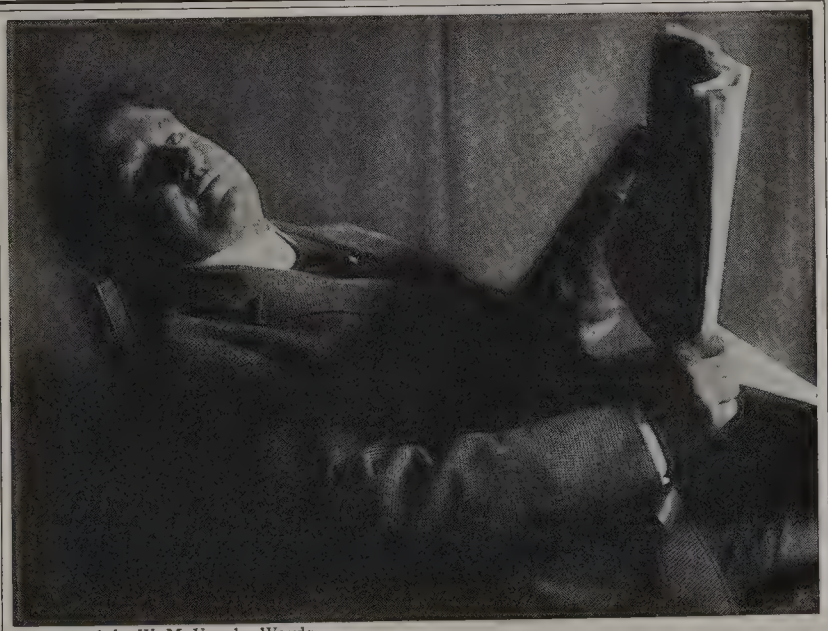
Latter years are as crowded with memories as were the years of my child-

hood. But the relationship was never that of father and daughter; rather that of two good friends, for never did he give a command, and never did I fail to follow his advice or to try to fulfill his expressed wish.

There are memories of moments when he seemed miraculously freed from the hovering shadow of ill health that clouded the last few years. I have known him to sit at the piano and strum the accompaniment to a gay darky song, singing in dialect, with only me as audience. The intrusion of another personality would precipitate a hollow silence. In one of these lighter moods he brought a mandolin and a guitar home. He had taught me guitar accompaniments, so we spent many an hour reviving half-forgotten tunes.

But upon the lightness of such moods a shadow would descend and he would be plunged into silence, black silences, the portent of which he alone could know; for, although there is understanding, it is not humanly possible to accompany one of these dark journeyings.

Toward the close of the last year, spent in seeking health in southern mountains, he had been particularly gay during dinner one evening, and afterward had entertained the household with impersonations of well-known people. From the elevation of the first landing of the stairs in the great living-room he called out celebrities: "Buffalo Bill!" His make-up for this was the index finger of one hand held across his upper lip, the forefinger of the other meeting it at right angles, bisecting his chin. Down the list he went. Never was his mood lighter. Then, suddenly, someone entered or left the room, attention was momentarily taken from him, and when it returned again he was not there. I found him sitting in the far corner of the dark porch overlooking the mountains. There was no moon and the night was black. I felt that it was no less dark than the sudden depression that had seized him. A strong wind blew steadily from the mountains. The night seemed filled with premonition. I felt that he sensed it too. I could not—and knew that he would not have me—speak. I sat on the steps near him. After a long time, still without words, we got up and went into the house together.



Photograph by W. M. Van der Weyde

TAKEN IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT

He was leaning back in a rocking chair, reading a newspaper, when Mr. Van der Weyde made this picture. O. Henry seemed a little embarrassed and smiled wistfully when he was caught

Through the riotous

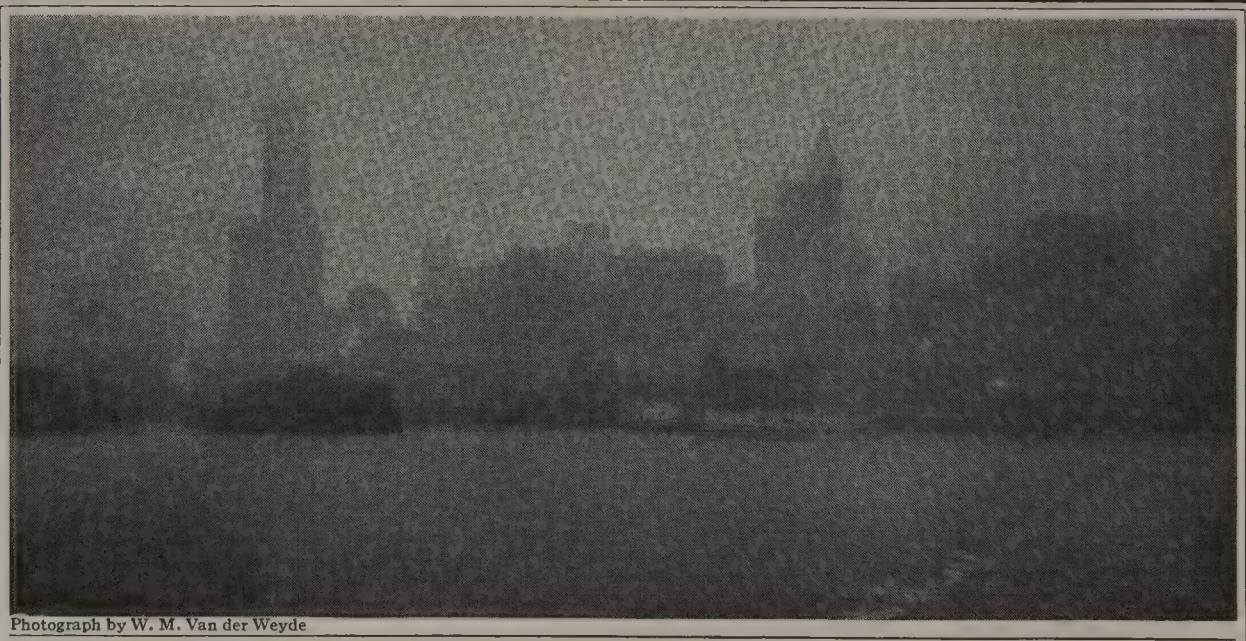
carnival of colors of the autumn woods we had many a long tramp, each with a gun, which we shot, somehow, only at inanimate targets, though troops of rabbits scurried through the dry leaves, and squirrels were busy storing away nuts. It was almost as though he felt that life was too precious a thing to steal from any creature. He had never joined in any of the so-called sports that involve killing.

It was late winter when I met him coming in at dusk from a tramp, alone, with something held in his gun-free hand. It was a dead bird, warm and limp. His expression was rueful, and his laugh short and not quite steady as he said that he had aimed at a cornstalk and killed a songbird. We were near the house. He stooped quickly, made a hollow in the moist earth, laid the bird on a bed of leaves, covered it with earth and leaves. To the other member of the household who joined us he replied that he had had "a fine walk." But I knew that the joy of the day, for him, was buried beneath the leaves at his feet.

Not long after that he returned to New York. For a few short minutes on the day of his departure we found ourselves unexpectedly alone. "Bill," he began—he had always called me "Bill," "Jim," or "Pete," seldom "Margaret"—"Bill, . . ." It was an attempt to put into words all the unspoken things of the past. In it I sensed his realization of the futility of attempting to express the emotions that crowd the moment of parting. Also I felt, as I believe he did, that this parting was going to be different from all the others. Words are such impotent things in the face of parting. "I have seen," I managed to tell him, "—and understood." There flashed across his face an expression of inestimable relief and one of his rare smiles.

We did not meet again.

But there are priceless etchings of memory: gentle, generous, gallant; a wonderful playmate, a rare companion—and a friend. The perfect friend.



Photograph by W. M. Van der Weyde

AN EARLY MORNING HOUR IN BADGAD-ON-THE-SUBWAY — The mists of the Hudson River unveiling the city of wonders where O. Henry's wanderings were wrought into vital human stories

GLIMPSES OF O. HENRY LAND

DAY AND NIGHT SCENES IN THE NEW YORK THAT O. HENRY KNEW—HIS "LITTLE OLD BAGDAD-ON-THE-SUBWAY"; HIS "CITY OF TOO MANY CALIPHS"; HIS "BIG TOWN OF RAZZLE-DAZZLE"—PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR THE MENTOR BY W. M. VAN DER WEYDE, ARTIST AND FRIEND OF THE WRITER; AND ACCOMPANIED BY DESCRIPTIVE CAPTIONS SELECTED FROM O. HENRY'S STORIES

CITY HALL AND PARK

Here is the original source of the Subways that flow through O. Henry's Bagdad; it was just in front of the City Hall steps that Mayor Van Wyck, in 1900, spaded up the first bit of earth to start the first Subway

"*In the glare of the Great White Way O. Henry's finest work was done—inimitable, unsurpassable stories. Written offhand with the bold carelessness of the pen that only genius dare use, but revealing behind them such a glow of the imagination and such a depth of understanding of the human heart as only genius can make manifest.*

"*Never did Haroun-al-Raschid, wandering in the narrow streets of the Arabian city, meet such varied adventure as lies before us, strolling hand in hand with O. Henry in the New Bagdad that he reveals.*" STEPHEN LEACOCK.

THE VERY HEART OF O. HENRY LAND

This view is taken from a spot almost opposite the home, in Irving Place, in which O. Henry lived for a long time. This short street is happily described as follows; "Irving Place . . . runs north for six blocks to perish against the iron pailings that line the southerly side of Gramercy Park." *Waifs and Strays*

OLD HOMES OF GRAMERCY PARK

Gramercy Park is a private square where several of the severe mansions of O. Henry's aristocrats are to be found. As he tells us: "The Von der Ruyslings live in that little square about which so much has been said and in which so little has been done. The Von der Ruyslings received *the first key ever made to Gramercy Park.*" *The Discounters of Money*

THE SQUARE OF GEORGE THE VERACIOUS

Union Square breathes the very atmosphere of O. Henry Romance. The story "The Gold that Glittered" began at the spot "where Broadway skirts the corner of the Square presided over by George the Veracious." . . . When Stuffy Pete went to the Square to meet the old gentleman in black on Thanksgiving Day, as he had done for nine years successively, he "took his seat on the third bench to the right as you enter Union Square from the east, at the walk opposite the fountain." *Two Thanksgiving Day Gentlemen*

WHERE LATIN-AMERICAN NOTABLES FOREGATHERED

"Come with me," said O. Henry, "I will show you the real place. You may find the Señors, the Capitans, the Majors, the Colonels. But if you would sit with the Generalissimos, the Imperators, the truly exalted who hail from Central and South American countries, accept my guiding hand." So we turned into Fifteenth Street and found, on the south side, a short distance east of Fourth Avenue, the Hotel America, with its clientele of gesticulating Latins, who, if not planning revolution, had all the outward appearance of arch-conspirators

THE LOWER EAST SIDE

"The push carts and trash heaps on the lower east side . . . ragged, scurrying youngsters in the streets . . . tangle-haired, bare-footed, unwashed children"—and, in August, "kids on fire-escapes with their tongues out trying to get a bit of fresh air that hasn't been fried on both sides." *The Social Triangle*

DOWN BY THE BOWERY MISSION

"What are you going to do?" asked a friend. "I'm going to persuade a hobo to give me $300," answered O. Henry. "On a bet?" asked his friend. "Not at all," replied O. Henry. "That's the price of a story and I'm going to rub up against some tramps down on the Bowery until one of them suggests the plot to me." O. Henry would stroll along in the Bowery or adjacent streets until he fell in with the particular tramp who seemed most promising as copy. *Waifs and Strays*

THE LURE OF THE "CITY OF TOO MANY CALIPHS"

"The electric lights of Broadway were glowing—calling moths from miles, from leagues, from hundreds of leagues out of darkness around to come in and attend the singeing school. Manhattan, the night-blooming cereus, was beginning to unfold its dead-white, heavy-odored petals." *An Unfinished Story*

WHERE THE FLATIRON SPLITS THE STREETS

"The Flatiron Building, with its impious, cloud-piercing architecture looming mistily on the opposite delta." *The Fifth Wheel*

THE GREAT BIG CITY OF RAZZLE-DAZZLE

"Have you seen Broadway at night? There are few streets in the world that can compare with it—when the electrics are shining and the pavements are alive with two hurrying streams of elegantly clothed men and beautiful women." *The Pride of the Cities*

A BIT OF OLD GREENWICH VILLAGE

The Greenwich Village section of the city appealed strongly to O. Henry's imagination. He liked to picture the old zigzag streets and to people them with the artists of his creation. Somewhere down here in the crowded streets of Greenwich Village the self-reliant Hettie lived and furnished the beef for the Irish stew as related in "The Third Ingredient." There, too—in the red brick district was the scene of the story of "The Furnished Room"

THE WALL WHERE "THE LAST LEAF" LINGERED

"Between the front houses, Nos. 10 and 12 Grove Street, there is an opening. Beyond the opening is a triangle, and at the back are three old brick houses, the front windows of which look out diagonally at a wall against which leaves are growing. 'There is a story there,' said O. Henry, 'a story that suggests an episode in Murger's 'Vie de Bohême,' where the grisette at night waters the flowers to keep them alive.' He wrote that story surely in 'The Last Leaf.' The bare, dreary yard, and the blank wall of the house and the little flower garden recall the pathetic tale of Sue and Joanna and the vine that old Behrman painted on the wall to save Sue's life and at the cost of his own"

THE SUICIDE OF A STREET—The street car, in the picture, is just entering the tunnel where Fourth Avenue ends. Above the tunnel Park Avenue begins

"The career of Fourth Avenue is brief. At Fourteenth Street it struts for a brief moment proudly in the glare of the museums and cheap theaters, then it passes the Square of George the Veracious, and comes to the silent and terrible mountains, buildings square as forts, high as clouds, shutting out the sky, where thousands of slaves bend over desks all day. Next it glides into a mediaeval solitude. On each side are the shops devoted to antiques. This mediaeval solitude forbodes an early death, which takes place in the presence of the Park Avenue and Vanderbilt Hotels. There need be no tears, ladies and gentlemen. Tis but the suicide of a street. With a shriek and a crash Fourth Avenue dives headlong into the tunnel at Thirty-fourth Street and is never seen again." *Waifs and Strays*

GEORGE WASHINGTON GUARDING HIS OLD SQUARE

"The old square that is a cemetery of crumbled glory." *The Defeat of the City*

DIANA'S LITTLE WOODED PARK

"After dinner they walked down Broadway and came upon Diana's little wooded park." . . . "On the tower an artificial Diana, gilded, heroic, poised, wind-ruled, shimmered in the clear light of her namesake in the sky." *The Buyer from Cactus City*, and *Voice of the City*

PARK BENCHERS DOING TIME

"Sitting there, Vallance leaned far back on the hard bench . . . . then arose one from a seat near the leaping fountain, and came and sat himself at Vallance's side. He begged a match, which is the form of introduction among park benchers, and then began the talk." *The Shocks of Doom*

CLOCK TOWER OF MADISON SQUARE

"It was a night late in the year; too late to linger long in the Park." Mr. Pilkins left the Square, "the hour hand of the clock being about eight; the air was stingingly cool, but not at the freezing point." *The Discounters of Money*

THE CRUCIBLE

This short poem was found on O. Henry's desk after his death. Nothing that he ever wrote is more truly or tenderly autobiographic

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

HARD ye may be in the tumult,
Red to your battle hilts,
Blow give for blow in the foray,
Cunningly ride in the tilts;
But when the roaring is ended,
Tenderly, unbeguiled,
Turn to a woman a woman's
Heart, and a child's to a child.

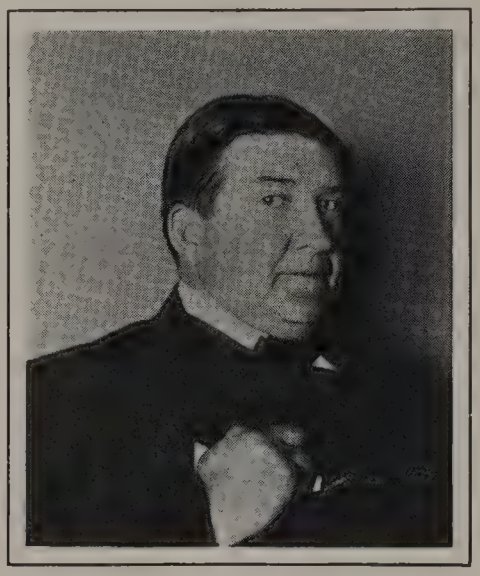
TEST of the man if his worth be
In accord with the ultimate plan,
That he be not to his marring,
Always and utterly man;
That he bring out of the tumult,
Fitter and undefiled,
To a woman the heart of a woman,
To children the heart of a child.

GOOD when the bugles are ranting
It is to be iron and fire;
Good to be oak in the foray,
Ice to a guilty desire.
But when the battle is over
(Marvel and wonder the while)
Give to a woman a woman's
Heart, and a child's to a child.

THE DISCOVERERS OF O. HENRY

New York Editors who first found and appreciated O. Henry

In the dozen years since O. Henry died the list of those that first recognized his genius has grown steadily—and every year new members are added to the "Those-Who-Knew-Him-When" Club.



ROBERT H. DAVIS

However, as Mr. William Johnston of the *New York World* has said, "it is one thing to discover a genius after he is dead. It is another to recognize one when you work with him day by day." Mr. Johnston does not claim to have discovered O. Henry; but he certainly helped to introduce him to the reading public, for he bought 132 of his stories for the *Sunday World*—and these stories were among the first to draw attention to O. Henry in New York. As a matter of fact, the *very first* of his New York stories appeared in *Ainslee's*, and the judgment that accepted them and discerned in them the genius of O. Henry was that of Gilman Hall and Richard Duffy. Mr. Johnston tells us that he found in O. Henry's work "wonderful colorful pictures of New York life." "Yet none," writes Mr. Johnston, "seeing O. Henry in those early days, would have recognized him as a genius. I recall the first day he came to my desk: a stocky, sandy, pallid-faced chap, fastidiously dressed, low-voiced, modest. Never, even when fame came to him, was he egotistical. His always was the simplicity of true greatness. Asked once what the 'O.' in his *nom de plume* stood for, I remember that he answered, 'When I have done something worth while it will be time enough to decide.'"

RICHARD DUFFY

Mr. Robert Davis was on the editorial staff of *The World* at the time of O. Henry's arrival in New York. The Sunday editor said to Mr. Davis: "Go out and locate this man O. Henry. He's got a breezy, snappy style. I want to get him to write introductions to Sunday stories. Offer him $40 a week—if that doesn't do the trick, jump to $50. The limit is $60." After a long search Mr. Davis finally traced him to a modest hotel on west Twenty-fourth Street. The name O. Henry and Sydney Porter meant nothing to the proprietor, but Mr. Davis made a search, and on the fourth floor he located his quarry. In a small room he found the author in shirt sleeves seated beside a washstand on which was a bowl containing cracked ice and half a dozen Bartlett pears. O. Henry arose with considerable dignity and with a low gesture said: "Come in, Mister." "I am looking," said Mr. Davis, "for Mr. Sydney Porter—otherwise O. Henry."

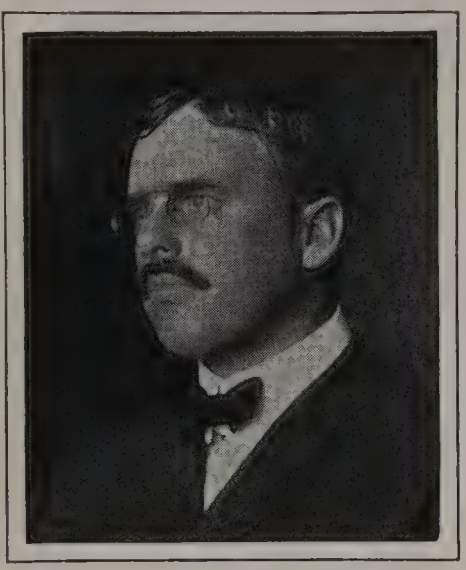
"I'm both," said he. "Sit down, have some fruit. What can I do for you?"

"I have a proposition to make," said Mr. Davis. "In fact, three propositions—but I shall make the last one first. The *New York World* authorizes me to offer you $60 a week to write introductions for special features in the Sunday issue."

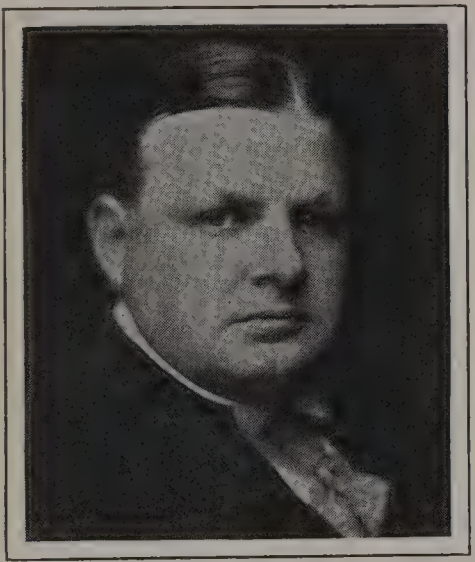
"If this last proposition is the best," said O. Henry, "you needn't make the other two. I accept. Moreover, Mister, you can have the balance of the pears."

And so began a connection with the *New York World* that lasted for many months, during which O. Henry wrote one story per week. They were all good, and some of them are listed among his very best. These are the stories that were gathered into the volume entitled "The Four Million."

Mr. Richard Duffy gives us an interesting account of the beginnings of things in New York for O. Henry. "His coming to New York," writes Mr. Duffy, "with the resolution to 'write for bread,' as he once said, was dramatic. I believe I am correct in saying that, outside his immediate family, few were aware that O. Henry was entering this 'nine-day town,' except Gilman Hall, my associate on *Ainslee's Magazine*. For some time we had been buying stories from him. The stories he published at this period were laid either in the Southwest or in Central America. It was because we were sure of him as a writer that our publishers advanced the check that brought him to New York and assured him a short breathing spell to look around and settle. Also, it was because O. Henry wanted to come. It was late on a fine spring afternoon down at Duane and William streets when he came to meet us. From the outer gate the boy presented a card bearing the name 'William Sydney Porter.' I don't remember just when we found out that 'O. Henry' was merely a pen name; but I think it was during the correspondence arranging that he come to New York.



GILMAN HALL



WILLIAM JOHNSTON

"As happens in these matters, whatever mind picture Gilman Hall or I had formed of him from his letters, his handwriting, his stories, vanished before the impression of the actual man. He wore a dark suit of clothes, I recall, and a four-in-hand tie of bright color. He carried a black derby, high-crowned; and he walked with a springy, noiseless step. In meeting him for the first time you felt his most notable quality to be reticence—not a reticence of social timidity, but a reticence of deliberateness. If you also were observing, you would soon understand that his reticence proceeded from the fact that, civilly yet masterfully, he was taking in every item of the 'you' being presented to him, to the accompaniment of convention's phrases and ideas, together with the 'you' behind this presentation. It was because he was able thus to assemble and sift all the multifarious elements of a personality with sleight-of-hand swiftness that you find him characterizing a person or a neighborhood in a sentence or two.

"Within twenty-four hours he called at the office again and brought us a story. In those days he was very prolific. He wrote not only stories, but occasional skits and light verse. In a single number of *Ainslee's*, as I remember, we had three short stories of his, one of which was signed 'O. Henry' and the other two with pseudonyms.

"We used to see him every other day or so, at luncheon, at dinner, or in the evening. Various magazine editors began to look up O. Henry, which was a job somewhat akin to tracing a lost person. It was about as easy to induce him to 'go anywhere' to meet somebody as it is to have a child take medicine."

Mr. Arthur B. Maurice, author of "New York of the Novelists," has this to say about the discoverers of O. Henry:

"Many persons have come forward claiming to have discovered O. Henry. Some of these claims have come from sources that would have moved Sydney Porter himself to mingled delight and astonishment. But the man who was responsible for O. Henry's going to New York, who really persuaded the publisher of a magazine to forward the money that made the journey possible, was Mr. Gilman Hall.

"So, among all claimants, Mr. Hall has perhaps the best title to recognition as O. Henry's discoverer."

PHOTOGRAPHING O. HENRY

BY W. M. VAN DER WEYDE
ARTIST-PHOTOGRAPHER

WILLIAM M. VAN DER WEYDE

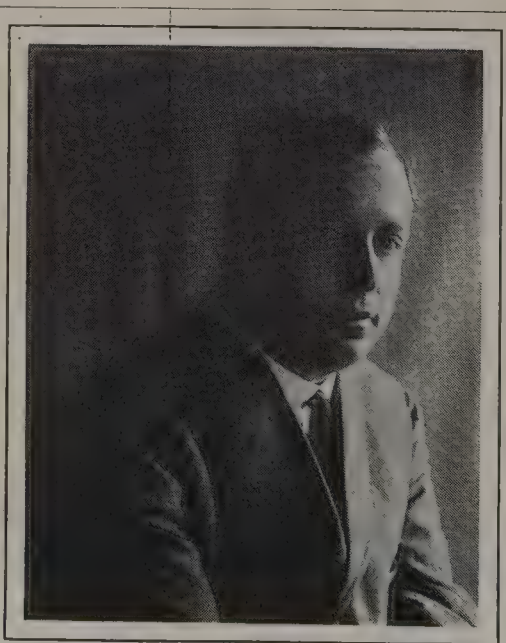
Richard Duffy, in a little memoir of O. Henry, says: "You could always make him do anything he wanted to do." Now, going to a studio to be photographed was the one thing in particular that O. Henry distinctly did *not* want to do.

How Harry Steger, of the publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Company, ever persuaded O. Henry to consent to sit for his photograph, and how he ever persuaded O. Henry to walk around to my studio from his quarters in the Caledonia, only two blocks away, is a matter that must have been as astounding to Steger as it has always been to me and to all the members of O. H.'s circle of friends. I asked Harry Steger one day how in the world he succeeded in getting him to my studio.

"He kicked like a mustang in harness in the first place. I was nearly an hour getting him dressed and out on the street, and then an hour was consumed walking the two blocks to your studio," he replied with a groan. "The last lap of the route, pulling and pushing him up your stairs, was, of course, the worst. My arms ached from it."

I was expecting Steger and O. Henry, because Steger had written me the day before apprising me of their coming. Steger's note is so characteristic of the big, whole-hearted Texan who wrote it, and who was later to become O. Henry's literary executor, that I append it. It read:

"I'm going to bring O. Henry up to your studio at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning to have you photograph him Van der Weyde style. He hates being pictured, but the only photograph there is of him—except a couple of miserable snapshots—is a fiercely bad thing made years ago, and we must have a new one—your sort. I'll bring O. H. myself. Go at him gently or he'll jump the traces."



HARRY PEYTON STEGER

When the author and his chaperon arrived I went at O. Henry very gently and there was no "jumping of traces"!

O. Henry was dressed in a new suit of clothes, of a small black-and-white check pattern, and wore a soft hat of the Alpine type, with a rather wide brim.

Steger tried to aid me in making O. Henry feel entirely at ease in my studio, and I remember that we both talked about many things, but the author was remarkably reticent. I spoke appreciatively of some of his Central American stories—"Two Renegades," in particular. I tried a little Spanish on my victim, and I recall that he quite readily replied in that tongue, although I believe he knew but little Spanish.

Steger, I remember, displayed for our admiration a few Mexican phrases that he had learned on the Texas border. O. Henry chuckled softly (he had a most delightful and contagious chuckle), but said nothing. He gave the impression of

being an extremely silent man, who observed and heard everything but seldom expressed his thoughts.

I wondered if he might perhaps be amused at a recital of my experiences searching for him when he first came to the City of the Four Million, and I was tempted to tell him. But Steger's warning that he might "jump the traces" came before me like the vision of the handwriting on the wall, and I restrained my impulse.

Instead, I straddled a chair and folded my arms over the back, saying, "This is a 'comfy' sort of pose for a picture; let's try it."

O. Henry at once took my place and pose, and in a few seconds the picture was impressed on the plate. This picture is the best known of the several portraits I made of the author, and a reproduction of it is given in this number of The Mentor, as well as several others taken that day. I made two or three other portraits before adopting a different chair. Then I suggested a pose leaning back in a rocking chair, a newspaper held in the hands. "Colonel" Porter became interested in something he saw in the paper and promptly "lost the pose." I waited patiently for his interest in the news to wane, and Steger winked at me wickedly. Suddenly O. Henry realized that I was ready and that he had kept me waiting. He showed a little embarrassment and apologized to the accompaniment of Steger's laughter. "Got interested and forgot where I was," he said. O. H. was smiling wistfully over this episode when I exposed the plate. This picture turned out to be one of the best of my portraits. It is reproduced on page 19 of this number.

I made altogether five or six photographs of O. Henry—and one "double exposure." This mishap is regrettable because one of the two likenesses is an exceptionally good three-quarter-length study. The mistake, however, produced a result that some may consider interesting.

"O. H." was greatly pleased with the photographs when I sent copies to him and he sent me a few words of appreciation, with a postscript that "photographers are not half as bad as dentists, after all!"

I still have in my studio the two chairs in which O. Henry sat for his portraits, and I sometimes fancy that I can see him seated in one of them, smiling wistfully as he did when I photographed him a few months before his death.

From a photograph by W. M. Van der Weyde now published for the first time

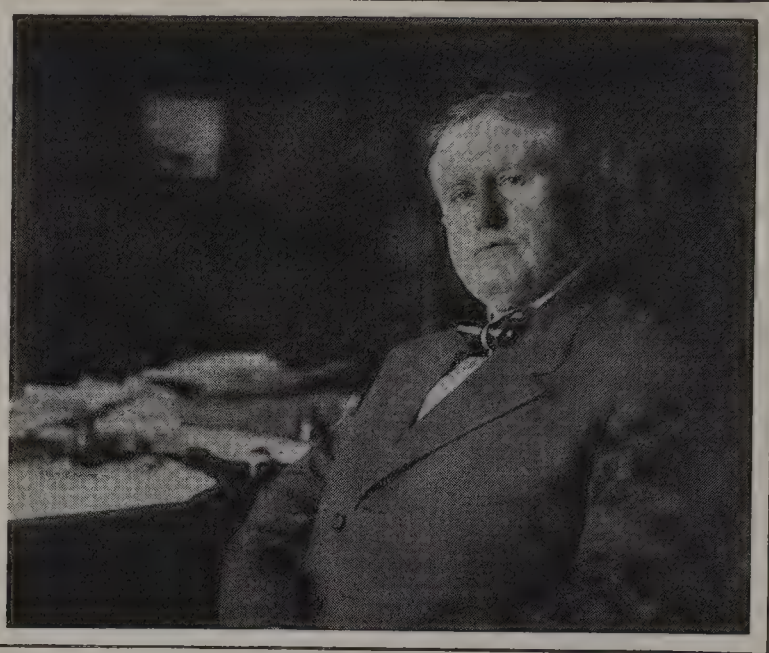
TWO O. HENRYS—A DOUBLE IMPRESSION

As he was going, it occurred to me to get him with his hat on. I did so in such haste that, inadvertently, I used a plate that had already been exposed —result: two O. Henrys

THE ONLY INTERVIEW

O. Henry Ever Gave

BY GEORGE MACADAM



ONLY A FEW COULD GET TO HIM

The strange wanderers of the streets found him an easy acquaintance; others found him shy, silent, and diffident; while professional interviewers could not find him at all

Throughout his whole career O. Henry gave but one interview, and in that interview he talked—not without a certain depreciatory interjection of whimsicality—of himself, of his life, his work. It was my privilege to be the interviewer.

Despite the fact that for a number of years he had been one of America's most popular short-story writers, he had resolutely kept himself invisible behind a pen name. Gradually it leaked out that O. Henry in everyday life was William Sydney Porter. Then, after long-continued importunity from his editors, he finally permitted the publication of his photograph. But the story of himself—his whence and his how—this teller of tales refused to relate. Even to the inquiries of that mildly inquisitive publication, "Who's Who in America," which wants but the barest skeleton of a celebrity's life, he remained mum. But he gave the following to me:

"As a youngster I always had an intense desire to be an artist. It wasn't until I was twenty-one that I developed the idea that I'd like to write. After about a year on *The Houston Post* I got an opportunity to exercise both these artistic yearnings. Brann had been publishing his *Iconoclast* at Houston and failed. I bought out the whole plant, name and all, for $250, and started a ten-page weekly story paper. Being an editor, I of course resigned from *The Post*. The stories were mostly humorous. The editor did most of the writing and all the illustrating. Meanwhile Brann had gone to Waco. He wrote and asked if I wouldn't let him have his *Iconoclast* title back. I didn't think much of it and let him have it. My paper was accordingly christened *The Rolling Stone*. It rolled for about a year and then showed unmistakable signs of getting mossy. Moss and I never were friends, and so I said good-by to *The Rolling Stone*.

"Then a friend of mine who had a little money (wonderful thing that—isn't it?—a friend with a little money!) suggested that I join him in a trip to Central America, whither he was going with the intention of entering the fruit business. Well, it takes a long time and costs a lot of money to learn how the little banana grows. We didn't have quite enough of the latter, and so never did learn the whole secret of the banana's development.

"The banana plantation faded into nothing; I drifted back to Texas. In Austin I got a job in a drug store. That was a rotten two weeks. They made me draw soda water, and I gave up.

"I went to New Orleans and took up literary work in earnest. I sent stories to newspapers, weeklies, and magazines all over the country. Rejections? Lordy, I should say I did have rejections, but I never took them to heart. I just stuck new stamps on the stories and sent them out again. And in their journeyings to and fro all the stories finally landed in offices where they found a welcome. I can say that I never wrote anything that, sooner or later, hasn't been accepted.

"As for rejections, take 'The Emancipation of Billy,' as good a story as I ever wrote—it was rejected no less than thirteen times. But, like all the rest, it finally landed.

"It was during these New Orleans days that I adopted my pen name. I said to a friend: 'I am going to send out some stuff.

I don't know if it amounts to much, so I want to get a literary alias. Help me pick out a good one.' He suggested that we get a newspaper and pick a name from the first list of notables that we found in it. In the society columns we found the account of a fashionable ball. 'Here we have our notables,' said he. We looked down the list and my eye lighted on the name Henry. 'That'll do for a last name,' said I. 'Now for a first name. I want something short. None of your three-syllable names for me.' 'Why don't you use a plain initial, then?' asked my friend. 'Good,' said I; 'O is about the easiest letter written, and O it is.'

"A newspaper once wrote and asked me what the O stands for. I replied, 'O stands for Olivier, the French for Oliver.' And several of my stories accordingly appeared in that paper under the name Olivier Henry.

✣ ✣ ✣

"After drifting about the country, I finally came to New York about eight years ago.

"I'll give you the whole secret of short-story writing. Here it is. Rule 1: Write stories that please yourself. There is no Rule 2. The technical points you can get from Bliss Perry. If you can't write a story that pleases yourself you'll never please the public. But in writing the story forget the public and think only of what interests you.

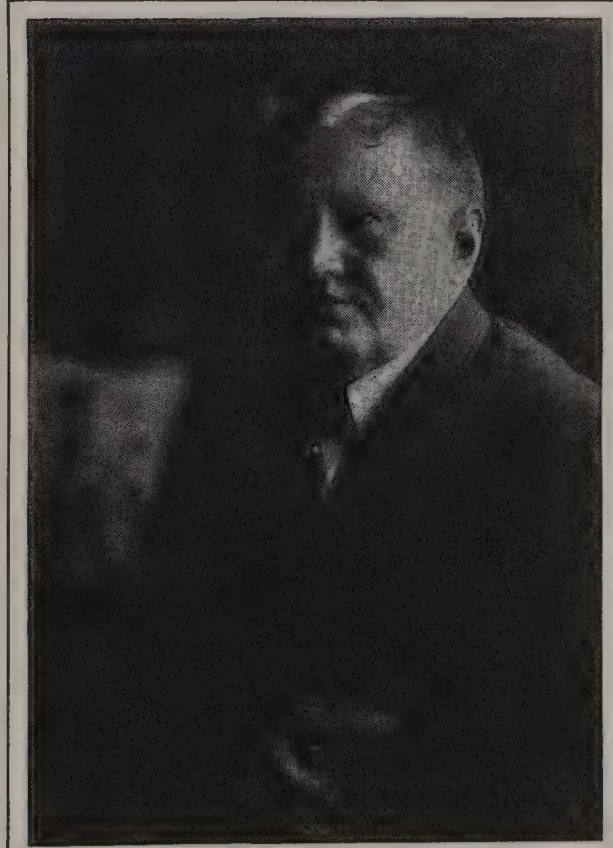
"You can't write a story that's got any life in it by sitting at a writing table and thinking. You've got to get out into the streets, into the crowds, talk with people, and feel the rush and throb of real life—that's the stimulant for a story writer.

"When I first came to New York I spent a great deal of time knocking around the streets. I did things then that I wouldn't think of doing now. I used to walk at all hours of the day and night along the river fronts, through Hell's Kitchen, down the Bowery, dropping into all manner of places, and talking with anyone who would hold converse with me. I have never met anyone but what I could learn something from him; he's had some experiences that I have not had; he sees the world from his own viewpoint. If you go at it in the right way the chances are that you can extract something of value from him.

"People say I know New York well. Just change Twenty-third Street in one of my New York stories to Main Street, rub out the Flatiron Building and put in the town hall, and the story will fit just as truly in any up-state town. At least, I hope this can be said of my stories. So long as a story is true to human nature all you need do is change the local color to make it fit any town, north, east, south, or west. If you have the right kind of an eye—the kind that can disregard high hats, cutaway coats, and trolley cars—you can see all the characters in the 'Arabian Nights' parading up and down Broadway at midday."

Now that the O. Henry stories have been written, how often we see in our daily life an O. Henry story being really enacted! We have before us countless evidences to the verity of his art.

There is an O. Henry incident that illustrates this. So far as I know, it has never before appeared in print. The author was buried from the Little Church Around the Corner. By some strange mischance, a marriage ceremony was scheduled for the same hour. The error was not discovered until the wedding and the funeral party reached the church. Happiness yielded to sorrow, the little wedding party retiring to the consistory room until the funeral service had taken place. It was just such a tangling of the light with the dark thread of life that one finds in so many of O. Henry's stories.



THE ORDEAL OF BEING INTERVIEWED

O. Henry was as shy of interviewers as he was of photographers—or of anyone who endeavored to exploit him publicly

ANECDOTES OF O. HENRY SIDE LIGHTS ON HIS CHARACTER

EDITORIAL: The following paragraphs are selected, condensed, and reprinted from various volumes, by courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Company, publishers of O. Henry's works

During his schoolboy days Will Porter showed artistic talent, and it was predicted that he would be a cartoonist, but the literary instinct was there too, with a quaint dry humor and a keen insight into the peculiarities of human nature. He had his fun with pictures, and made many caricatures of scenes and characters both in Greensboro and in his Texas days. While he was a prescription clerk in his uncle's drug store, his genius as artist and writer budded forth and gave promise. The old Porter drug store was the social club of the town. A game of chess went on in the back room, and around the stove the judge, the colonel, the doctor, and other local celebrities discussed affairs of state, and smoked Porter's cigars without money and without price. Young Porter caught the individual qualities of these rare characters and transferred them to paper with both pen and pencil in an illustrated comedy-satire, which was his first literary and artistic effort. When this was read and shown around the stove the picture was so true to life that, for some time, the young playwright was not on speaking terms with his old friends.

✣ ✣ ✣

During his New York days his mind often went back to the old home in "No'th Ca'lina." In the height of his popularity he wrote: "Kind of lonesome. Was thinking lately (since the April moon commenced to shine) how I'd like to be down South, where I could happen over to Miss Ethel's or Miss Sallie's and sit on the porch—not on a chair—on the edge of the porch, and lay my straw hat on the steps, and lay my head back against the honeysuckle on the post—and just talk. And Miss Ethel would go in directly (they say 'presently' up here) and bring out the guitar. She would complain that the E string was broken, but no one would believe her, and pretty soon all of us would be singing the 'Suwanee River' and 'In the Evening by the Moonlight' and—oh, gol darn it, what's the use of wishing."

✣ ✣ ✣

Will Porter, shortly after going to Texas, became a member of the Hill City Quartet of Austin. Porter was the littlest man in the crowd, and, of course, *basso profundo*. He was about five feet six inches tall, weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds, had coal-black hair, gray eyes, and a long, carefully twisted mustache. His voice was soft and musical. He was an inveterate story teller, but he never told a vulgar joke, and, as much as he loved humor, he would not sacrifice decency for its sake. He told a great many stories in the first person. We were often puzzled to know whether they were real or imaginary, and when we made inquiry his stock reply was: "Never question the validity of a joke."

✣ ✣ ✣

"Porter was one of the most versatile men I ever met. He could write remarkably clever stuff under all circumstances, and was a good hand at sketching. And he was the best mimic I ever saw in my life. He was one of the genuine democrats that you hear about more often than you meet. Night after night, after we would shut up shop, he would call to me to come along and 'go bumming.' That was his favorite expression for the night-time prowling in which we indulged. We would wander through streets and alleys, meeting with some of the worst specimens of down-and-outers it has ever been my privilege to see at close range. I've seen the most ragged specimen of a bum hold up Porter, who would always do anything he could for the man. His one great failing was his inability to say 'No' to a man. He never cared for the so-called 'higher classes,' but watched the people on the streets and in the shops and cafés, getting his ideas from them night after night. It was in this way he was able to picture the average man with such marvelous fidelity."

✣ ✣ ✣

His charity was as boundless as the air and his sympathy with suffering, especially when the sufferer was seemingly down and out, as prompt and instinctive as the glance of the eye. He was talking to a friend once on the streets of New York when a beggar approached and asked for help. O. Henry took a coin from his pocket, shielding it from the view of his friend, and slipped it into the beggar's hand, saying, "Here's a dollar.

Don't bother us any more." The man walked a few steps away, examining the coin, and seemed uncertain what to do. Then he came slowly back. "Mister," he said, "you were good to me and I don't want to take advantage of you. You said this was a dollar. *It's a twenty-dollar gold piece.*" O. Henry turned upon him indignantly: "Don't you think I know what a dollar is? I told you not to come back. Get along!" He then continued his conversation, but was plainly mortified that his friend should have detected his ruse.

✣ ✣ ✣

Strolling through Madison Square one night, O. Henry and a friend came upon a young girl crying as if her heart were broken. Upon inquiry, it developed that the girl had come to the city from a town in New Jersey, had lost her way, and was without money, friends, or a place to sleep. They gave the girl a couple of dollars, and put her in the care of a policeman. As the two continued on through the dark square the friend said to O. Henry: "Why didn't you talk to her? I'll bet there was a corking story in that girl that you could have dragged out." O. Henry smiled. "Old man," he said, "there never is a story where there seems to be one." Where, then, did he get his vital stories of city girls—especially shopgirls? He was asked once if he went into department stores to study them. "Indeed not," he answered. "It is not the salesgirl *in* the department store who is worth studying; it is the salesgirl *out* of it. You can't get romance over a counter." It was in their home and social life that he found their real stories.

✣ ✣ ✣

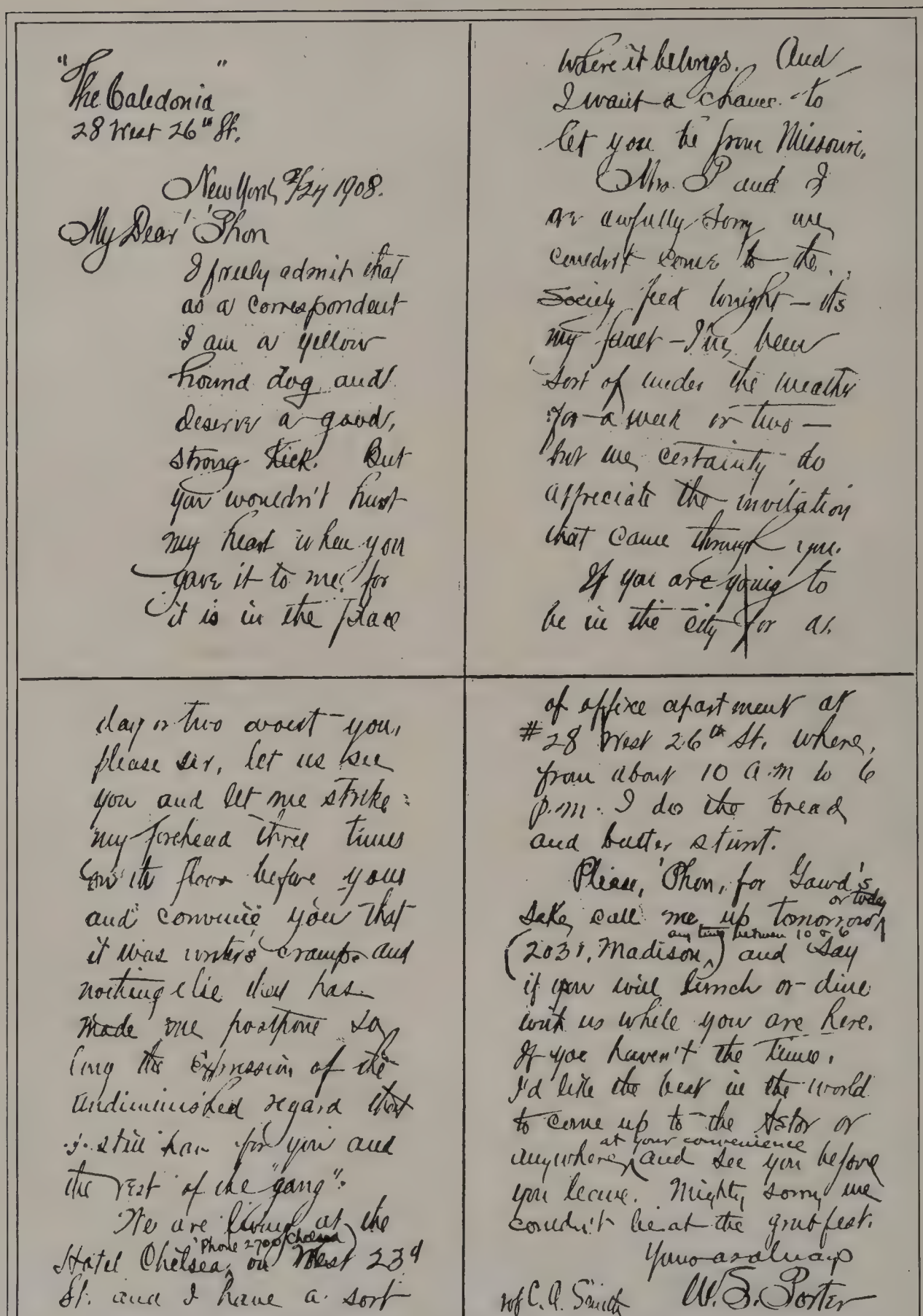
While "Harouning" along the river front one night, O. Henry happened upon a couple of sailors one of whom was much the worse for liquor. "I see your friend is intoxicated," he remarked to the sober sailor. "You don't say!" exclaimed the latter in mock astonishment. And the short-story king appreciated the answer at his expense as much as did those to whom he subsequently repeated it. O. Henry never missed a favorable opportunity to have a chat with an amiable policeman. "Policemen know so many odd things and so few necessary ones," he would remark. While talking with one of the bluecoats in Hell's Kitchen one night, years ago, Henry said that they were suddenly startled—at least, that he was—by two loud revolver shots. "Someone's been killed!" he exclaimed. "No, don't worry," returned the "cop" coolly, "only injured. It takes at least three bullets to kill anyone in this part of town."

✣ ✣ ✣

In the summer of 1908 William Sydney Porter and Robert H. Davis, alias "O. Henry" and "Bob" Davis, respectively, were discussing the merits and demerits of New York City during the tropical, asphalt-smelly season. "Let's get out of it for a few days," suggested Davis. "I'll take you to a wonderful place down on Long Island, where the fishing is immense and the fish correspondingly large." "Well," said Henry, "New York is a bit warm and I'll just take you up." They started. They arrived. Fishing tackle was put in order; collars and coats were cast aside; Henry expressed admiration at the ability of the masculine natives to expectorate tobacco juice "as far as the eye could see;" Davis lit a cigar; and the expedition was off. It was a mile walk. "We won't ride, because the exercise will do us good," suggested Davis. Henry assented. The day was gray-blue and sizzling. They had not gone more than three city blocks when Henry was already drenched with perspiration. But he kept on manfully. A little way farther on, however, Davis noticed that his companion was desperately endeavoring to find something in his trousers' pockets. "What are you looking for?" he asked. "I am looking for my return ticket to New York," replied Henry, positively, "and let me tell you that as soon as I find it, I'm going to take a 'hitch' on a wagon and go back—fast! I know it's blamed hot in town, but there are just as good fish left on the menu as there are in the sea."

✣ ✣ ✣

Mr. Robert Davis gives us the following: "When he was at the height of his success, O. Henry said to me: 'I'm a failure. I always have the feeling that I want to get back somewhere, but I don't know just where it is. My stories? No, they don't satisfy me. I see them in print and I wonder why people like them. I wait till they come out in book form, hoping that they may look better to me then. But they don't. It depresses me to have people point me out or introduce me as 'a celebrated author.' It seems such a big label for such picayune goods. Sometimes I feel that I'd like to get into some business; perhaps some clerkship; some place where I could see that I was doing something tangible, something worth while.'"



"The Caledonia"
28 West 26th St.

New York, May 1908.

My Dear Thon

I freely admit that as a correspondent I am a yellow hound dog and deserve a good, strong kick. But you wouldn't hurt my heart if when you gave it to me for it is in the place where it belongs. And I await a chance to let you be from Missouri.

Mrs. D and I are awfully sorry we couldn't come to the Society feed tonight — it's my fault — I've been sort of under the weather for a week or two — but we certainly do appreciate the invitation that came through you.

If you are going to be in the city for a day or two about you, please sir, let me see you and let me strike my forehead three times on the floor before you and convince you that it was writer's cramp and nothing else that has made me postpone saying the expression of the undiminished regard that I still have for you and the rest of the gang".

We are living at the Hotel Chelsea, (Phone 2700 Chelsea) on West 23d St. and I have a sort of office apartment at #28 West 26th St. where, from about 10 A.M to 6 P.M. I do the bread and butter stunt.

Please, Thon, for Gawd's sake call me up tomorrow or today (2031, Madison,) any time between 10 & 6 and say if you will lunch or dine with us while you are here. If you haven't the time, I'd like the best in the world to come up to the Astor or anywhere at your convenience and see you before you leave. Might sorry we couldn't be at the grub fest.

Yours as always

W. S. Porter

Mr C. A. Smith

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM O. HENRY TO HIS FRIEND C. ALPHONSO SMITH

MAKERS OF AMERICAN DRAMA

THE MEN AND WOMEN THAT HAVE MADE OUR PLAYS, AND THOSE THAT ARE MAKING THEM TO-DAY

THE OLDEST AMERICAN THEATER STANDING TO-DAY

The Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, opened in 1808. From an old engraving

FOR generations the American public fed its taste for drama on classic plays, or on translations or adaptations of French, German, and English plays. Even our own early playwrights copied foreign models. Within seventy years, however, American drama has developed, and we now have writers of American plays that have not only achieved signal success at home, but also have attracted world-wide attention. It is the story of these writers and their work that the present Mentor tells.

DAVID BELASCO ✣
AT WORK IN HIS
STUDIO AT THE TOP
OF HIS THEATER ✣

Mr. Belasco, both as author and producer, is, and has been for forty years, one of the important outstanding figures of the American stage. Mr. Belasco was born in 1859, of English-Portuguese stock. His father, a harlequin in a London theater, was attracted by the gold discoveries in California, came to America, and his son David Belasco saw light first in San Francisco. He was educated in a monastery, which explains the clerical garb that he always wears. When only twelve years old he was on the stage and had written a play—and since that time he has grown in distinction both as playwright and play producer

The MENTOR

Vol. 11
No. 2

SERIAL
NO. 241

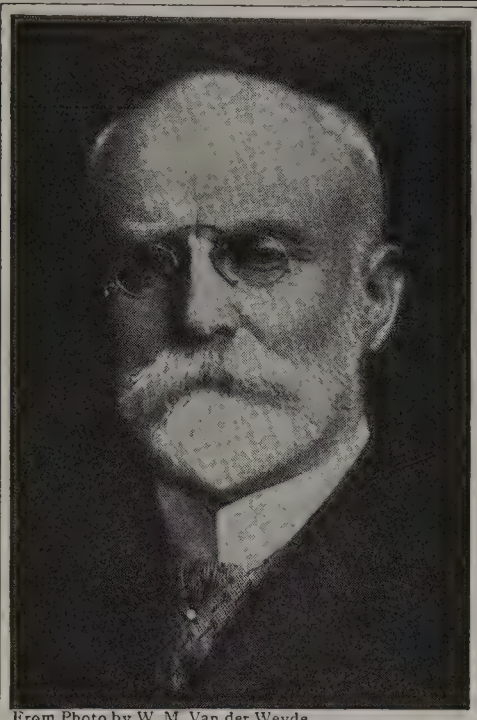
MARCH, 1923

MAKERS OF AMERICAN DRAMA

Pioneers in American Playwriting

By BRANDER MATTHEWS, Columbia University

Author of "Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century," "Studies of the Stage," "A Study of the Drama," "Principles of Playmaking," etc., etc.



From Photo by W. M. Van der Weyde

BRONSON HOWARD

Author of "Saratoga," "Banker's Daughter," "Henrietta," "Shenandoah," "Aristocracy," and other plays. Mr. Howard was long recognized as the Dean of the American Drama

There were lean years for the drama of our language in the middle of the nineteenth century. The plays that were readable were unactable, and the plays that were actable were unreadable. The more pretentious of both groups were imitations of the outworn Elizabethan model, unsuited to the conditions of the Victorian theater.

Thus the stage was a realm of unreality; and the more intelligent playgoers in Great Britain and in the United States went to the theater—when they went there—only when they were drawn by the allurement of a famous actor. And there were many great actors and actresses in that day.

Now and again a tragedian, Forrest notably, might offer a prize for a play of American authorship; but the result was rarely satisfactory. Now and again a comedian would welcome a piece with a crude plot which crudely portrayed American character; and these artless efforts were not infrequently popular, showing that there were American playgoers ready to appreciate any endeavor to represent American life.

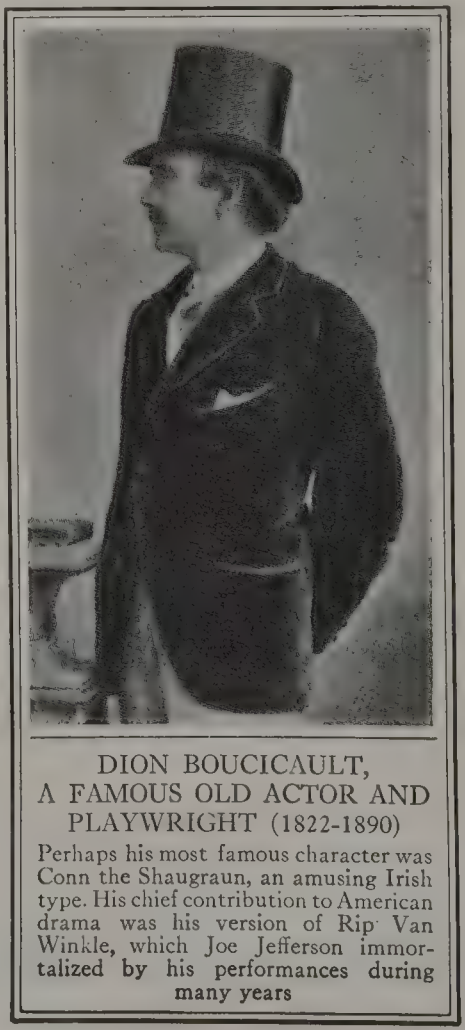
A year or two before the Civil War, Dion Boucicault, an Irish actor who spent the best years of his life in America, wrote the "Octoroon," which had slavery as its background. He had earlier transmogrified "*Les Pauvres de Paris*" into the "Streets of New York," but the Americanization of the French story was so superficial that when he returned for a season to England a few trifling revisions made it easy for him to produce the play as the "Streets of London." A year or two after the Civil War, Augustin Daly prepared a play

W. J. FLORENCE
IN "THE MIGHTY DOLLAR"

One of the most beloved and popular actors of his day. He wrote several Yankee plays and was best known by his character in "The Mighty Dollar," which was an American play drawn straight from the soil

on the pattern of the "Streets of New York" and called it "Under the Gaslight." A little later the same author wrote another original American play, "Horizon;" but for the most part Daly contented himself with adapting from French and German plays. Even this was in a way beneficial, for it tended to release our theater from its former dependence on the London adapters.

Then, in the seventh and eighth decades of the nineteenth century, several things happened which made for a reinvigoration of the English drama. In the first place, the famous actors and actresses, who had clung to the old-fashioned plays they had inherited from their immediate predecessors, died off one after another. In the second place, the playgoing public discovered that these old-fashioned plays were no longer attractive, and that a less artificial and less rhetorical drama was more interesting. In the third place, new theaters were built, both in London and New York, smaller and more intimate than the huge barns in which the famous actors had spouted the rhetorical rhodomontade of the "Hunchback" of Sheridan Knowles and the "Lady of Lyons" of Bulwer; and in these more modern theaters the stage was cut back to the curtain, which rose and fell in a picture frame, bringing the actors and audience into closer touch. In the fourth place, the rights of foreign dramatists began to be protected by the extension of international copyright; and this had two immediate results.

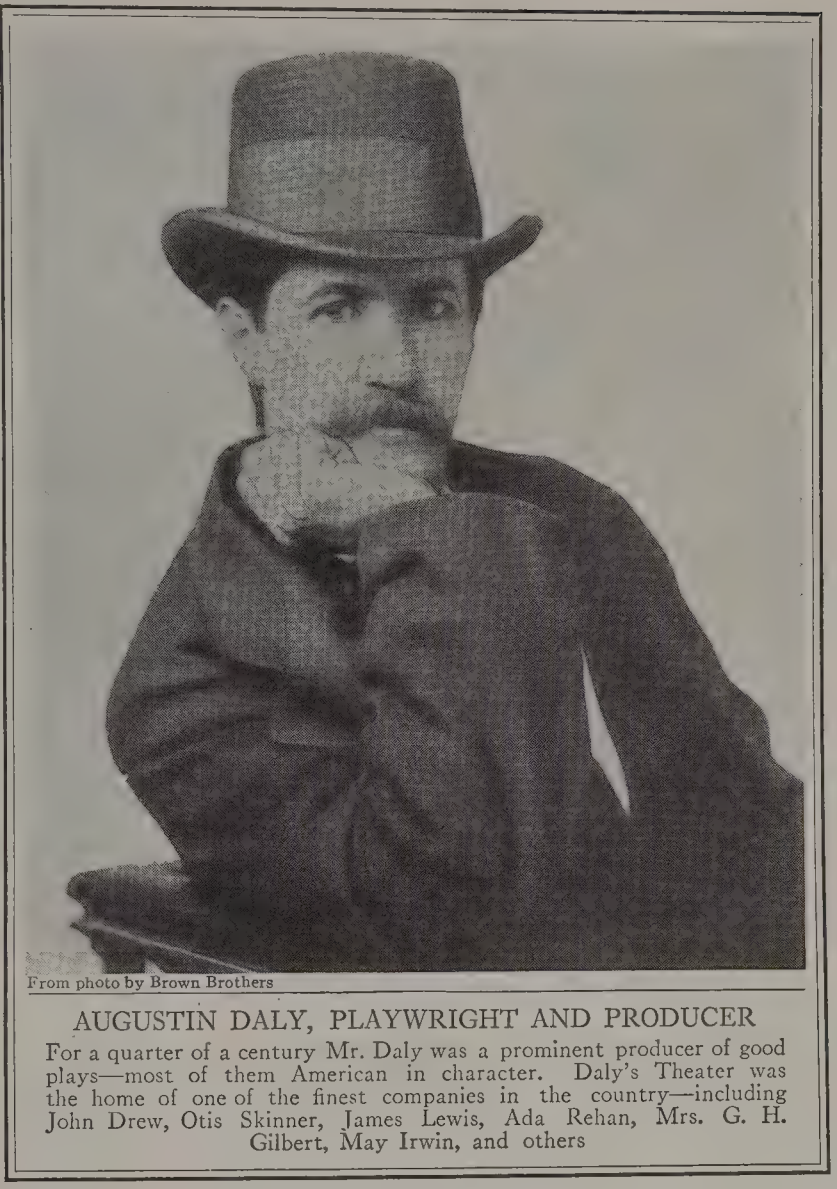


DION BOUCICAULT,
A FAMOUS OLD ACTOR AND PLAYWRIGHT (1822-1890)

Perhaps his most famous character was Conn the Shaugraun, an amusing Irish type. His chief contribution to American drama was his version of Rip Van Winkle, which Joe Jefferson immortalized by his performances during many years

The foreign dramatists refused to allow their plays to be mangled by "adaptation" to accord with British conventions; often they insisted on literal translation. Then, the foreign dramatists demanded full payment for their works; and as a result the native playwrights of England and America were no longer exposed to an unfair competition with stolen wares. As soon as the premium of cheapness was taken

from the alien drama, the managers found their profit rather in the production of native drama; and they imported only the major successes of the Parisian stage. Thus it was that it became possible for the British and American playwrights to earn a living wage. For the first time in the nineteenth century a play might be as profitable as a novel; and those that had a gift for playwriting could exercise it with a fair hope of reaping an adequate reward. Gone were the days when John Brougham was ready to write a piece to order and to sell it outright for three thousand dollars—the figure he once named to me in reply to my inquiry. Better times had come for playwriters.



From photo by Brown Brothers

AUGUSTIN DALY, PLAYWRIGHT AND PRODUCER

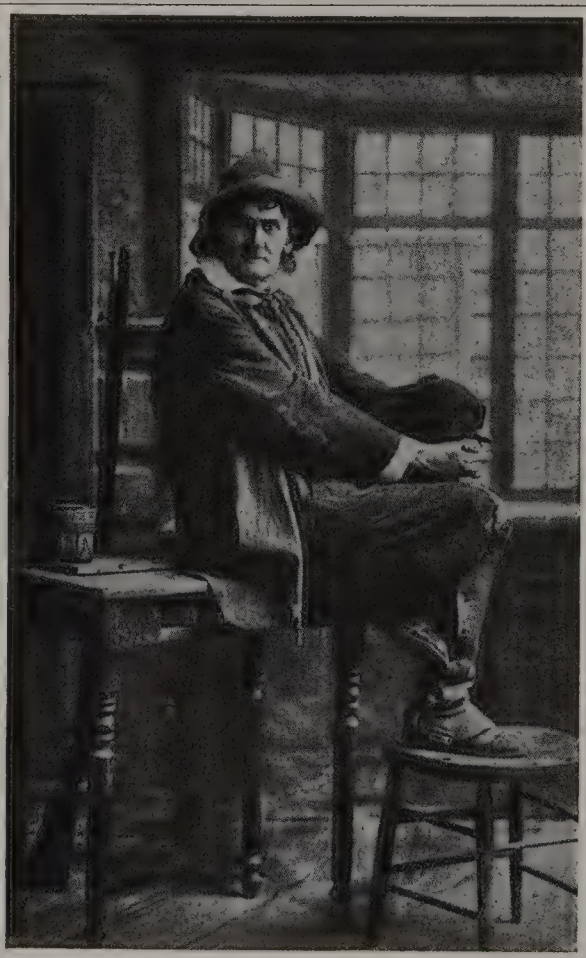
For a quarter of a century Mr. Daly was a prominent producer of good plays—most of them American in character. Daly's Theater was the home of one of the finest companies in the country—including John Drew, Otis Skinner, James Lewis, Ada Rehan, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, May Irwin, and others

Of course it was not all at once that these four happenings brought about their full results. There was a period of transition, when the older formulas were falling out of fashion and when newer formulas were slowly winning acceptance. In the United States the chief figure among American dramatists in this transition period was Bronson Howard. It was his misfortune—and ours—that he was not born twenty or thirty years later, when the dramatists of our language had been encouraged to deal more directly and more convincingly with life, because Howard had it in him to accomplish far more than was possible in his prime. I was his friend for two score years; I was his collaborator in the last play of his to be produced, "Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam" (brought out in 1899); and I knew him to be a most expert craftsman, a master of the principles of playmaking, a man of broad vision and of philosophic understanding. He knew his fellow Americans; he perceived the conditions of American life and the peculiarities of

American character; and he was capable of piercing far deeper beneath the surface than he dared to do in the days when he was in the full plenitude of powers. American audiences had not then been educated to accept and to appreciate a strong and sincere portrayal of human nature.

Thus it came about that, clever as his plays are, ingenious in their story telling, fresh and observant in their delineation of character, they seem now to be even more superficial than they are; and they are far more superficial than they would be if they had been written two or three decades later, when their author felt at liberty to put forth his full strength and to give the public the best that was in him. When he was engaged on his last play, "Kate," (published but never produced), I asked him once how he was getting on with it, and he answered that he was in doubt about its attractiveness. "You see," he said, "this is the first play I have written primarily to please myself, and so I can't foresee how the public will like it."

In his earlier plays he had shown an acute perception of the things which American playgoers of that period relished; and a majority of his plays were widely popular, above all "Shenandoah," which contained one scene of beautiful pathos in which a commanding officer walked in the funeral procession of a private, not knowing that he was following the body of his own wayward son.



JOE JEFFERSON AS RIP VAN WINKLE
Born in Philadelphia in 1829 and died in Florida in 1905. Joe Jefferson endeared himself through nearly half a century by his impersonation of Rip Van Winkle—one of the earliest plays essentially American in character

Bronson Howard blazed the trail for those who came after him. Two of them, Clyde Fitch and William Vaughn Moody, died too soon, while they were yet in the full vigor of manhood, and before they had fulfilled their promise. Moody, who was truly a poet, and from whom we might have expected a new form of poetic drama suited to our latter-day desires, wrote only two plays, one of which, the "Great Divide," a boldly imaginative projection of Western life, was warmly acclaimed both on the stage and in the study. It was as readable as it was actable.

Clyde Fitch was more fortunate than Moody, in that he had shown more amply his mastery of stagecraft, his understanding of the subtleties of character, and his delicate

Courtesy White Studios

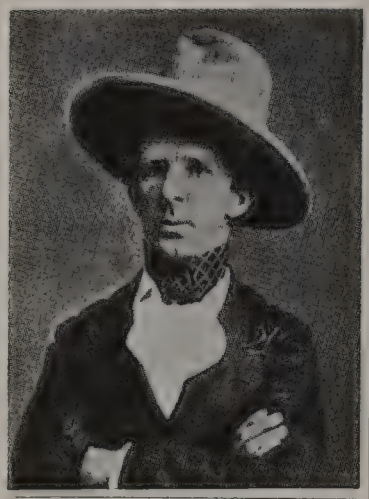
A FAMOUS SCENE IN RIP VAN WINKLE ✣ This is the weird scene in the Catskills where Joe Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle falls in with the Hendrik Hudson men, dumb specters who haunt the mountains, and who ply Rip with liquor that overcomes his senses and drugs him into a sleep of twenty years

observation of contemporary manners. He did a great deal of hack work, adaptations from the French and the German, dramatizations of novels, pieces written in order to fit an actor or an actress, and often put together in haste. But he was also the author of a score of original plays in which he revealed his inventiveness and his dexterity; and half a dozen of them had the success they deserved, notably the "Climbers," "Nathan Hale," the "Truth," and the "Girl with the Green Eyes."

When Fitch died at forty-four he had high ambitions for the future and no high opinion of all he had done in the past. Like Bronson Howard, he had made all the money he needed, and, like Howard again, he had determined in the future to write to please himself. I trust that I have not conveyed the impression that the successes he had achieved were not deserved. I suppose I saw a dozen or a score of them, and I do not recall one in which I was not delighted by the freshness of his observation, by the keenness of his insight into social usages, and by the deftness of his character delineation.

Midway between Bronson Howard and Clyde Fitch came William Gillette and Augustus Thomas. Mr. Gillette has given us two plays of the Civil War, "Held by the Enemy" and "Secret Service," which are melodramas in intent and in construction, and, melodramas as they may be, they are literature in the simple directness of their dialogue, in the sturdiness of their motives, and in the simplicity of their writing.

Mr. Thomas has written farces and comedies, comedy-dramas and melodramas. His farces exhibit a marvelous adroitness in the adjustment of the



"THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT"

John T. Raymond, favorite of a day gone by, in the character of Col. Mulberry Sellers in "The Gilded Age." This is a dramatization of Mark Twain's story of the same name, and is full of racy American flavor

mechanism (which is ever the sustaining element in this type of play), and they reveal also their author's possession of an exuberant fantasy which all other farce writers of our time may envy and may emulate in vain. No Frenchman, not even Scribe or Sardou, has ever contrived a more complicated embroglio than that in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." Mr. Thomas' melodramas, "Arizona" more especially, if that is fairly to be termed a melodrama, have the skilful articulation of his farces, and no praise could be more complete. His comedy-dramas, "Alabama," "The Witching Hour," "As a Man Thinks," reveal a similar craftsmanship, placed at the service of a theme clearly presented and honestly set forth. In these three comedy-dramas, which seem to me representative of Mr. Thomas at his best, there is a vein of delicious sentiment which is never contaminated by sentimentality. Mr. Thomas has written sixty plays, and that playgoer is to be pitied who cannot find on the list half a dozen titles that revive delightful memories.

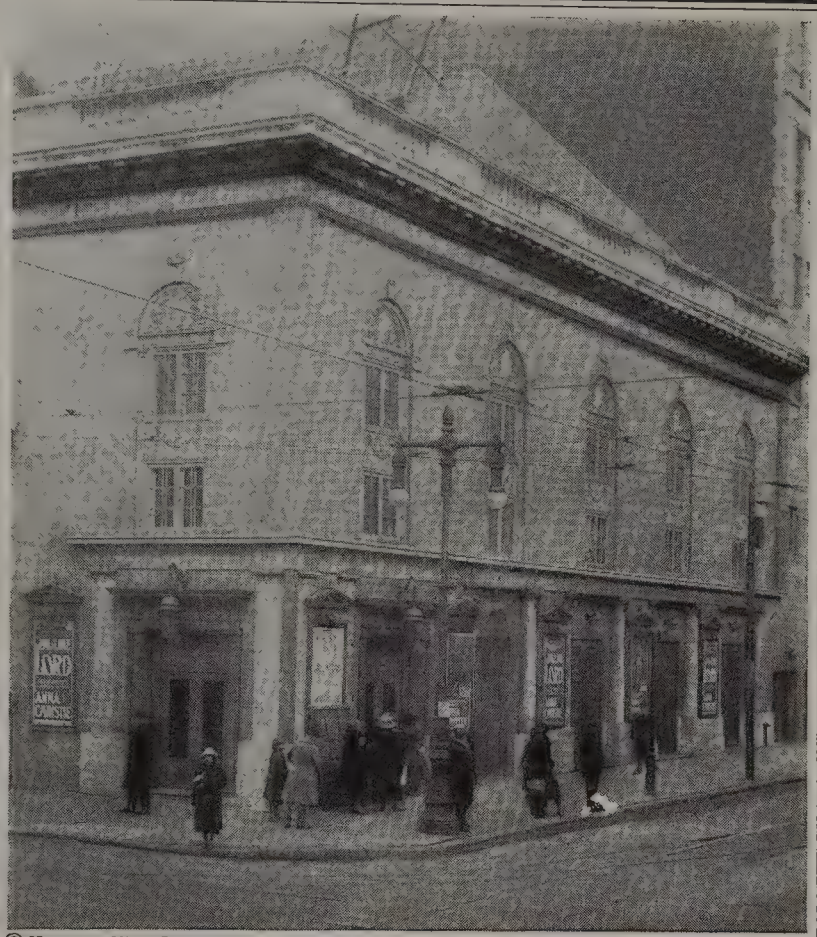
James A. Herne was the author of one play that had an immense success, "Shore Acres," and that deserved this success by the truthfulness with which it set before us the members of a New England family—simple folk, rooted in the soil of New England. Yet there are admirers of Herne's rare gifts as a playwright who give higher praise to a less popular play, "Margaret Fleming," and to a most moving Civil War drama, the "Reverend Griffith Davenport," which failed to win the popularity of "Shore Acres," but which seemed to me—and my memory of it is still clear after the lapse of a quarter of a century—to be a richer and a riper piece of work, possessing a certain rather austere nobility, while it was not deficient in the little touches of

DENMAN THOMPSON AS JOSHUA WHITCOMB

There is probably no more simple, honest American feeling in any play than in the famous "Old Homestead." Long ago, W. D. Howells, Dean of American Letters, declared "The Old Homestead" a masterpiece of American rural drama

human nature which had enchanted the successive audiences that applauded the eminently successful "Shore Acres."

Less important than the work of Mr. Thomas or Mr. Gillette, of Herne, Moody, Clyde Fitch, and Bronson Howard, were the unpretending pieces composed by William Harrigan and by Charles H. Hoyt—less important, no doubt, but not less significant. Hoyt called his pieces "farce-comedies"—and this description is as good as any other if we put the emphasis on farce and do not demand comedy in its finer aspects. Hoyt's plays were in fact more or less nondescripts; they had elements of comedy and they had also elements of comic opera.



© Keystone View Co.

THE WALNUT STREET THEATER AS IT IS TO-DAY

A comparison of this picture with the one on the back of the frontispiece will show that the old Walnut Street Theater has changed little in outward appearance. Perhaps no greater dramatic contrast could be shown than this picture of a theater built early in the nineteenth century and now displaying announcements of a recent play, "Anna Christie," one of the productions of a leading spirit in modern American drama, Eugene O'Neill

Hoyt had been a newspaper humorist; and he brought to the theater a lively perception of the comic types popularized by the newspaper: the plumber, the hotel clerk, the militia hero. While his types had always—or nearly always—a basis of observed fact, he exaggerated boldly and effectively. His aim was always to make a piece that would evoke abundant laughter and that would permit his personages to drop into song on the slightest provocation, and to follow the song with a dance. He was entirely without pretense; he did not take playwriting seriously; but he had the sense of fun, and he knew how to play on the risibilities of American playgoers. And on occasion he was influential in a direction he had not intended. One of his songs in "A Trip to Chinatown" declared that "they say such things and they do such things—in the Bowery, in the Bowery;" and after this lilting lyric had diffused itself throughout the country, the merchants of that ancient thoroughfare were moved to protest, and perhaps to reform.

Far more significant and far richer in content than Hoyt's helter-skelter

skits was the series of humorously realistic pieces in which Edward Harrigan reflected the shifting colors of tenement-house life in New York, in that polyglot mixing bowl which we had fondly believed to be a melting pot. After successful "Mulligan Guard" sketches in vaudeville, Harrigan was encouraged to compose plays of the same character but solider in texture and more amply peopled. In one or another of these comic studies of life among the lowly, based on sympathetic intimacy and sustained by a humor which was generally broad and even boisterous, Harrigan gave us a wide variety of character sketches—the negro preacher, the Chinese laundryman, the recently imported German with his dislocated vocabulary, and an interminable procession of Irish-Americans, all taken from life and all caught in the act.

These are the men who relieved us from subservience to the playwrights of England and France. When Bronson Howard began his career as a playwright more than half acentury ago—and I was present at the first performance of his first play, "Saratoga," in 1869—there was not a single American writer working exclusively for the theater. In other words, there were then no American dramatists, and there was practically no American Drama. But long before Fitch and Moody and Herne were abruptly taken from us there were a dozen or a score of native playmakers who had learned how to write plays, who had invention and ingenuity, who had wit and humor, and who had shown that it was possible to put American life on the stage and to please American playgoers by holding the mirror up to nature as it is on this side of the Atlantic.

From Photo by W. M. Van der Weyde

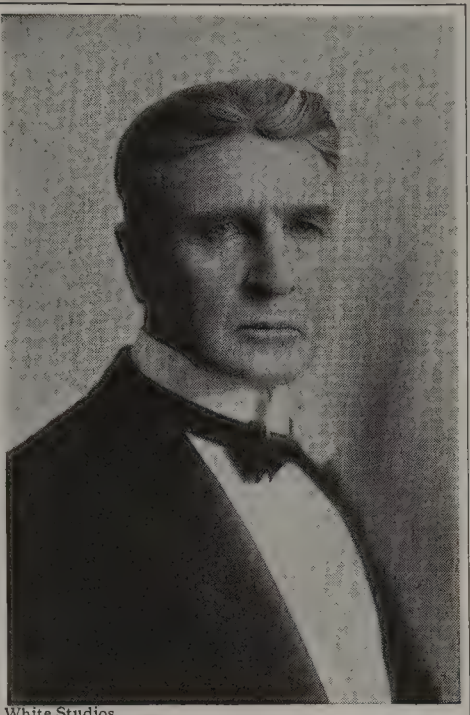
CLYDE FITCH (1865-1909)

A quarter of a century ago no dramatic season in New York was complete without at least one Clyde Fitch play. He became famous early in life through his "Beau Brummell." And this was followed by many American society plays that were generally successful, and that brought him into prominence in the social and dramatic world

AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS OF TO-DAY

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

Critic and Playwright



White Studios

WILLIAM GILLETTE, ACTOR AND PLAYWRIGHT

Mr. Gillette was born in Hartford in 1855, and has enjoyed years of success in the field of dramatic compositions. He began with "The Private Secretary" at the old Madison Square Theater, and followed with "Held by the Enemy," "Too Much Johnson," "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," "Secret Service," "Sherlock Holmes," and other plays. Like Mr. Thomas, William Gillette bridges over from former days of playwriting to the present time, and holds a place of his own among the writers and actors of the day

At the end of the nineteenth century our American playwrights could be counted on the fingers of both hands. To-day there are one hundred and ninety-five members of the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America, each of whom has had at least one play produced professionally; and this body does not, by any means, include all the men and women in this country who are actually earning their living by writing for the stage.

In 1900 there were only about twenty first-class theaters in New York, and the theater season was restricted to about thirty-five weeks of the calendar year; but now, in 1923, there are approximately sixty first-class theaters in the region of Broadway that endeavor to keep their doors open throughout the entire fifty-two weeks of the year.

This unprecedented expansion of our theater has offered an unprecedented opportunity to our native playwrights; and the field for their endeavor was further widened by other alterations in the general theatric situation which occurred about the beginning of the twentieth century. The actors of the nineteenth century, down to and including Richard Mansfield, who died in 1907, were not at all interested in the encouragement of new dramatic authorship; but, during the decade of the eighteen-nineties, the theater was quietly but swiftly renovated by one of those periodic revolutions that occur every now and then in the history of the drama, a revolution that resulted in a shift of emphasis from the actor to the author as the proper focus of attention in the theater. Thus, when the great actors of the old school died away and left no discernible successors, the hiatus was filled not by calling for new actors, but by calling for new authors, to keep the theater going.

Because of this condition, the American dramatist can no longer complain that the dice are cogged against him. But, now that our native playwrights have their opportunity, what have they done with it? Have they conquered our stage, or have they merely captured a tactical post behind the footlights?

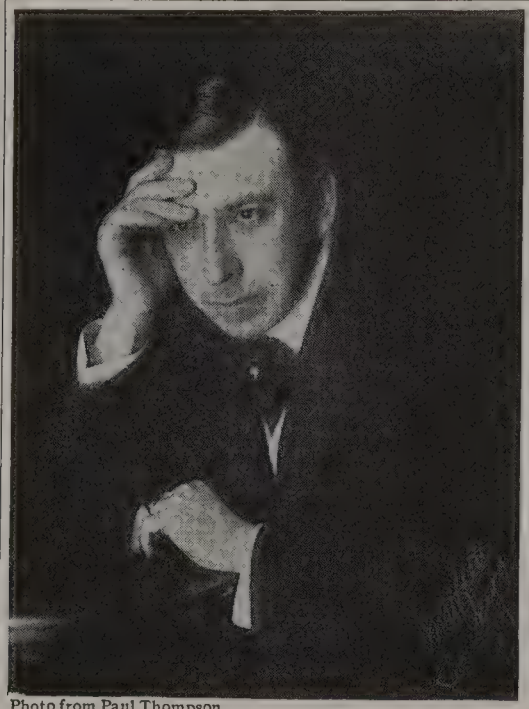


Photo from Paul Thompson

BOOTH TARKINGTON,
NOVELIST, SHORT-STORY WRITER,
AND PLAYWRIGHT

Mr. Tarkington, like one of his characters, is a "Gentleman From Indiana." He was born in Indianapolis in 1869, and even while at Princeton University began to write good stories. Many of his novels have been dramatized—the first being "Monsieur Beaucaire," which Mr. Mansfield put on the stage. "The Man From Home" was a popular play which ran several seasons, and his play of two years ago, "Clarence," was one of the most successful of the year

In the immediate, time-serving sense, our native playwrights have certainly succeeded. Throughout the last twenty years scores and scores of our home-made American plays have emphatically pleased the public; and dozens of these compositions have earned fortunes for their authors. Also, in the artistic—as distinct from the commercial—sense, our new playwrights have succeeded signally in achieving their primary aim of providing the public with wholesome entertainment, and have managed also to reveal many glimpses of life which are both new and true. But should we, therefore, be justified in claiming that we have already established an American Drama, in the same strict sense of words that we employ when we refer to the French Drama, or the Norwegian Drama, or even the British Drama?

If a messenger from Mars should be dropped into the theater district of New York City and should suddenly ask us to name our accredited American dramatists of the present period, we should probably mention first Mr. Augustus Thomas, for the fact is that Mr. Thomas is, at this day, the one indubitable American dramatist, in the proper sense of the word, though high hopes have justifiably been based on the sturdy promise of Eugene O'Neill, who has already won, on two occasions, the Pulitzer prize for the best American play of the year. The word "dramatist" signifies something more and something different than the word "playwright." A playwright is a maker of plays; but a dramatist is a playwright who teaches while he entertains, and adds to the sum total of current thought by evolving, formulating, and expounding many truths that have lain latent and unexpressed in the subconsciousness of the general public. He must be not a craftsman only, but a seer also—not a follower merely, but a leader as well; he must master the stage as a medium of expression, but he must also use it to express enlivening ideas. In this high sense, Mr. Thomas remains to this moment our only living dramatist, with the possible exception of the gifted Mr. Sheldon and the even more promising Mr. O'Neill. In justice to Eugene Walter, it should perhaps be said that when he suddenly flared forth in quick succession with "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way" he earned a right to

be regarded as a veritable dramatist; but, unfortunately, the years that have elapsed since those efforts have brought no fulfilment of the early promise.

Perhaps our greatest difficulty in the matter of developing a worthy native drama is the fact that the large American public has not yet learned to make any distinction between the drama and the theater, between the art of the dramatist and the craft of the playwright. Our public is enormously interested in the theater; but, considered as a whole, it does not seem to be particularly interested in the drama. Our public flocks to the theater to see "a good show," but it does not care whether the "good show" is a contribution to the drama.

We can find no better definition of the purpose of the drama, as distinguished from other types of theatric entertainment, than a formula which was set forth, several years ago, by the English playwright Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. According to this formula, the purpose of the drama is, first, to represent life and, secondly, to interpret life in terms of the contemporary stage. Consequently, in attempting a critical appraisal of any current play, we should first inquire whether the author has set forth a truthful representation of life, and should, secondly, inquire whether the author has also revealed a wise interpretation of life. A play that passes the second test may logically be regarded as a great drama; but a play that does not pass either of these

The Byron Co., Inc.

JAMES HERNE IN "SAG HARBOR"

This is, of course, not the real Sag Harbor, but the Sag Harbor of Mr. Herne's play. For years Mr. Herne gave the public fine, vital American plays—some full of fresh sea air, others breathing the very breath of farm life. No one who has ever seen it will forget "Shore Acres," which ranked with "The Old Homestead" as a true and faithful presentation of American rural life. Mr. Herne was as able and finished an actor as he was a playwright

White Studios

A THRILLING SCENE IN A STIRRING AMERICAN PLAY BY BELASCO

David Belasco's "Girl of the Golden West" showed the world something of a life that was not much known outside of America. It showed this life so vividly and with such dramatic vigor and intensity of emotion that it caught the interest and imagination of audiences in various countries. It fascinated Puccini to such an extent that, after one hearing, he arranged for the use of the story for an opera. Our picture shows Blanche Bates as the Girl of the Golden West, Bob Hilliard as the romantic desperado, and Frank J. Keenan as the sheriff

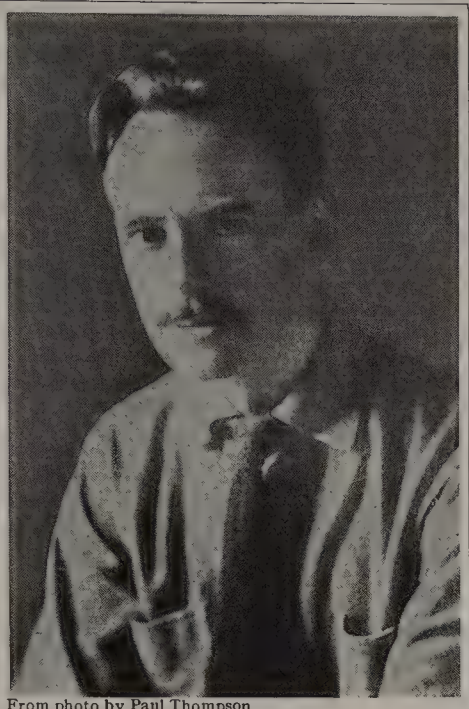
tests is not a work of dramatic art, but simply a theatrical entertainment.

Judged by these high standards, our American Drama still lags far behind our American Theater. Our theater is now the most efficient, the most successful, the most cosmopolitan, and, considered all in all, the most brilliant of all the theaters of the modern world; but our drama remains still hoping for an imagined future.

It is mainly in view of these considerations that Mr. David Belasco, whose career has been almost equally divided between the nineteenth century and the twentieth, must be acclaimed not only as one of the most outstanding but also as one of the most definitive figures in our theater. In the decade of the eighteen-nineties, he made several contributions to the American drama of that period, most of which were written in collaboration with the late H. C. de Mille; and since the dawning of the twentieth century he has, more or less spasmodically, continued his activities as a playwright. His most important pieces are "The Heart of Maryland," a play of the Civil War; "The Darling of the Gods," an extraordinarily effective Japanese drama in which a note of poetry was struck again and again; "The Return of Peter Grimm," written in collaboration with Cecil B. de Mille; "The Girl of the Golden West;" and the skilful dramatization of "Madame Butterfly," a

story by John Luther Long. But, in launching these and other pieces, Mr. Belasco has been less interested in the art of authorship than in the allied art of *theatrical production*. It does not now appear unfair to say that this so-called "wizard" of the theater is more notable for his comprehension of the craft of effective production than for his apprehension of the great art of the drama.

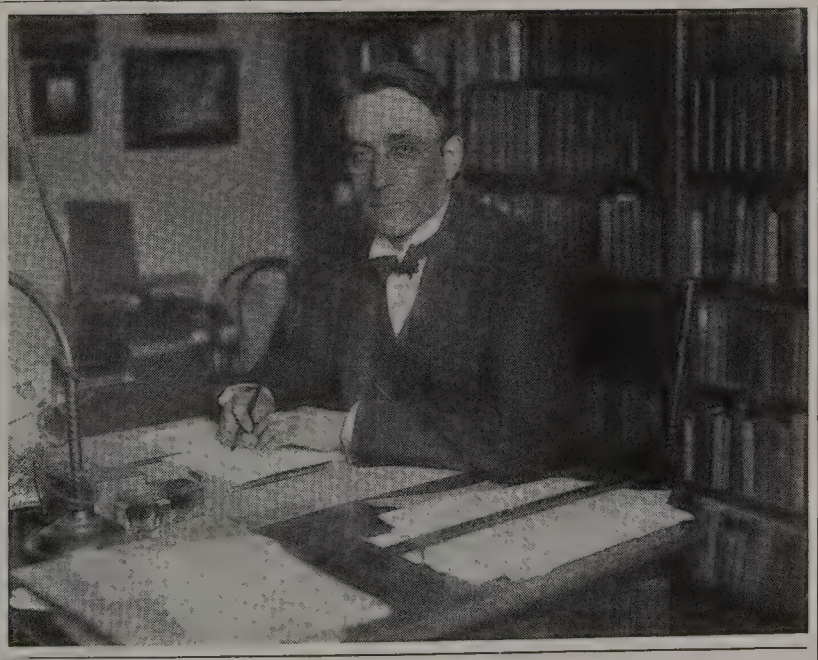
Our younger American playwrights may be praised whole-heartedly for their adventurous and surprisingly successful excursions into new regions of dramatic technique. For instance, Roi Cooper Megrue, in "Under Cover," was the first playwright in the world to upset the ancient theory that a dramatic author can never carry a play to success by keeping a secret from his audience until the latest moments of the final act; and Elmer L. Rice, in "On Trial," was the first playwright to demonstrate the practicability of telling a story on the stage through the backward-pointed medium of a pattern of reverted time. But these adventurous experiments had been already stimulated by the inspiring example of George M. Cohan. By his



From photo by Paul Thompson

EUGENE O'NEILL

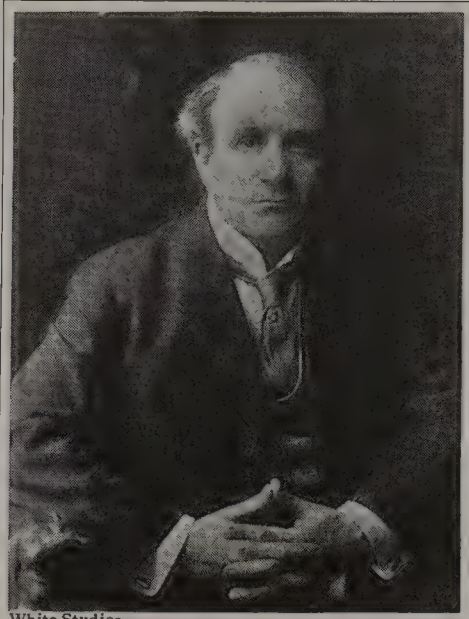
The son of James O'Neill, the popular actor who made the play of Monte Cristo known to the world. Young O'Neill sprang into sudden celebrity as a playwright a few years ago, and he has to his credit several of the most distinguished dramatic productions on the American stage—among which might be mentioned "Beyond the Horizon," "Emperor Jones," "Anna Christie," and "The Hairy Ape"



© Paul Thompson

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, STORY WRITER AND PLAYWRIGHT

Mr. Williams was born in 1871 and was graduated in Princeton in 1892. He wrote stories while in college; and for several years thereafter he was known only as a story writer. In 1917, however, he appeared in the ranks of playwrights with a masterly three-act comedy entitled "Why Marry?" which was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best American play that year. Mr. Williams produced no other play for five years, and now his second production has given assurance of another success. It is entitled "Why Not?" and was produced in New York in December, 1922



White Studios

CHARLES KLEIN

Mr. Klein's untimely death on the *Lusitania* cut off a career of one of the successful playwrights of the present day. His "Auctioneer," "The Music Master," "The Lion and the Mouse," and "The Third Degree" are among the best known of his plays

skilful dramatization of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" Mr. Cohan delivered a new formula to the American stage; and became, unwittingly, the founder of a school; and by his even more ingenious dramatization of "Seven Keys to Baldpate" this same theatric craftsman erected an altogether new standard of technique for the emulation of the cleverest playwrights in America.

Winchell Smith has gathered a large fortune by writing, or helping to write, such signally successful plays as "The Fortune Hunter," "Turn to the Right," and "Lightnin'." The popular acceptance of these homely but ingenious entertainments is an admitted fact; but our fabled messenger from Mars might still ask whether these entertaining compositions should be regarded as permanent contributions to American Drama.

If the verdict of the box office were the only test of dramatic merit, Avery Hopwood would have to be crowned as the prince of our contemporary playwrights, for he has confessed that he has already earned more than a million dollars in royalties from his various plays. Most of these have been farces, like "Fair and Warmer," in which he has displayed deftness as a skater over thin ice, but several of them have been ingenious melodramas, like "The Bat," a superlatively popular mystery play which he concocted in collaboration with Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Our native playwrights, at the present time, often equal or excel their European competitors in farce and melodrama. But our authors rarely attempt tragedy, and they seldom succeed on the lofty level of high comedy. Eugene O'Neill is almost our only tragic dramatist; and the fact should carefully be noted in his case that his inspiration is not at all derived from the current doings of the theater district in New York, but from a vivid reminiscence of a stinging contact with life itself in

© Paul Thompson

RACHEL CROTHERS

The author of a number of popular plays, including "The Three of Us," "Mother Carey's Chickens," "Little Journey," "39 East," and "Nice People." Miss Crothers not only writes, but also directs the production of her own plays

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

Mr. Moody was born in July, 1869, and died in 1910. His best-known play, "The Great Divide," gave assurance of the high quality of Mr. Moody's work. He had the touch of a master playwright

those years when, as a runaway from college, he roamed the oceans of the world as a seaman.

Jesse Lynch Williams, one of our native living playwrights, has risen nearest to the mark of success in the difficult and delicate task of writing comedy, with his brilliant satire called "Why Marry?" which won the Pulitzer prize, and with his more recent companion piece entitled "Why Not?" A delightfully delicate but perilously thin and insubstantial vein of satirical comedy has been originated and developed with considerable success by Clare Kummer; and James Forbes, who began his career with nothing more than an amplified vaudeville skit, entitled "The Chorus Lady," has grown in stature through the composition of such clever pieces of reporting as "The Traveling Salesman," until, in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," he has succeeded in setting before the public a veritable comedy. Other shoulders upon which at least a little shred of the mantle of Clyde Fitch appears to have descended are those of A. E. Thomas, Thompson Buchanan, and Rachel Crothers. Mr. Thomas is notable for his harmonic combinations of the closely related moods of sentiment and humor, appearing at his best in such charming compositions as "The Rainbow," "Just Suppose," and "Come Out of the Kitchen." Mr. Buchanan's mood is more brittle and more cynical: it is revealed most brilliantly in "A Woman's Way." Miss Crothers is particularly notable because her dialogue is the most natural that has ever yet been spoken on our stage. This verdict was delivered to me by Bronson Howard, directly after he had attended a performance of "The Three of Us."

Perhaps the merit that has been displayed by our younger American playwrights is the remarkable freshness, vividness, and accuracy of their observation of many interesting aspects of American life and character. They have clear and eager eyes for what is going on about them, but not a deeply penetrating vision. They have not yet mastered and revealed an understanding of American life. Understanding may be defined as apprehension *plus* comprehension. Our native playwrights evidence the former; but they do not, as a rule, reveal the latter. Yet exceptions to this summary verdict must certainly be noted in favor of such authors as Mr. Frank Craven, who wrote The First Year," and Miss Zona Gale, who wrote "Miss Lulu Bett," which won the Pulitzer prize. These plays were both profoundly

truthful in their intimate delineation of homely and familiar characters.

Booth Tarkington has written many plays, but only two have been notably successful: "The Man From Home," which was concocted in collaboration with Mr. Harry Leon Wilson, and the comedy "Clarence," a veracious and highly humorous chronicle of life in a typical American family.

Montague Glass, with no great gifts for the theater, has achieved a success behind the footlights by virtue of his unique ability in creating two typical and ingratiating characters—the pugnacious Perlmutter and the long-suffering Potash, who, perfectly impersonated, have reappeared in play after play, to the delight of an apparently indefatigable public.

The most notable endowment of many of our American playwrights is a native gift for story telling. Under this heading might be mentioned such writers as Channing Pollock, the late Charles Klein, Harvey O'Higgins and Miss Harriet Ford, Edgar Selwyn, Miss Margaret Mayo, William C. de Mille, Porter Emerson Browne, George Middleton, Miss Zoe Akins, and others.

There are ample indications that our younger American playwrights, or their followers in the succeeding generation, will be able to lift our standard of dramatic authorship from the level of a mere endeavor to interest or amuse the public of the moment, to the loftier level of a serious endeavor to deliver a lasting contribution to the Drama of the World.

The Byron Co., Inc.

READING-ROOM IN THE PLAYERS CLUB, GRAMERCY PARK, N. Y.

This is the famous club founded by Edwin Booth in 1888. Its membership consists of players, artists, musicians—in brief, those engaged in the dramatic and allied arts. Over the mantel at the left is a full-length portrait of Edwin Booth painted by Sargent. The clubhouse is one of the most interesting in the world. It contains a very valuable library and many dramatic memorials of historic interest, including Mr. Edwin Booth's wardrobe of costumes and the trophies of his dramatic achievements. Within the walls of this club distinguished playwrights and players assemble, and many of the most ambitious dramatic undertakings have been discussed there

DRAMAS IN STONE

THE SCULPTURAL ART OF GEORGE GREY BARNARD—HIS WORK, HIS STUDIO AND "THE CLOISTERS," DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS, BY W. M. VAN DER WEYDE

From a recent photograph by W. M. Van der Weyde

GEORGE GREY BARNARD IN HIS STUDIO, Washington Heights, N. Y.

"In the character of Barnard there is something of the largeness of the West, something of the audacity of a life without tradition or precedent, a burning intensity of enthusiasm; above all a strong element of mysticism which permeates all that Barnard does or wishes."—LORADO TAFT

DRAMAS IN STONE

THE ART OF GEORGE GREY BARNARD

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. M. VAN DER WEYDE

THE story of Barnard's life is the story of an American boy who realized his supreme ambition through the exercise of an indomitable will and the willingness to devote his time to hard work. Barnard had none of the advantages of many other art students. His parents were poor—his father was a clergyman in a small Pennsylvania town—and Barnard's position in the very front rank of American sculptors of distinction is due entirely to his own efforts and genius. Barnard had the great advantage of being born with both great ambition and a marvellous capacity for work. He played with modeling wax as a boy of ten, but he had no thought then of being a sculptor. At seventeen he had his first instruction in a Chicago art school. At nineteen he was in Paris, enrolled as a hard-working student in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* (School of Fine Arts).

DOORWAY IN THE CLOISTER OF ST. GAILHEN

This gives a glimpse of the fine old architectural pieces that Mr. George Grey Barnard has assembled on Washington Heights, New York, near his studio, and which he calls "The Cloisters"

"I had only $100 a year to live on in my student days," Barnard told me, "but living was cheaper in Paris in those days, and by practising very strict economy, I managed to pull through."

How he did it—how he "pulled through" and managed at the same time to maintain his health, despite his great economies, was always an enigma to his fellow students, because young Barnard was the hardest worker in his class, always reaching the classroom far in advance of the others and remaining at his work long after his companions had gone. He worked sixteen hours a day. Only a boy fired with a tremendous ambition and blessed with an amazing appetite for work could have done it. Also I might say that only a boy with such vaulting aspiration as Barnard's could, in such circumstances, have reached the goal of his desires, becoming one of the world's greatest sculptors.

Besides other difficulties to surmount in his student days young Barnard had to cope with a foreign tongue with which he was totally unfamiliar. "I don't know how in the world I ever succeeded in mastering French," he said to me one day recently. "I confess that it quite mastered me for a considerable time. After that it was easy enough."

Barnard told me some amusing incidents of his perplexities with the French language when he was a *Beaux Arts* student. Being the first of the pupils to arrive in the classroom, he eagerly watched the clock for the time set for work to commence. When the lagging hands finally reached the hour, young Barnard, turning to his fellow-students, shouted loudly, "C'est l'heure" (pronounced *say-lurr*)—"It is the hour." But,

INTERIOR OF "THE CLOISTERS"

This photograph was made by Mr. Van der Weyde at night, the interior of the "Cloisters" being lighted by candles

with his imperfect pronunciation, he made it "Celle heure" (*sel-lurr*), which is quite different, and can, perhaps, be best translated as "that hour" in the feminine gender. Young Barnard's exclamation amused the others present. The students roared with laughter. Barnard told me that ever after that his companions called him "Celle Heure"!

When Barnard was nineteen years old,

THE ROSE MARBLE COLONNADE OF BARNARD'S "CLOISTERS"

This is a beautiful and dignified portion of Mr. Barnard's assembly of architectural relics

and still in his first year at the *Beaux Arts*, he designed a monument for the grave of Severin Skovgaard, a Norwegian poet, singer and philanthropist, which won immediate recognition as a really great work of art. The monument stands in the little coast-town of Langesund, in Norway, where it still attracts much attention. Barnard carved his fantasy, which is very well-known to art lovers under the name of "Brotherly Love," from a huge block of white marble. He did all of the chiseling with his own hands in the marble yard of a stone cutter. The monument shows two youths, considerably larger than life-size, struggling to disengage themselves from the mass of stone, and groping to reach each other's hands. The figures are nude, slender and graceful. It is a very remarkable sculptural conception, so inspired and powerful a piece of statuary that one is astounded to realize that it is the work of a nineteen-year-old boy.

One of the greatest of Barnard's works has been his huge groups for the State Capitol at Harrisburgh, Pa., a work which he began in 1903 and to which he devoted the following seven years. One of these enormous groups consists of twelve figures, the other contains sixteen, all above life-size. In the group entitled "Brotherly Love and Work" there are two figures, an old man and a youth, representing the story of "The Prodigal Son." These two figures form a sculptural masterpiece by themselves. There is real genius in Barnard's rendition of the famous tale. The withered skin of the old man's arms as he embraces his son is in striking contrast with the firm and gracefully modeled figure of the youth. There is infinite tenderness shown in the expression and the arrangement of the figures. In this group is also incorporated the figures of "The Two Brothers," one carrying the other in his arms. There is remarkably vigorous modeling in this piece.

In the group entitled "The Burden of Life" there is a splendid nude female figure which the sculptor has called "The Forsaken Mother." She stands erect, with flowing hair, the head slightly bent, the right hand outstretched and groping for support. A new-born babe covered with wrappings is barely suggested in the marble.

There is a very compelling group by Barnard in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, entitled "The Two Natures." One of the two nude figures is standing over the prostrate form of the

other. It is one of the largest marble groups in the Metropolitan and it attracts a great deal of attention from visitors.

"The Two Natures" is one of Barnard's earliest works, having been made in 1885, when the sculptor was only twenty-two years old. The original group in plaster stood for a good many years in Barnard's studio in Paris. In 1893 the Metropolitan Museum commissioned the sculptor to carry out his conception in marble. In these struggling figures Barnard has striven to visualize the dual personality existing in all men.

Barnard once told me an interesting story of the model for the figures and of the making of this striking group. "Nearly everyone," he said, "supposes that different models posed for the two figures. As a matter of fact I used only one model and that was for the simple reason that in the days when I was at work on this group I couldn't afford to have more than one, and one would serve for both figures anyway. The chap who posed for me was really a fine fellow. I had been able to help him a little bit when he really needed help, and he was very grateful. He was a splendid physical specimen, powerfully built and as strong as the proverbial ox. Within a few months, however, of my commencing work on the group the poor fellow was taken ill. Tuberculosis developed and his doom was sealed. One bitterly cold day, at the height of a furious snowstorm, there was a knock at my studio door. Responding, I was shocked to find Antoine, my model, huddled at the door, covered with snow, emaciated and very ill. I carried him into my studio in my arms; he weighed less than a hundred pounds. When he revived somewhat in the warmth of the studio he told me he could not die before coming back to help me finish my group. To humor him—for I had already finished all the work for which I could use him in this group—I pretended to do some work on one of the heads, glancing occasionally at poor Antoine as my model. One week later Antoine died, happy in the feeling that he had been faithful to the trust I reposed in him, and that he had posed for me to the completion of the group. Poor Antoine!"

Two or three very fine works by Barnard grace John D. Rockefeller's estate at Pocantico Hills, N. Y. One of them is the graceful figure "Woman" in marble. A replica in plaster may be seen in the great entrance hall of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Another is the marble "Adam and Eve," Adam recumbent and just awakening from sleep, Eve rising above his figure.

The head of Barnard's Lincoln, the figure that excited a great controversy in the newspapers and which has been erected in both Cincinnati, Ohio, and Manchester, England, is a wonderfully modeled piece of work. A replica of the famous Barnard Lincoln head

INTERIOR OF MR. BARNARD'S STUDIO

Showing his model of the Memorial to the soldiers of New York who lost their lives in the World War. These plans hav been discussed by the Art Commission, the New York City Administration, and the newspapers, but no definite action makin for the realization of this Memorial has been taken

in marble is one of the treasures of the Musée du Luxembourg in Paris. It is a remarkable study of the head of a man who saw, felt, and suffered much. Benignity and human sympathy are wondrously commingled with rugged strength of character in the countenance of the Lincoln that Barnard's genius has evolved for us. It is probably the most truthful plastic representation of Lincoln that we have.

In Barnard's studio in the upper part of New York City there is a gigantic head of Lincoln in plaster. This model of the great emancipator's head is entirely different from the smaller head to which I have just referred. In the gigantic head the eyes are looking down. The head measures ten or more feet from the top of the forehead to the tip of the chin. It is planned to carve this enormous head out of the solid rock on one of the great cliffs along the Lincoln Highway.

THE HEWER

The posture of this splendid, vigorous figure—presented to the city of Cairo, Illinois, in memory of one of its citizens—expresses the effort of man to hew his way through Nature's obstacles to achievement. The above picture is photographed from the artist's plaster model and not from the bronze statue in Cairo

The grounds of "Barnard's Cloisters" adjoin the studio of the sculptor. "Barnard's Cloisters" is the name that has been bestowed upon the greatest collection of Gothic art in America—fragments of old world cloisters, dating back hundreds of years, which were gathered by the sculptor during a long residence in France. Barnard has assembled the entire collection into one building and arranged it as only such an appreciator of medieval art could. There is a guardian of the building, garbed in fifteenth century monastic habiliments. A small fee is charged for admission to "The Cloisters," and the receipts are sent to the widows and orphans of French artists killed in the World War.

Two years ago Barnard was working on his conception of a great memorial to Americans who lost their lives at that war, and his plans have been discussed at great length by the Art Commission, the New York City administration and the newspapers. It is a very elaborate plan. Everything Barnard does is done in a big way on a large scale. In his studio is a model of his war memorial idea. The model is about twenty feet long. Whether such a memorial will ever be erected is problematical. There is no way to hasten action in the matter, and its chances become more and more remote as month after month passes. We Americans are enthusiastic momentarily, but we are slow to take definite action in matters concerning art projects. Mr. Barnard is a slow, careful worker. In his early days he carved his figures out of the stone with his own chisel and mallet. Those were the days of hardship and toil. Now, Mr. Barnard, like nearly all sculptors today, models his figures in clay, from which they are worked out in full scale by artisan assistants—Mr. Barnard himself putting in the finishing touches.

THE EMPIRE BUILDER
CECIL JOHN RHODES

BY SPENCER BRODNEY

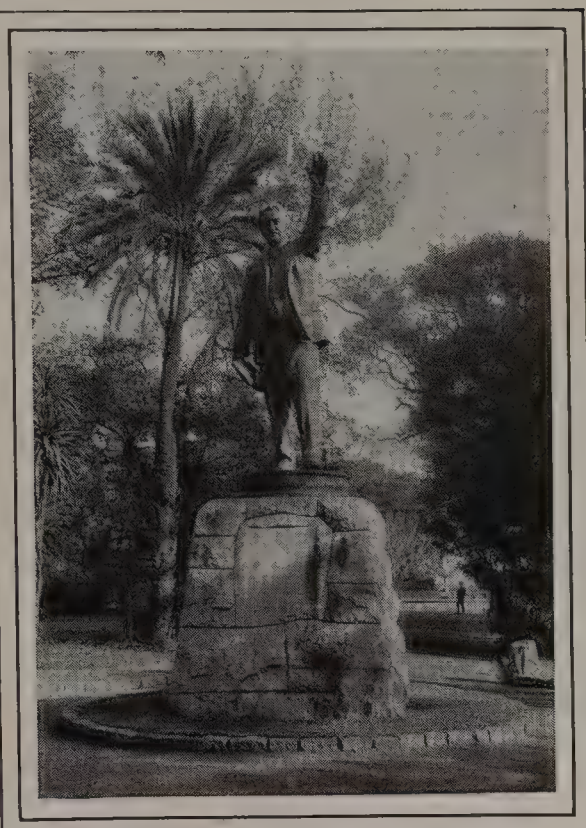
EDITORIAL NOTE: *Mr. Newman's article in the November Mentor, "Capetown to Cairo," has brought us so urgent a request from readers for the story of Cecil Rhodes that we have responded with the following article specially written for Mentor readers and illustrated with pictures supplied by Mr. Newman*

Cecil John Rhodes' amazing career was a magnificent accident. Leaving England as a boy to seek health in South Africa, he rapidly amassed a fortune in diamonds. Then regarding money only as the sinew for great achievement, he set about adding new lands to the British Empire. Everything about Rhodes was on the grand scale—his wealth, his personal ascendancy over all races and classes, the superb spaciousness of the scene set by destiny for the drama in which he played the leading part. Though his dying words were, "So much to do, so little done," his dream of a vast united South Africa under the British flag was much nearer fulfilment than he imagined.

Born at Bishop's Stortford in Hertfordshire on July 5, 1853, Rhodes went to school in his native town. Unable, on account of lung trouble, to proceed with his studies at Oxford, he joined an elder brother who was growing cotton in Natal. Not long afterward the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley drew the youth into new paths of adventure and fortune-seeking. The mines turned out to be the richest in the world, supplying nine tenths of all the diamonds sold during the last half-century. With his partners, Rhodes gradually acquired one claim after another in the famous De Beers mine, and then began consolidating the ownership of the various mines, until he was the presiding magnate over the whole industry.

To be only the Diamond King did not satisfy Rhodes. Believing that God had chosen the Anglo-Saxon people to rule the world, he resolved to use his money and energies to translate that idea into actual fact. As a first step he thought he should equip himself with the education devised for the ruling race. As soon as he could, he left the diamond fields to study at Oxford. Though the English climate did not suit his health and business affairs caused interruptions, for several years he kept his terms at Oxford during the winter, spending the long vacations in South Africa, until at last he took his degree.

From his earliest days in South Africa Rhodes had fallen under the spell of its illimitable spaces and clear blue skies and its promise of a new, healthy, and prosperous homeland for the ever-expanding Anglo-Saxon people. By ox cart and on horseback he "trekked" over wide areas, learning all he could of the country and its natives, and all the time dreaming his splendid dream of a new British domain stretching from the Cape of Good Hope across Central Africa until it should be ultimately linked with the fruitful lands of the Nile. Transcontinental railway and telegraph lines were the first concrete schemes he put forward to secure British overlordship from the Cape to Cairo.



CECIL RHODES' STATUE
PUBLIC GARDENS, CAPETOWN
The arm of the Empire Builder points north, and on the tablet below is the pronouncement, "Your Hinterland lies there"

In 1881, at the age of twenty-seven, Rhodes entered the Cape Parliament as member for one of the diamond fields electorates. He soon made his mark in politics by his advocacy of a broad South African policy. Recognizing the strength of the Dutch colonists, he strove for understanding and co-operation with them. He worked for treatment of the natives which would make them contented and useful in developing the country. Most of all he urged that British expansion should ceaselessly tend northward, and that every obstacle in the way should be removed, whether obstruction by the Boers

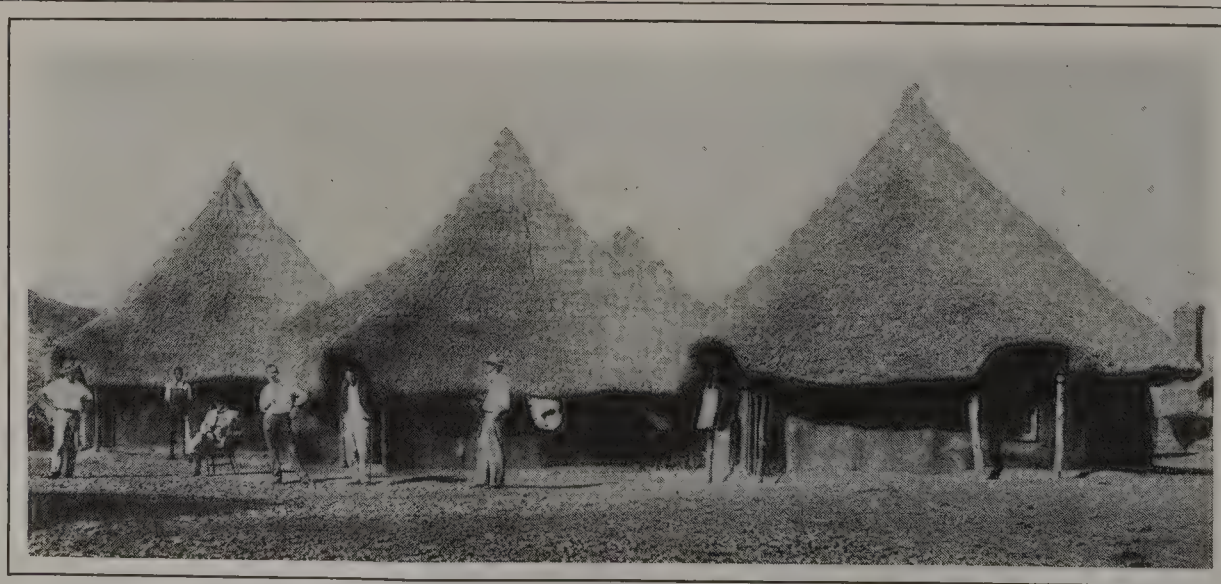
CAMPING PARTY IN RHODESIA
Cecil Rhodes and friends at lunch on the Matoppo Hills, not far from where he was afterward buried

or the unruliness of uncivilized natives. By his own efforts he pacified Bechuanaland and insured its control by the British. There, as later in Matabeleland, he displayed a unique gift for dealing with savages.

Following the foundation of the diamond industry came the discovery of gold in the Transvaal. Again as organizer and financier Rhodes took the lead and reaped immense profits. His income increased to over five million dollars a year. He had now won the power of great wealth, which he regarded as the essential preliminary to the carrying out of his greater projects.

Extending from the north of the Transvaal and the Bechuanaland Protectorate to the River Zambesi and then beyond to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, there was a territory of nearly half a million square miles belonging to the Matabeles and other savage tribes. Rhodes was determined that it should become part of the British Empire. To this end he organized the British South Africa Company. By exerting the influence his money gave him and appealing to imperial sentiment in England, he secured a royal charter which conferred upon the company the powers and privileges of a sovereign state over whatever territory it occupied. As managing director Rhodes became virtually the uncrowned monarch of a country enormously larger than the United Kingdom and in the richness of its resources and the excellence of its climate one of the most favored lands on the face of the globe. Such was the origin of Rhodesia, named after the man who made it a British possession.

It might be thought that to control the diamond and gold industries of South Africa and to administer a new colony would have been enough for one man. Yet, in 1890, Rhodes seized the opportunity to become Prime Minister of Cape Colony. It was altogether unprecedented for the head of a British government to preside at the same time over an important corporation, but for six years Rhodes remained the chief executive of both Cape Colony and Rhodesia.



CECIL RHODES LIVED FOR A TIME IN THESE HUTS NEAR THE MATOPPO HILLS

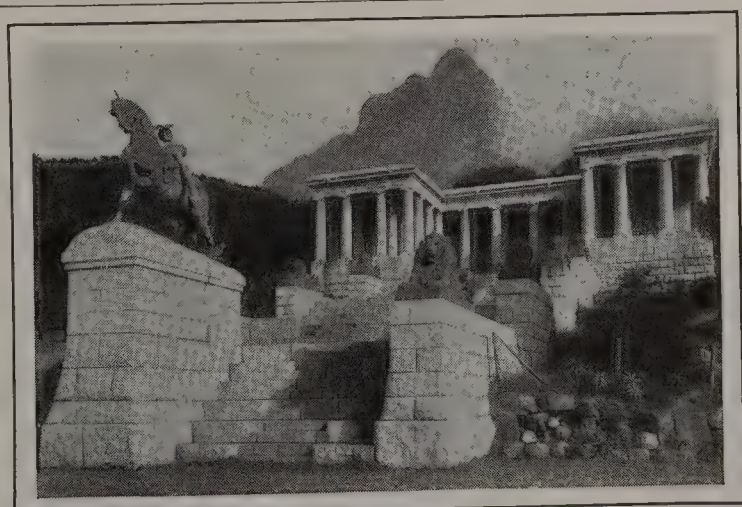
CECIL RHODES' GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BULAWAYO
This is where Rhodes lived when Administrator of Rhodesia

The gold mines in which Rhodes was so largely interested were situated in the Johannesburg district of the Transvaal, then under the rule of President Paul Kruger, the shrewd old Boer who distrusted and feared with the utmost intensity Rhodes and all his schemes of imperial expansion. The white population of the gold fields was mostly British. Not being Transvaal citizens, they had no political rights. The Uitlanders, as they were called by the Boers, were encouraged by Rhodes and his fellow mine owners, not only to agitate for the removal of so-called grievances, but also to plan the overthrow of the republic, so that under British rule the mine owners might do as they pleased. The climax to the conspiracy in which Rhodes was the guiding spirit was the famous raid led by Dr. Leander Starr Jameson at the head of a body of Rhodesian mounted police. The raid was to take place simultaneously with a rising in Johannesburg to overthrow Kruger's government. But the affair ended in a fiasco. The rising never took place and Jameson's raiders were defeated and captured by the Boers. Even the most ardent British imperialists had to repudiate such high-handed methods, and Rhodes was forced to resign both as Prime Minister of Cape Colony and as managing director of the Chartered Company.

Although for the next two years Rhodes held no official position, his influence remained. He devoted himself still more strenuously to the development of the territory bearing his name. A revolt of the Matabeles was ended by his courageous handling of the situation; the building of the transcontinental railway was pushed on; and he obtained from the British and German imperial authorities concessions that helped him to extend and consolidate the gains of the British South Africa Company. At the same time he worked behind the scenes to wipe out the Boer republic, which still threatened his interests. The Boer War, which was brought about by the British mine owners, finally saw the extinction of both the Transvaal and the Orange Free State as independent political entities and their absorption in the British Empire. During the war Rhodes, who was never wanting in pluck, took part in the defense of Kimberley, but with disastrous results to his health. His old disease returned, and on March 26, 1902, he died, not having yet completed his forty-ninth year.

Rhodes never married, for it was his conviction that family ties must hamper any man with a great mission. The idea that inspired his whole career found final expression in his remarkable will. The bulk of his large fortune was left to establish a system of scholarships for students to be sent each year from the British colonies and the United States to Oxford, so that in that center of Anglo-Saxon learning and social intercourse they should become imbued with the spirit and traditions of the race destined, in Rhodes' opinion, to lead the world in civilization.

When Rhodes went to South Africa he found the greater part of it a savage land; to-day it is among the countries most full of promise for the future.



IMPOSING MEMORIAL TO RHODES AT CAPETOWN

Courtesy Morris Gest

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED COMPANY IN ITS FIRST PLAY

Scene in the Kremlin, Moscow, in Count Alexei Tolstoy's historical tragedy, "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch," the first play produced by the Moscow Art Theater

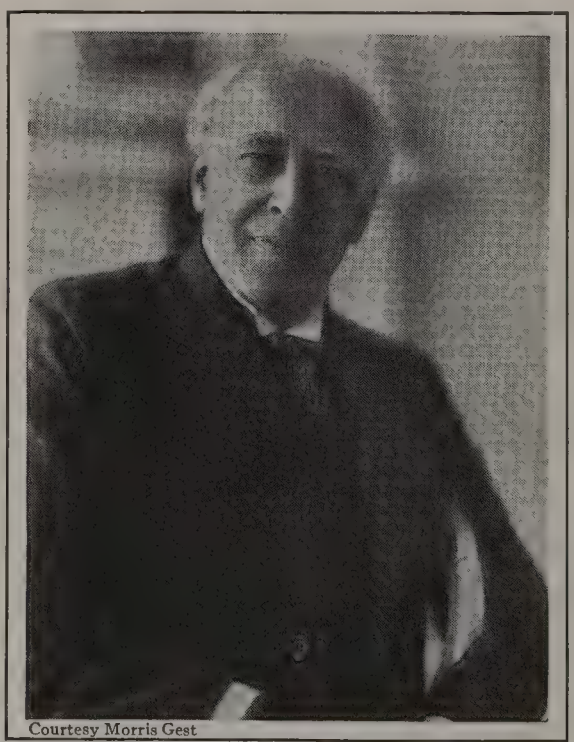
THE MOST DISTINGUISHED STOCK COMPANY IN THE WORLD

An Account of the Moscow Art Theater

BY E. M. DOLE

Dramatic art as a whole has been brought to a higher state in a Moscow playhouse than anywhere else in the world. There a body of actors, the Moscow Art Theater Company, which recently visited the United States, has held together through war and revolution, privation, and social strife, for a quarter of a century, and won recognition as the most distinguished dramatic organization in existence. The same artistic and financial directors that conceived and founded the company have carried it through to its exalted position.

Early in June, 1897, an actor and a professor met in a Moscow café, and in a discussion that lasted the better part of a day formulated the project that was to develop into the world's foremost theater. The institution's creed was truth to life, realism, drama without artificiality and theatricalism — its aim "to examine life not only through rising heights and falling abysses, but through the everyday occurrences about us."



Courtesy Morris Gest

CONSTANTIN STANISLAVSKY

First actor, co-founder, and director of the Moscow Art Theater with Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko

The actor, Constantin Stanislavsky, and the teacher-critic, Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko, both then in their twenties, proposed to incorporate a body of players and operate on a profit-sharing basis. This plan, resembling somewhat the conduct of the *Comédie-Française* in Paris, has been successfully pursued through the long life of the organization.

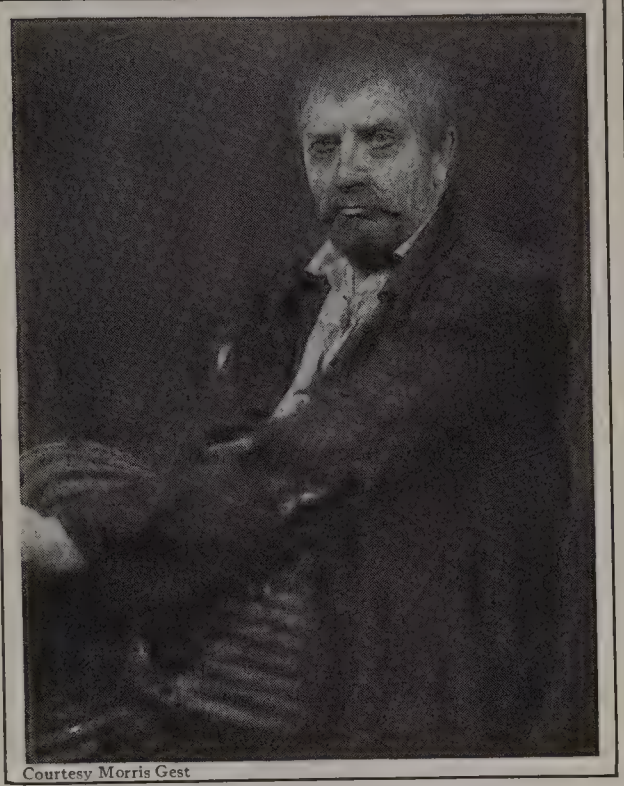
Since the day of the theater's opening, there has not been a seat unsold. In the troubled years following 1914 vacant seats were seen, but this was because the purchasers were unable to reach the theater. This constant and overwhelming de-

mand for admissions led to a custom unique in theater management. Patrons wishing to attend a performance first apply at the box office for a numbered slip which represents them at a "drawing" held later in the day. Winners in the drawing may buy seats; others must wait until fortune favors them.

The theater is situated in a business building not far from the center of Moscow. Once the curtain rises, no one is allowed to go to his or her seat until the intermission, and no applause is permitted until the end of the play.

Assignment of parts and details of production are in charge of a council and its president. Finances are handled by the "Direction." Members of the company receive stipulated salaries, share in the profit, and have a voice in important decisions. Associated with the theater are five studios where a thousand young actors are trained.

Half of the seventy plays produced in the life of the Moscow Art Theater have been from Russian literature. Besides, plays from foreign drama have been translated and produced. On this far-away stage "The Blue Bird" was first produced, in Russian, three years before the first Paris performance.



Courtesy Morris Gest

VASSILY KATCHALOFF

A charter member of the company and one of its leading actors. He is shown here as he appears in Gorky's "Lower Depths"

Tchekov's association with the Art Theater is one of the most significant relations in its history. "It was Tchekov's desire," says Oliver Sayler in his book on The Russian Theater, "to interpret life through its reticences, its shades of meaning, its slender moments. . . . He set forth life and passion and disappointment and even death without violent scenes." Several actors frequently seen in the Tchekov dramas have played their original parts for twenty years.

Courtesy Morris Gest

✣ ✣ ✣

Ivan Moskvin (left) and Mme. Olga Knipper - Tchekova as Tsar and Tsarina in Count Alexei Tolstoy's historical tragedy, "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch." Both are charter members of the company, and played these rôles in the original production. Madame Tchekova is the widow of the renowned playwright Anton Tchekov

✣ ✣ ✣

FAMILY LIFE IN EGYPT FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO

Notable discoveries near Thebes

Four thousand years ago an Egyptian official, in a hurry to clean up a family tomb, which also served as a sort of safety deposit vault, swept up a handful of waste papers and stuffed them into a hole in the pavement of a passage leading to another vault. Thanks to him, the Metropolitan Museum of New York has been able to give the world the most intimate picture of ancient Egyptian family life that has come down to us.

The discovery of these "Hekanakht papers," as they are called, is a most important achievement in Egyptian archæological research. While the location and excavation of the sumptuous and astonishing tomb of King Tut Ankhamen near Thebes by Lord Carnarvon overshadows everything that has been done in the field, the Metropolitan party has several notable discoveries to its credit. In 1919 they found the tomb and mummy of Prince Amenemhet; in 1920 the famous models of Mehenkwetre—complete groups of puppets which remarkably illustrate the daily life in ancient Egypt—and in 1920 the tomb of Aashait, a twenty-two-year-old princess with bobbed hair. This tomb was so fine that the Egyptian Government, which gets half of all things excavators find, refused to part with it, but gave the museum two huge granite statues of the Pharaoh of the Exodus by way of compensation. The tomb of Mart, a child, in which was a quantity of ancient jewelry, was another of the museum's discoveries.

While again going over the tombs at Thebes, where the famous models were found, the museum party discovered the plans of the ancient landscape gardeners, a mason's cord and reel, with which a mason of to-day could work, a wooden platform used by embalmers, packages of false hair, and other tomb appurtenances. A bundle of torn and crumpled papyri, which had been laid aside in the work of repairing and photographing the models two years before, were patched together and translated. "Evidently all but one belonged to a single batch thrown away by the tomb priest," writes H. E. Winlock, of the Metropolitan party. "That one has come down to us as a couple of tantalizing scraps of a letter from a daughter to her mother. At the end the daughter says: 'Salute Ger in life, safety, and health, and do not let him fail to write me about what has happened to him.'

"Of the remaining seven documents one is a mere scrap, but there are three letters

Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art

CLEARING AWAY A TEMPLE MOUND AT THEBES

Metropolitan Museum party's excavators removing the débris of centuries to uncover ancient Egyptian tombs

Courtesy Metropolitan Museum

ONE OF HEKANAKHT'S LETTERS

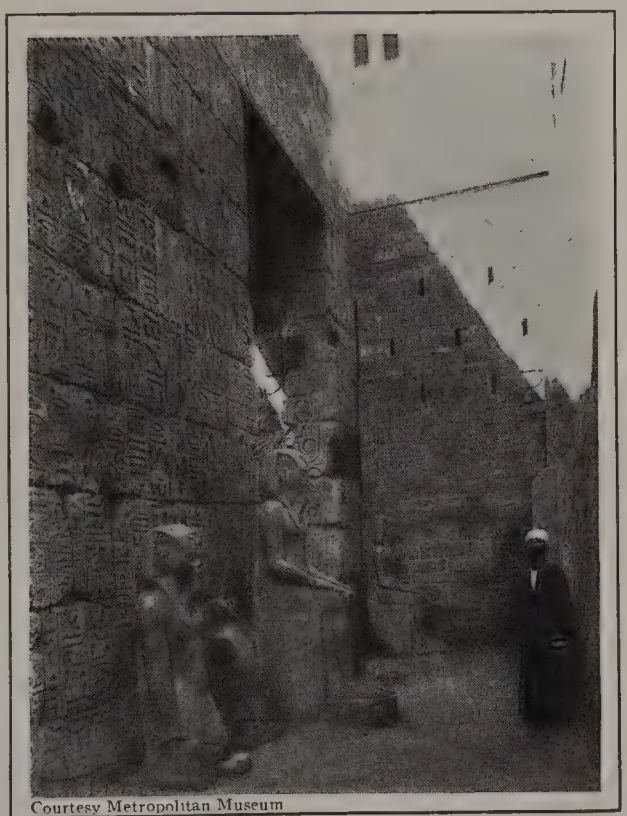
and three inventories or accounts practically complete. In fact, one letter was still folded and sealed, ready to be forwarded to an address written on the outside."

These letters and accounts introduce us to one Hekanakht, a man of property, who left one of his estates in charge of his oldest son, Mersu. Each time the old man went away he drew up an inventory of his property. His father's letters being concerned mostly with properties listed in these inventories, Mersu brought letters and inventories up to the tomb to study them out. Translated, the date on one inventory is October 10, 2004 B. C. It is headed, "Statement of Hekanakht's Barley," and the subheadings, "Made over by him to his son, Mersu," "Fodder for the Bulls," and "The barley that Hekanakht has obtained for his dependents," all duly itemized. The old man mentions having on hand 7,000 loaves of bread. "Seven thousand loaves of bread would have seemed to me an immoderately large baking if I had not been acquainted with Hekanakht's descendants to-day," says Mr. Winlock. "Many of them bake only every month little biscuits that will keep indefinitely but that are so stony that they must be soaked in soup before the toughest jaws can crack them."

The letters reveal Hekanakht as an irascible old gentleman. Mersu had written his father that the Nile had risen while he was cultivating the summer crops, and that he feared the dykes would break and flood the fields before he could harvest them. The father, too angry to waste any time on the flowery salutations and compliments that are three quarters of an Oriental letter, dashed off this in reply, "As to any flooding of our land, it is thou who art cultivating it. Woe to all my people with thee! I shall hold thee responsible for it."

Another of the letters gives a picture of famine time, a year when the Nile overflow had been scanty. After notifying his family that he has obtained a little food for them, Hekanakht writes: "Now you must not be angry about this. See, the whole household as well as the children are dependent on me and everything is mine. 'Half-life is better than dying altogether,' and they say, 'the hungry must hunger.'"

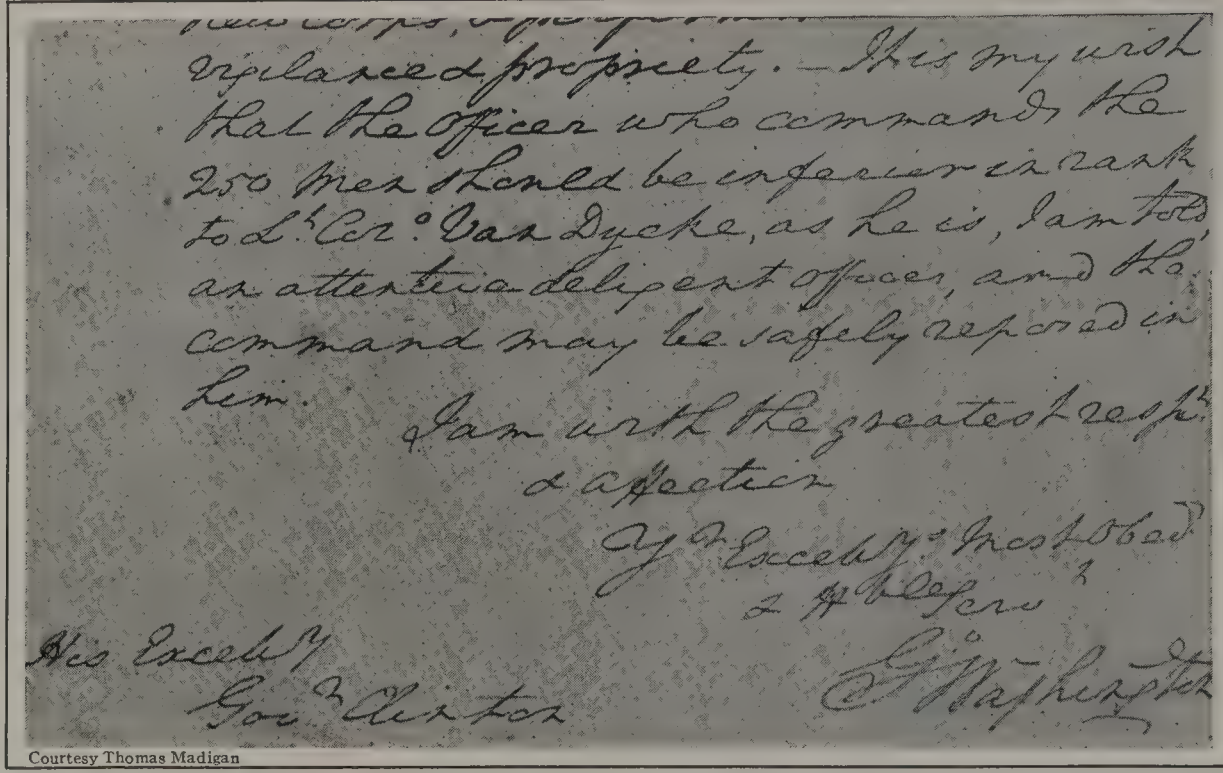
The most interesting picture Hekanakht's letters give, however, is that of family life. Once he directs that his youngest and favorite son, Sneferu, who was too young to be of use on the farm, be sent to him. But Sneferu evidently did not relish being with his crotchety father, for he did not go to his father, nor did he work on the land, and when Mersu complains of this Hekanakht tells him to let the boy do as he pleases. A number of dependents and relatives are mentioned, but no wife; so the assumption is that Hekanakht was a widower. With all his difficulties he must needs take a concubine to himself, named Iutenhab. The family row that followed fills a large part of the letters. The housemaid was turned out, Mersu reprimanded, and cautioned against allowing harm to come to Iutenhab, and, finally, Iutenhab, herself, sent off to Hekanakht before peace was restored.—*A. A. Hopkins.*



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum

THE PHARAOH OF THE EXODUS

Two statues of him were found at the Temple of Luxor. They are now in the Metropolitan Museum



Courtesy Thomas Madigan

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S SECRET LETTER AND SIGNATURE

SECRET WASHINGTON LETTER COMES TO LIGHT

Historic Document Acquired by Autograph Collector

A secret letter written by General George Washington to Governor De Witt Clinton, announcing the coming of French aid to the hard-pressed Revolutionary forces, has been acquired by Thomas Madigan, a New York autograph collector, who purchased it from a well-known American family in whose possession it had been for many years.

At the blackest moment of the war, after five years of campaigning with indecisive results, the Marquis de LaFayette arrived with the news that a French fleet had set sail for America. LaFayette had gone on to communicate this intelligence to Congress. General Washington, desirous of keeping the New York Legislature in session, but unable to make public his reasons, dispatched the secret letter to Governor Clinton. The letter follows:

Morristown, May 18th, 1780.

DEAR SIR:

I have the happiness to inform your Excellency, that the Marquis De la Fayette has brought the interesting intelligence of a French fleet & army which was to sail from France early in April for the Continent, to cooperate with us. He is gone on to Congress, and, measures will, it is to be hoped, be immediately taken by them to put ourselves in a situation to derive the advantage from this succour, which with proper exertion, we have a right to expect.

You will be sensible that there will be a necessity for the concurrence of the Legislatures of the different states in providing men and supplies. As I am informed your assembly is now sitting, and may probably be about rising; and as the determination of Congress may not arrive in time to prevent its adjournment, I have thought it proper to give this intimation in confidence that you may keep them together. If they once separate it will be impossible to reassemble them in time to answer our purposes, and it is of infinite importance that they should be assembled.

As this anticipates Congress, it is, of course, only intended for your private information, and is not to be officially made use of to the assembly.

In the intended co-operation to whatever point it may be directed, we shall stand in need of all the continental force we can collect. On this principle I wish to have the regiment at Fort Schuyler relieved; and shall be glad your Excellency will be pleased to order two hundred and fifty men, of the 800 raised by permission of Congress, as speedily as possible, to that post. I propose to leave Lieut. Colo. Van Dycke and some good Sargents in the garrison to arrange the New corps, & perform the duties with vigilanced propriety. It is my wish that the officer who commands the 250 men should be inferior in rank to Lt. Colo. Van Dycke, as he is, I am told, an attentive diligent officer, and the command may be safely reposed in him.

I am with the greatest respt & affection

Yr Excellys Most Obedt
& Hble Servt,
G. Washington.

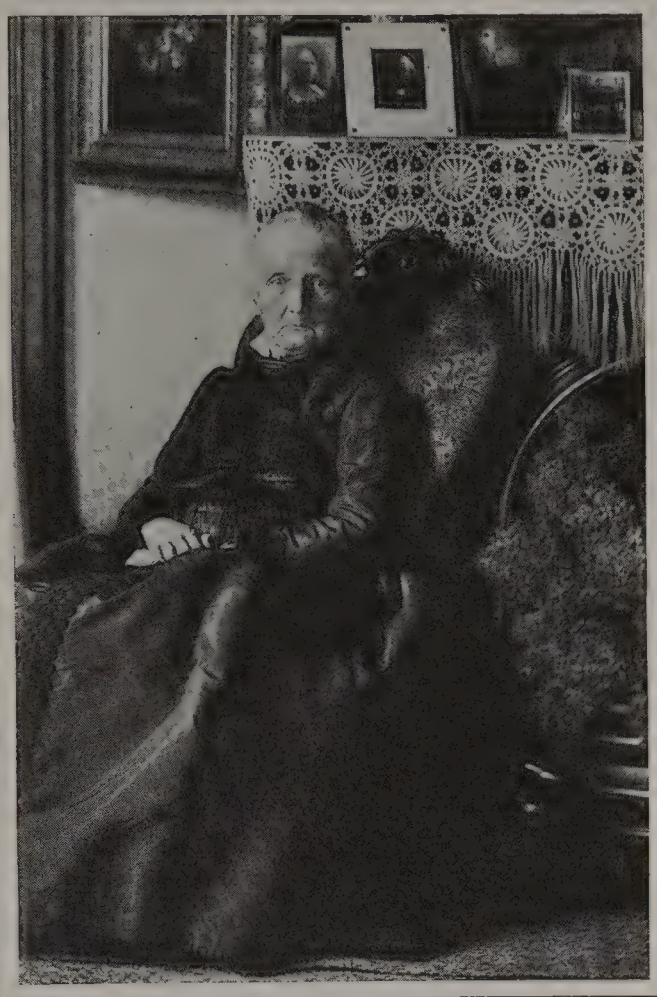
His Excelly
Govr. Clinton.

THE PLAY THAT GOES ON FOREVER

The Story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

BY ARTHUR B. MAURICE

One day during the black times of the Civil War, President Lincoln met Harriet Beecher Stowe for the first time. "So this is the little woman," he said, as his great shaggy hand closed over her frail little one, "who brought on this big war." Almost sixty years have passed since the big war came to an end, but the book that the great emancipator believed had inspired it, and the play made from that book, seem to go on forever. Every night, somewhere in the land, an audience is moved by the spectacle of Eliza crossing make-believe ice; of the bloodhounds in pursuit; of Little Eva dying; of Topsy, who had never been born but just 'growed'; and of Uncle Tom suffering under the lash of Simon Legree. Not only in city and town theaters, but, during summer nights, "Uncle Tom" shows exhibit in tents all through the country districts. The play is the most conspicuous success in the history of the American theater.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," from a photograph taken during the later years of her life, in her home in Hartford, Connecticut

The story first appeared serially in the *National Era* of Washington, which was established in 1847 by Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, a prominent Abolitionist. Dr. Bailey wrote to Mrs. Stowe asking her to write a story for the paper, which should aim to further the cause with which they were both so much in sympathy—and the result was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which began to run in 1851. Mrs. Stowe originally planned it for three or four numbers; instead, it ran through about fifty numbers. For the serial rights she was paid $300. When it appeared in book form it scored an immediate success, and plans were made for its presentation on the stage.

The first version was in six acts, and that version is still being played to-day. It was made at the suggestion of George C. Howard, the manager of the Troy Museum, by George L. Aiken, brother of Frank E. Aiken. The dramatist received a gold watch for his work of adapting the story to the stage, and was well pleased with the bargain. It was at Troy, New York, that the first performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was given. In the original cast were W. J. Lemoyne (afterward famous in the Lyceum Theater Company, New York) and C. Leslie Allen, the father of Viola Allen. George L. Aiken himself played the part of George Harris.

From Troy the play was brought to New York in 1853, and put on in the National Theater. It made a hit at the start. In some of the weeks at the National it played to $2,500, that being an extraordinary sum for those days in the theater. Of course there were other versions of the story made for the stage, but the Aiken six-act version has survived. Until a few years ago, almost every actor on the American stage had, at some time of his or her career, played a part in the play, very often doubling up and playing two parts. For the stage rights Mrs. Stowe received little or nothing. Had she been rewarded on the present royalty basis her earnings from the play would have amounted to something like $2,000,000. As it was, she died in very moderate circumstances.

AMERICAN HISTORY QUESTIONNAIRE

Announcement of Prize Winners by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, Harvard University

DEAR MR. MOFFAT: With much difficulty I have made a selection of what I believe to be the best twelve papers of those sent me for final examination and grading.

I have gone over every paper carefully and then have run over a second time all the papers that seemed to have a reasonable chance to come within the best twelve. Between the four papers in each of the three groups, I am not able to make a distinction. Every one of the twelve deserves a prize as well as several others that came only a little lower in competition.

The groups are as follows:

FIRST-PRIZE WINNERS	SECOND-PRIZE WINNERS	THIRD-PRIZE WINNERS
1. Mary A. Graham, Springfield, Illinois	1. Edward Bumgardner, Lawrence, Kansas	1. Victoria A. Magnusson, Gorham, Maine
2. Margaret S. Holderman, Berea, Kentucky	2. Clara A. Deecke, Utica, New York	2. Mae Hayes, Omaha, Nebraska
3. Paul Sheldon Stearns, Monmouth, Illinois	3. Mary Shatswell, Salem, Massachusetts	3. Winifred Pewters, Spokane, Washington
4. A. C. Stuart, Chicago, Illinois	4. M. H. Woodfin, Ashland, Virginia	4. Maud Potter, Butte, Montana

I cannot refrain from giving honorable mention to the following additional essays, which are not far below the prize winners:

E. B. Clark, Bellingham, Washington; Daniel F. Crowley, Athol, Massachusetts; Ardath C. Anderson, Los Angeles, California; Mabel Ost Smith, Williams, Arizona; E. J. Taylor, Bismarck, North Dakota.

I sincerely hope that you will append these names to the list of prize winners.

This contest is decidedly encouraging for the state of knowledge and education on American history throughout the country. It will be seen that the awards, though made strictly on my judgment of the merits of each paper, are widely distributed throughout the country. I have been surprised at the thoroughness and accuracy of the answers on the forty-one items in the five questions which called for specific knowledge. Only two or three breaks were found in the forty-two papers selected for final examination, and one of those was offset by such excellence in other parts of the paper that a prize could not be refused. The other questions that required judgment and selection were also in general very satisfactory, and show that the school pupils and readers of American history are acquiring the art of making historical judgments for themselves from the materials available.

Sincerely yours, *Albert Bushnell Hart.*

EDITORIAL NOTE: *A selection of the twelve best answers will be made from the papers of the prize winners, and this set of* ***twelve best answers*** *will be printed in an early number of The Mentor, so that all readers of The Mentor may have the benefit of the best results of the American History Questionnaire.*

LORDS OF THE NORTH

THE STORY OF THE GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS WHO TRADED IN FURS FOR CENTURIES IN THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

DOG TEAM AT FORT GARRY
A scene in the days before 1870. On the site of Fort Garry the city of Winnipeg now stands

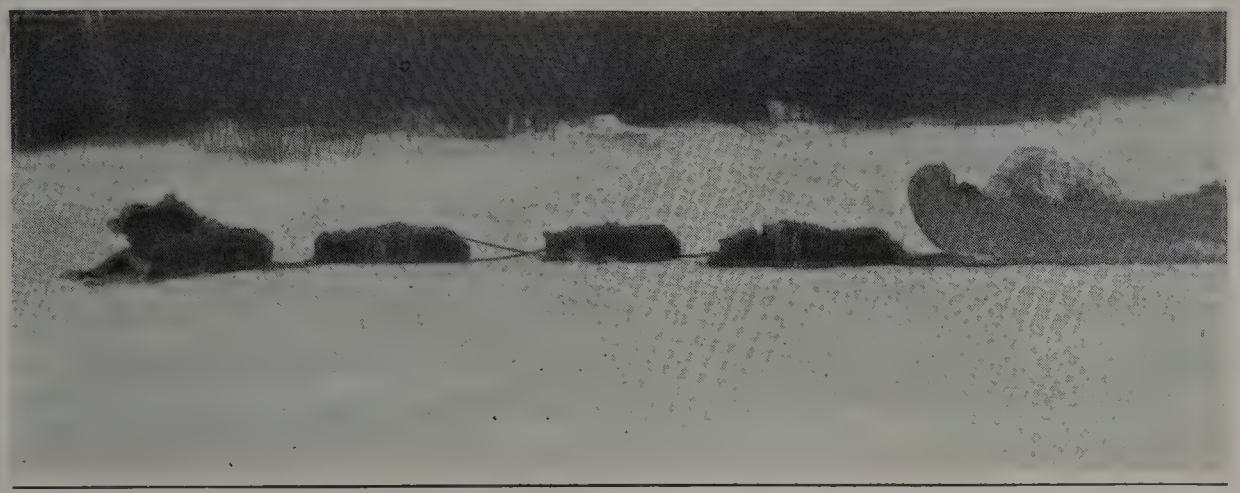
IT IS *a thrilling story of far-reaching exploration across vast stretches of icebound wilderness; of hardy, grim-featured adventure; of toil and suffering that tried the souls of the strongest men; of stern and bitter conflicts that stained the white snowfields with blood; and of vast commercial feuds: and all for fur—beautiful, soft, luxurious fur to cover milady's shoulders and line the master's cloak. The story is here told by Agnes Laut, who lived and traveled for years in the fur countries.*

THE BEAVER MAKING HIS HOME

Search for the pelt of the beaver led adventurers across the sea to the wastes of Canada, lured them north to the Arctic and south as far as California. The wealth of the wilderness paid the cost of exploration and settlement, and replenished the impoverished treasuries of European monarchs. It was the beaver that made exploration pay

THE MENTOR

Vol. 11. No. 3 ✣ APRIL, 1923 ✣ Serial No. 242



READY TO START ON THE LONG WHITE TRAIL

LORDS OF THE NORTH ✣ ✣

Gentlemen Adventurers of the Hudson's Bay Company in No-Man's Land ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

BY AGNES C. LAUT

Fine fur is commercially in the same class as fine jewels. From time beyond memory, furs have ranked with jewels as the badge of royalty. The ermines of coronation robes in Europe have their counterpart in the Turkish red kolinskies of the sultans, or the sables and martens of Chinese mandarins.

Do you know why fine fur fascinates us so?

Because there is a fur for every face. Be the face old or young, fair or dark, gold hair or black as ebony, there is a fur to frame that face and bring out its lines of beauty and hide its defects and soften its harshness; and the search for that fur, which stands both for use and beauty, is the oldest vocation of mankind dating back to cave life. It represents the first manufacture by man. It was the lure of fur that drew wandering tribes in far migrations, and later tempted discoverers across unknown seas to find unknown worlds.

It is true that practically every section of North America was settled in the first place by seekers after religious or political liberty.

But it is also true that, with no trade, no cleared land to raise food and clothing, those seekers after freedom could not have existed a year, much less have discovered, explored, and secured a continent, without coin to pay their way. And the coin that paid the way was neither wampum nor metal.

From a painting by Sir Peter Lely

PRINCE RUPERT
Cousin of Charles II of England and first governor of the Hudson's Bay Company

It was the pelt of the little brown beaver.

The pelt of the little beaver was the lure that led voyagers up the Ottawa to the Great Lakes in the search for the Western Sea; and from the Great Lakes overland by canoe and portage to the Sea of the North; and from the Great Lakes again across by canoe and portage to the Mississippi and down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico; and up the Saskatchewan; and up the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains; and down the Mackenzie to the Arctic; and down the Columbia to the Pacific; and across the height of land between the Columbia and the Colorado over all that intermontane empire that to-day makes up ten of the largest states of the Union. No matter how loyal Champlain and Marquette and Joliet and La Salle were to the glory of creating a New France in a New World; no matter how zealous were Radisson and Groseilliers, the two free-lance explorers, to the high empire of finding new nations between the Great Lakes and the Missouri, and the Great Lakes and the Hudson Bay; no matter how ambitious to write their names on the scrolls of fame were La Verandrye and Mackenzie and Fraser and Thompson—without the little beaver to pay for the follow-up of exploration that preceded settlement their high aims would have collapsed for lack of support from the impoverished exchequers of European monarchs.

It was the little beaver that paid the way and lured them to the pot of gold at the rainbow end; and of all the fur companies to exploit the wealth of the wilderness—"Company of the North," "Company of the Indies," "Nor-West Company," "Pacific Company," "Astorians," Missouri merchants—only one survives to-day in its pristine power, doing a bigger business in furs than in the heyday of its glory, when its traders ruled as lords of the north, emperors of a wilderness, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Sacramento to the Arctic; and that is the "Gentleman Adventurers of the Ancient and Honorable Hudson's Bay Company," chartered by the grace of God and royal favor of Charles II, in the year of our Lord 1670.

It hardly needs telling that the Hudson's Bay Company* no longer wields a monopoly that excludes rival traders. Nor does its dominion extend to California, as it did from 1821 to 1836. Colonization has shorn it of half its old hunting ground; but its hunting ground is still three thousand miles from east to west and fifteen hundred miles from north to south; and that is larger

*NOTE—The name is always spelled with an 's, in distinction from the waters of the bay, spelled without an 's.

THE SEAL OF THE COMPANY
Freely translated, the legend reads, "A pelt for a pelt"

than all the central nations of Europe with part of Russia thrown in; and though furs have been hunted in this territory since 1668, the business is bigger to-day than ever.

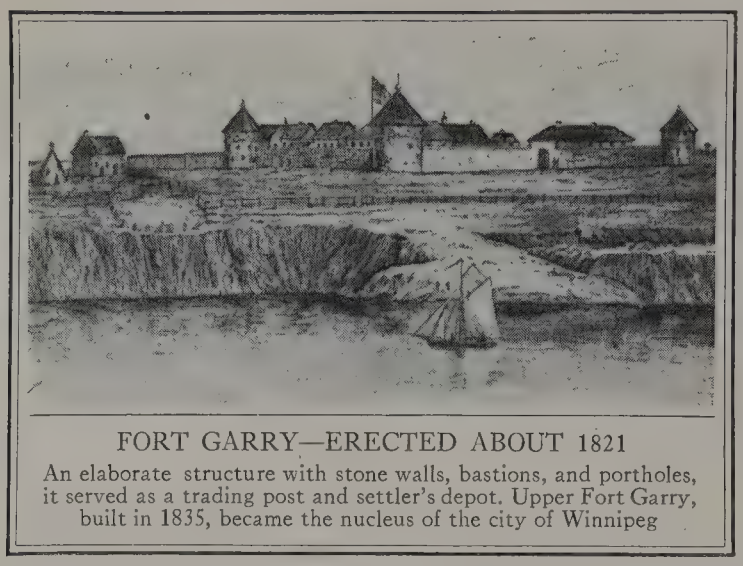
This is easily explained. In the first place, all classes of society wear furs to-day, whereas, a hundred years ago, furs, like pearls, were the badge of nobility or wealth. In the second place, while fur values have fluctuated violently for four years, furs still bring higher prices by a thousandfold in some cases than they did twenty years ago, or a hundred years ago. Take mink, for instance! I have seen the finest mink sell at eighty cents a skin. I have seen mink of not so good quality in modern days sell at seventy dollars for the same sized skin. Or take muskrat, black-brown, prime, and in season. It used to go begging at fifteen cents a skin. The same skin would to-day command from five to seven dollars. In the old days, rabbits were considered worthless except for the food of the dog trains; but there came new processes of treating rabbit, and in one year, in a single sale, as many as twelve million rabbit skins have been sold.

In the next place, while the company has been a trader relentless to rivals and a close buyer in barter from the Indian hunters, it has always done two things: (1) it has aimed to preserve animal life; (2) it has always in bad seasons carried its Indian hunters over on credit with ammunition and provisions. How could it be a preserver of animal life and yet a trader in furs? The answer is simple: Fashion shifts. The vogue is fox one year, beaver the next, and otter the next; or else the craze runs to little furs—ermines, martens, minks. As the vogue shifted, the company put prices low for the furs out of fashion and discouraged the Indians going after those furs, so those animals could multiply. It also taught the Indians not to kill fur-bearing animals in summer, when the fur sheds; not to kill the mother and the young, and not to cause bush-fires, which destroy more animal life than trap or gun.

LEAD COIN OF THE COMPANY
Representing the value of one beaver skin

And with its fur trading the company has always kept its traditions of high adventure, of secrecy, of diplomacy, of finesse, and of the gentleman's standard. In the days

NOTE—On the coin pictured above HB stands for Hudson's Bay Company, E M for the District of East Maine, where the coins were used in Labrador. I stands for one beaver skin, and N B for New Brunswick fur post, where these coins were issued.



FORT GARRY—ERECTED ABOUT 1821

An elaborate structure with stone walls, bastions, and portholes, it served as a trading post and settler's depot. Upper Fort Garry, built in 1835, became the nucleus of the city of Winnipeg

when I was a child in Winnipeg, and Fort Garry still stood behind the old gate, which is all that remains to-day of the ancient fur fort, you could, of a winter afternoon, see the dog trains coming in up the ice of Red River from Lake Winnipeg and Norway House, or across country from Fort Pitt and Fort Carlton and the Saskatchewan—huskies hitched tandem to toboggans on which were lashed the bales of furs, the driver running abreast on snowshoes with a long whip, yelling "Mush! mush!" if he were an American, "Marche donc! marche! marche!" if he were French-Canadian. Bells on the leader set the frosty air trembling. Bright tassels gave color to the racers, of which the dogs were proud as a horse; and on occasions the chief trader, or chief factor, —a name that fell out of use after 1869—would, himself, ride in on a toboggan. Stories are told of Lord Strathcona, who was then Donald Smith, having traveled in midwinter from Edmonton to Montreal, where some of the Hudson's Bay directors were to meet him, by dog train, with fresh dogs and fresh drivers at each relay, in three weeks, and of having gone in to meet his directors with not an hour of rest, when his drivers—one of whom was the late Senator Hardisty—threw themselves down and, paralyzed with fatigue, slept for forty-eight hours.*

The company had its birth in romance and adventure, and it has lived both, and lived them hard, since its birth. The story is part of the discovery of America. Two penniless French-Canadian adventurers, Radisson and Groseilliers, from Three Rivers had pushed up the Ottawa

INTERIOR OF UPPER FORT GARRY

A scene of brisk trade half a century ago. Lord Strathcona, then plain Donald Smith, is one of the officers shown in the group

*Strathcona was going down to St. Paul to see if it would not be cheaper to ship out by rail than down the Saskatchewan by canoe and dog train to Hudson Bay, and out by the company boats. Though company ships still collect furs off Labrador, and at York and Churchill and Moose Factories on Hudson and James Bay, the great bulk of the company shipments to-day go out by rail; but the furs always will have to be collected from the trappers by winter dog train and summer canoe. To this day you can see the dog trains in Labrador, around Hudson Bay, north of Athabasca; and the canoe brigades and York boats still carry provisions and furs to the Cumberland Lake Region north of Lake Winnipeg, or the hinterlands between the Upper Ottawa and James Bay. The Indian uses the seven-banded birch canoe tarred with pitch. The company's canoe is sky-blue with white markings, heavy and broad, not too deep of draft, and almost non-upsettable.

From an old print

AN OFFICER OF THE COMPANY TRAVELING IN STYLE A CENTURY AGO

across the hinterland to James Bay from 1661 to 1664; whence they returned to Quebec with such cargo of beaver as set the teeth of the rapacious French governor on edge with envy. The discoverers, instead of being rewarded for finding the overland route to the Sea of the North, were fined for having gone north without a license and stripped of all their profits in beaver pelts. The adventurers drifted down to Port Royal and conducted an expedition by sea in two small boats to Hudson Bay. Those were stirring days in Port Royal and Boston and New York. But as the French adventurers could get no justice in their own land, and were involved in a lawsuit in Boston over the expedition, they were picked up by Sir George Carteret, Charles II's Royal Commissioner of New Jersey, and sent home with a letter of commendation to Prince Rupert of London. Prince Rupert became their patron. They were outfitted with ships for Hudson Bay and reached the far northern sea only to find French and Boston interlopers poaching on their find.

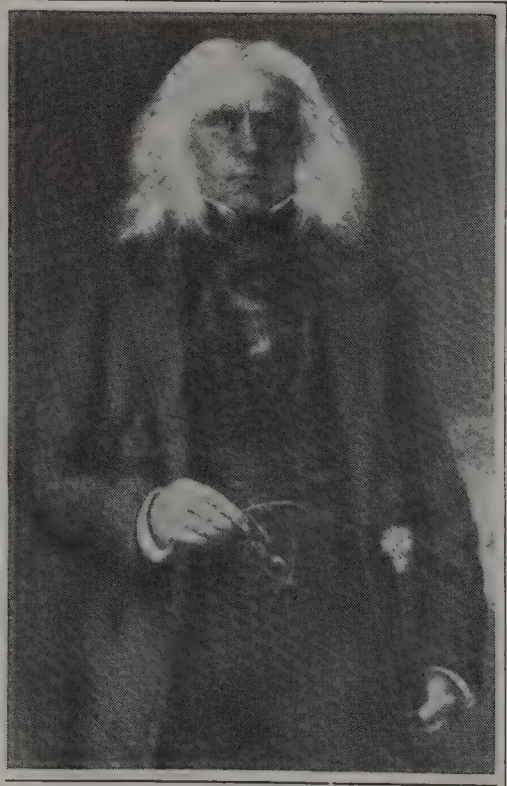
The Hudson's Bay Company was granted a royal charter the next year, with Prince Rupert the first governor, and there began the long struggle against poachers and interlopers down to the cancellation of its monopoly in 1869. These governors included such celebrities as Marlborough, the great general, and Strathcona, the great rail builder. Raid and counter-raid by the French followed down to the fall of the French régime at Quebec in 1759; and then began the bitterest fight of the company for its life. With England in control at Quebec, it might be thought the old company was secure of its tenure; but quite the opposite materialized. Scotch merchants had poured into Montreal and Quebec. These now began to organize the dispersed French-Canadian voyageurs and couriers into expeditions to the *Pays d'en Haut** by canoe. The new concern became known as the "Nor-Westers;" and

*Pronounced *pay don oh*, and meaning "the upper country."

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE
(1755-1820)
One of the chief figures of the North-West Company, subsequently absorbed by the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1789 he discovered the Mackenzie River. He afterward led the first overland expedition to the Pacific Coast ever made by a white man

when the Nor-Westers began invading the Hudson's Bay domain it was Scotchmen *versus* Englishmen, a blood feud of brothers, with half-breeds and Indians and ammunition and liquor as tools.

This is one of the darkest and saddest pages of the adventurers' history. The guerilla fight waged from Athabasca to the Ottawa and lasted from 1789 to 1820, when the ruinous struggle forced the two companies to amalgamate into one—the "Hudson's Bay." It was after the union of the two companies that the Hudson's Bay began the expansion of its transmontane empire under McLoughlin of Oregon. Up to Alaska the company's little ships yearly went to exchange beef and wheat and mutton with the Russians for sea otter. If Sir George Simpson's advice had been followed, the company would have bought Alaska from the Russians. Down to the Spanish presidio of San Francisco, McLoughlin's son-in-law, Glen Rae, went to buy beef and hides and wheat; and if Glen Rae's plans had not miscarried in a love affair with a Spanish belle the company would have made a bid for California. When the Oregon settlers began to pour overland, starving, naked, and roofless, McLoughlin befriended them, and by so doing lost his position with the company; but not before his pack trains under Ross and Ogden and Tom McKay had traversed every mountain pass down to modern Utah and north as far as the Athabasca.



DR. JOHN McLOUGHLIN (1784-1857)
Scotch-Canadian fur trader, explorer, and executive of the company, with headquarters at Fort Vancouver, Oregon. After his resignation from office, he became an American citizen. He is called the "Father of Oregon"

McLoughlin will probably always stand as the most worthy type of governor the company ever had. He had come to the *Pays d'en Haut* as a young man from the medical college in Quebec City—tradition says in a hurry to escape reprimand for having knocked a British officer off the pavement. He had married the widow of

FORT EDMONTON, ALBERTA ⚜ ⚜

First established in 1778, it became the center of a vast fur domain and the forerunner of the city of Edmonton, capital of the province. Ox and pony carts left the gates of the fort yearly for the thousand-mile journey to Fort Garry, and returned loaded with merchandise

Tom McKay—who perished on Astor's ship—a splendid woman of native blood. He had climbed steadily up from clerk to chief trader and then to governor of Oregon. He stood over six feet tall, and was lithe as an Indian and straight as an arrow. In his youth he was very swarthy, but the cares of his empire whitened his long hair like fleece. He was careful of his person and his dress, usually carrying a gold-headed cane and wearing a high white choker, and a silk-lined cape over his black suit.

The officers of the company earned what would be $7,000 a year of modern money. The apprenticeship began at $100 a year; and there was no royal road to climb. Only doughty daring, brawn, and brain brought a man to the top. There was a formal distance maintained between officers and men. The governor's word was the law of a czar; and on the whole that law was just; for only justice enforced by fearlessness kept the Indian tribes friendly with the white men, who were as one to ten thousand.

The rule was that of a beneficent despotism. That type of rule is, of course, past. Where stood the Hudson's Bay forts, to-day tower the company's departmental stores, and where wandered its fur brigades are to-day cities and farm empires; but north of the wheat line Lords of the North still hold sway.

I recall when reading the minutes of the company from 1668, a year before it was chartered, in Hudson's Bay House, Lime Street, London—dim old records written with a goose quill in fading ink, and the reports of their sea captains and land couriers written often on beaver parchment from day to day as these old adventurers threaded the ice packs of Hudson Straits, or paddled in the canoe brigades up the Saskatchewan—that I said to myself: "Here is a record unparalleled in human history—a handful of whites, seldom more than two thousand up to 1821, literally conquering a continent, and

WINNIPEG FIFTY YEARS AGO
An emigrant train arriving in the embryo capital

conquering it not for the sake of dominion, but for the lure of the beaver's pelt." There were the fights with France up on Hudson Bay, behind eighteen-foot walls of solid stone, from 1671 down to the fall of Quebec in 1759. Then followed more sanguinary struggles: guerilla warfare, trader against trader, sometimes rum the weapon, sometimes poison, always bayonet and old flintlock in continuous use—against the American fur trader, who came up from St. Louis to the mountains; or the Astor men, who came around the Horn and overland up the Missouri to dominate the Pacific; of the Scotch fur traders of Montreal, who penetrated the fur company of the *Pays d'en Haut* from 1759 to 1821; and always the old company—bent but not broken, battered but not disabled, defeated but never licked—came up and back, scarred but resourceful, to dominate the fur country. What the adventurers could not defeat, they amalgamated. When they foresaw, as in California and Oregon, that the British Government would not sustain their claim to dominion, they cleaned out the fur before the coming of gold stampede, overland settlers, and new estates.

When the monopoly of the charter was annulled and the domain began to be carved up into provinces and states from 1871 down to the present era, the glory of the Lords of the North seemed to have passed forever.

BLOCKHOUSE, OLD HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY POST
Sault Ste. Marie, at the junction of Lake Huron with Lake Superior, now American territory

Its days of fighting rivals were over. Except in the remote northern fringe of the Arctic Zone, its fur days were over; and even here it was threatened by free traders descending like locusts, with poison bait for traps, and long-range silent guns. It looked as if, soon, there would be no great fur domain at all.

But the fur domain did not pass. Nature has pro-

"TRACKING" ON THE ATHABASCA RIVER
Fur cargoes are towed up-stream in stout barges

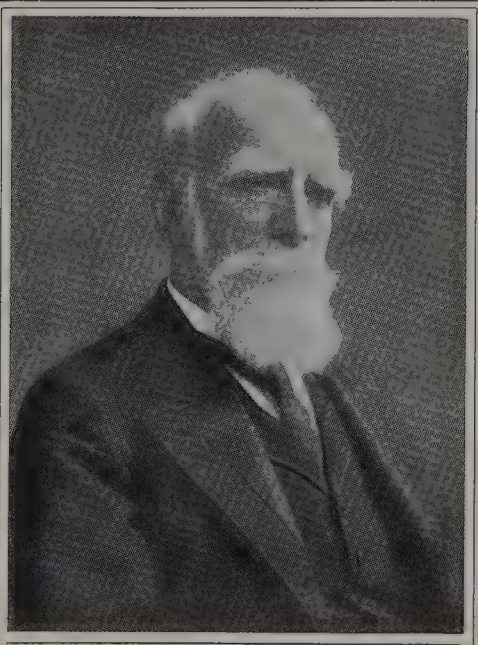
vided a perpetual fur domain, an area roughly the size of the northern half of Europe and Arctic Russia; and into this area the irresponsible free-lance trapper and trader can never go without far greater danger to himself than to the extermination of fur-bearing life, only a huge company with vast and varied resources could survive—and vast and varied indeed are the resources of the Lords of the North.

And, now, what are the conditions of fur to-day?

Styles in furs are as quick-changing and unexplainable as styles in hats and boots and hair cuts. Like the wind, they come when they list and they go when they list, and no power can say them nay. To-day, white fox like an aureole round a young girl's face is the vogue. To-morrow, silver fox, the badge of wealth, soft as the sheen of black silk, glittering as hairs of pure silver, peculiarly beautiful on middle-aged folks, softening any line of the face, becomes the rage. Or the motor craze gets us in its grip, and anyone with a thousand dollars to burn in gasoline wants a coon coat, or a bear rug, or a wolf wrap, or an otter coat, or a beaver cape to keep warm in coldest winds and withstand weather and rough usage. Then there are the seasons when hats and evening dresses and evening slippers are trimmed with mink and marten and ermine. Few of these crazes, except the utility craze for motor coats, outlast six months. We had a perfect epidemic of summer fox furs in 1919 and 1920 in our hot, summer climate, because millions returning from the war had seen furs worn in Europe in the summer, where sea breezes and cool nights created the necessity.

HUDSON'S BAY MEN
At Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River. The picture shows present-day conditions of travel in the far north

Now follow the migra-



THE LATE RIGHT HONORABLE DONALD ALEXANDER SMITH

First Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal. Between the years 1889 and 1914 he was governor of the Hudson's Bay Company

tions of a Hudson's Bay cargo of furs. The fox and the beaver and mink and marten are taken in the north in midwinter, when the fur is at its best from excessive snow, which crisps and curls and gives life to the hair. It is August of the next summer before those furs reach even western rail points from canoe and dog brigades of the north. It is December before the furs first out reach London and are sorted ready for sale. It is March of the next year before the furs last out from the farthest north points, and usually the best quality, reach London and are sorted ready for sale. When the fox passes through New York for London, fox is at the zenith of its craze—$40 to $140 for white and cross fox, and as high as $1,200 for silver. The furs go into London for March sale. Meanwhile, the summer fur craze has subsided in America; and the next winter craze is Persian lamb, or leopard, or coon. Fox falls in March with a fearful slump from $140 to $20 and $30, and silver fox to $200. The company in London must take the loss, or buy in its own furs, or take them off the market and store for five or six years till the craze comes round again. I could tell case after case where such delay in sales caused losses to London companies of from $200,000 to $500,000 on a single lot of beaver, or fox, or muskrat—which has a great vogue to-day as Hudson seal.

So it was inevitable, without considering the effect of the World War, that the day would come when America would be the biggest buyer of furs, when sales, dyeing, and manufacturing would be transferred to American points.

Sales, dye processes, and manufacturing are in America to stay; the gentleman adventurers are still doing business at the old stand; in 1922 the fur catch was the most plentiful and of the highest quality known for a quarter of a century; and prices are back to the normal, with good profits for all trappers. High prices are a curse to the trade. They stop the public buying and deplete the best furs. Low prices

ANOTHER LINK IN THE TRANSPORTATION OF PRECIOUS PELTS

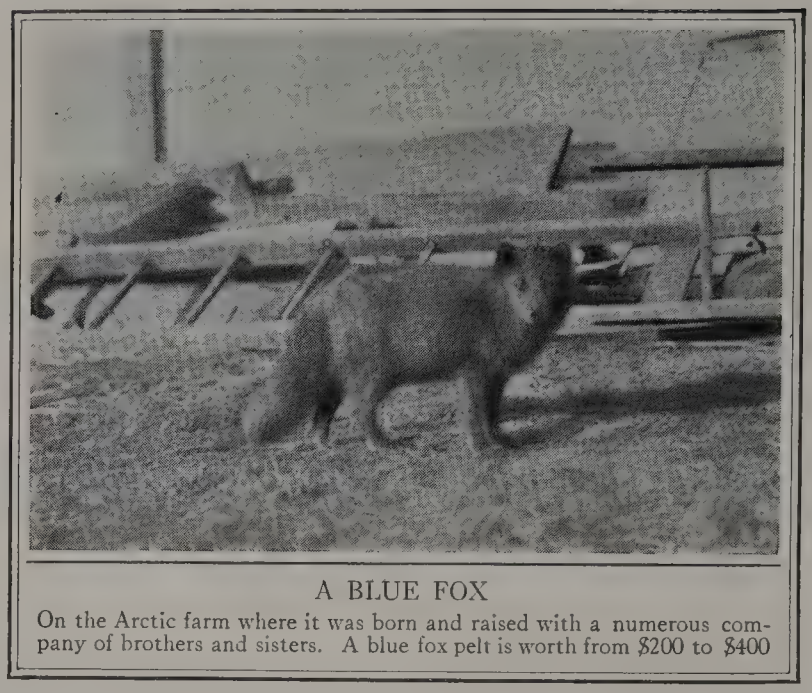
A modern steamer with a cargo of furs, on the Athabasca River

HOMEWARD BOUND

After a long winter in the trackless wilds of Canada. The trapper and his dog team returning to the base. No horse could find his way here, and the dogs make excellent companions for a man on a hunting trip lasting for months

JOURNEY'S END

Arctic fur trains arriving in Canada after a successful season. Furs in their raw stage valued at approximately $100,000. The cargo represents in many cases days and nights spent in the wilds, where lives were risked for the pelts which will add to woman's beauty



A BLUE FOX

On the Arctic farm where it was born and raised with a numerous company of brothers and sisters. A blue fox pelt is worth from $200 to $400

are equally a curse to the trade. They cripple the best dyeing and manufacturing processes, which are necessarily high, offer no incentive to the hunter, who can live on his own kill and in his own clothes, and let the predatory animals multiply to a point that destroys the finer furs. In 1921-22, wolves and bears were so plentiful in the north they were a menace to other game life; and in the same year beaver were so plentiful that they were flooding farm lands in the north.

Muskrat, like rabbit, when too prolific in their burrows, become so infected with intestinal parasites and mange that they die in millions and migrate so far afield that animals dependent on them for food—such as the wolverine, the timber wolf, the lynx—become so poor in fur they are not worth taking and become a menace to themselves and all creatures which are their prey, like the baby caribou and baby deer. In fact, the scarcity of baby caribou in 1922 is directly traceable to the overrun of wolves. Personally, if I were a baby caribou or a fawn, I'd prefer the quick shot of a long-range repeater to being eaten alive by wolves. In 1920 I could buy baby caribou for blankets. In 1922 I could not buy one, so terrific had been the slaughter of caribou life by the hungry wolves of the north.

A HARVEST OF FUR

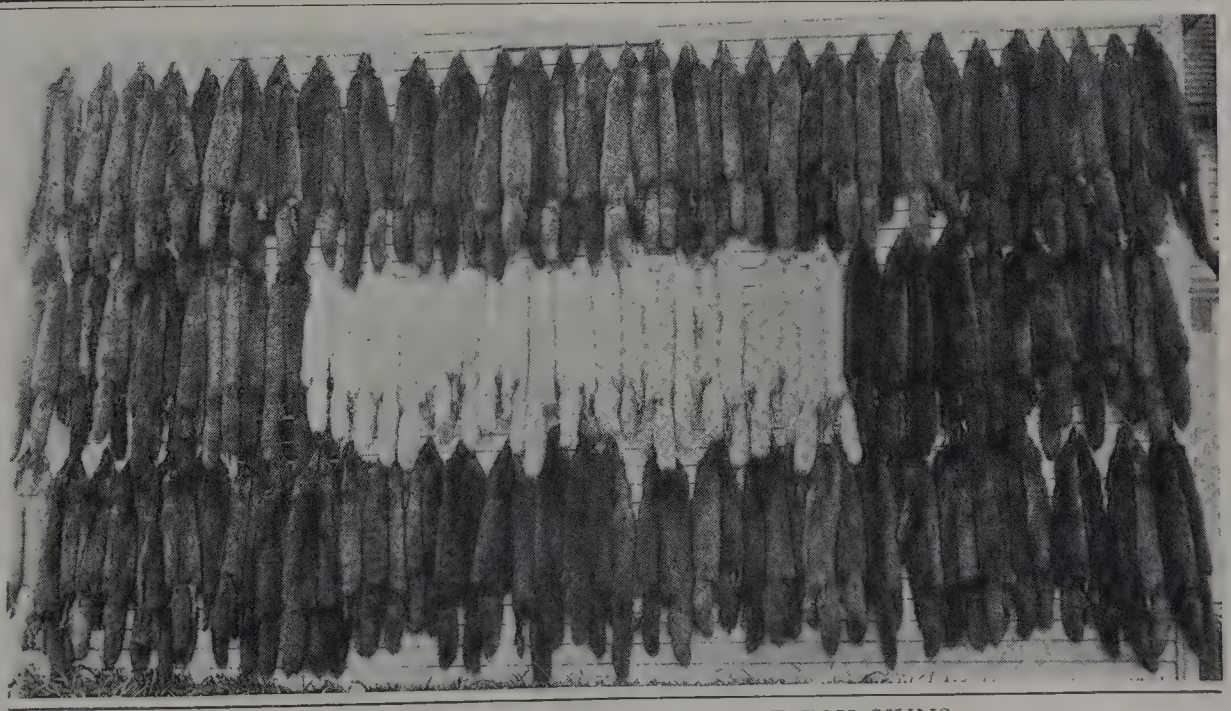
Bear, silver fox, and white fox brought in by Indian trappers

The whole subject of fur life is so intricate it is its own balance wheel. In a few seasons the overproduction of wolves and rabbits will bring the cycle of mange, when the wolves will die off from starvation, or eat their

young; and then the little fellows—otter, muskrat, mink, marten, fisher, or pekan, the most beautiful of fur—will come back in plenty at lower prices.

It does not need telling here that the old company discourages the use of poison bait, for poison spoils the fur; discourages the use of traps in which the animal is not killed within a short time, for the trapped fur is fevered and sheds; discourages the taking of furs in any weather but midwinter, for fur so taken is always inferior and does not pay the cost; and discourages the killing of females with young for anything but Indian food, for that means the lessening of the next year's supply. Nor does it need telling that the rare furs will all soon be "farmed" like the silver fox; for the careful feeding, the protection from injury, and the painless death always yield a finer fur.

The kindest people to animals I have ever known are the true old-time traders and trappers; and I have known not a few who almost paid with their lives for pet wolves and bears brought up on the bottle. A bear or a wolf is a playful comrade till he comes to the mating age. Then the least said about his morals, or his manners, or his code of honor, the better for our opinion of him. He is a beast of prey, who will rip his mate open and eat her unborn young if crossed in his curious moods. It is one of the sphinx tragedies of the thing called "life" that cannot be explained to-day. I have known of old ganders who mothered their orphan flock and, as Jack Miner relates, defended the common hen that brought the orphan brood up; and I have known of bears and wolves that loved their dog chums in puppy and cubby days until adolescence, when there was another story; and it isn't a story for copy-book platitudes. It is a ruthless demon story of cruelty and sudden treachery. I have also known of ladies who pointed in reproach at my collection of



A RICH TOLL OF BLUE AND WHITE FOX SKINS

The white fox is found in the extreme north. Its fur is perfectly white in the winter only

furs, which I prefer to jewels, who had never heard of what seals do to their mates and young; and who, themselves, wore silk, every thread of which represented a dormant life boiled to death. Man's death to the fur bearer is—death. No denying that; but it is a merciful death compared to the animal's death from its own kind. Fur farming will change the cruel features, and is applying euthanasia—or easy death—to that end every day; and it may be a kink in my nature, but I can always wear a fur without a qualm, when I cannot bear even to look on the feathers of a songbird in hair or hat. One is a necessity. The other is a cruel luxury.

Formerly, the Hudson's Bay Company gathered its furs to its warerooms in London and, twice a year, sold these skins by public auction; hither flocked all the buyers of raw furs in the world. Until the 1800's, the auctions were held by "light of candle." That is, the sorted lots of each graded fur were put up. Then a candle was lighted, needles stuck in its stem, and the bids received till the candle guttered out. The last highest bidder got the furs. Of late years, the sales have been held in great exchanges and the bids received by the rap of the auctioneer's gavel.

A SUMPTUOUS DISPLAY OF SILVER FOX

A genuine silver fox skin, one of the most costly pelts in the world of fur, is remarkable for its softness, sheen, and rare blending of black, gray, and white

OLD FRANCE IN CANADA

SITES OF HISTORIC INTEREST THAT GREET THE VISITOR'S EYE IN QUEBEC, MONTREAL AND SAINT ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ. PHOTOGRAPHS AND TEXT BY SHERRIL SCHELL

OLD STREET IN THE LOWER TOWN—QUEBEC

Quebec consists of an Upper Town, perched on the top of a rocky bluff, rising almost vertically on both sides to a height of 200–350 feet above the St. Lawrence River; and a Lower Town, lying on the narrow strips of level land fringing the river banks. The quaintest part of Quebec is the Lower Town. It is a maze of long, irregular streets that carry one back to the towns of Old France. It was in this quarter of the city, at barricades erected by the British, that some of the heaviest fighting occurred during Montgomery's and Arnold's night attack in 1775. Up on the heights may be seen the picturesque Hotel Chateau Frontenac, which was built in 1893 on the site, approximately, of the old French Fort St. Louis, erected by Champlain in 1620

BREAKNECK STAIRS—QUEBEC

To visit the Lower Town of Quebec, one usually descends by the iron stairway which replaces the Old Breakneck Stairs and leads to what is the oddest and busiest part of the riverside district. The original steps, built over two centuries ago, were for many years an interesting landmark. Covered with ice in the winter, they often proved dangerous to those who ventured up or down. Within a recent period they have had to yield to the requirements of local traffic and have been replaced by a broad and more commodious iron stairway, at the foot of which there is an electric elevator that takes the visitor up over the face of the cliff and lands him on Dufferin Terrace, near the Chateau Frontenac

MONTCALM'S HEADQUARTERS—QUEBEC

This picturesque gabled house is one of the oldest in Quebec. Tradition has it that the headquarters of Montcalm were removed to this house from the Chateau de St. Louis on account of the latter being rendered untenable by the fire from the Levis Batteries. It is also believed that after the battle between Montcalm and Wolfe (1759) the articles of surrender of the City of Quebec were signed in this house. "To what base uses we may return!" The historic old house is now a barber-shop

SITE OF THE CHIEN D'OR (THE GOLDEN DOG)—QUEBEC

The new Postoffice occupies the site of the old Chien d'Or building, and a stone from the ancient edifice, bearing the carved and gilded dog has been set into the front wall over the main portico. The story goes that the house belonged to a rich merchant named Philibert who had incurred the enmity of the brutal Intendant Bigot, resident Governor in the time of Louis XIV. Philibert was afterwards killed by an officer quartered in the Chien d'Or by Bigot, but was revenged by his son, who slew the Intendant many years later. The story of it is told in Kirby's historical novel, "The Golden Dog"

ENTRANCE TO THE SEMINARY—QUEBEC

The Seminary of Quebec was founded in 1663 by François de Montmorency Laval, first Bishop of Quebec, and the picturesque buildings composing it date from 1666 to 1880. It is divided into Le Grand Seminaire for the education of priests and Le Petit Seminaire, for the general education of boys. The American officers taken prisoner in the siege of 1775 were confined in Le Petit Seminaire. Bishop Laval is buried in the Seminary Chapel, which is visited by thousands of devout Roman Catholics every year

COURTYARD OF LAVAL UNIVERSITY—QUEBEC

There is an Old World atmosphere about Laval University fascinating to the tourist. The gardens, the old trees, and the black-robed priests who walk back and forth on the balconies are reminiscent of the Eighteenth Century. In 1852 the Seminary founded the University of Laval, which received a royal charter the same year and one from Pope Pius IX in 1876. It possesses Faculties of Arts, Theology, Law and Medicine. The University is attended by about 1,500 students. The Picture Gallery of the University is probably the most important in Canada. It contains works by Van Dyck, Teniers the Younger, Tintoretto, Salvator Rosa, Boucher, Domenichino and Poussin. The Library with over 200,000 volumes is very rich in works relating to Canada

PARLIAMENT BUILDING—QUEBEC

The Parliament Building is an imposing French Renaissance edifice in grey stone erected in 1878–92. The sculpture of the facade is the work of the native sculptor, Herbert, examples of whose art are to be found throughout the Province. The interior of Parliament Building is handsomely fitted up with wooden paneling on the staircase, bearing the coats of arms of distinguished French Canadian families. Speeches in Parliament may be made either in French or in English. The provincial government is in the hands of a Lieutenant-Governor, assisted by a Legislative Council of 24 members appointed for life and a Legislative Assembly of 87 members elected for five years; 24 senators and 65 members of the House of Commons represent the province in the Dominion Parliament

CARDINAL'S PALACE—QUEBEC

The Palace of the first Canadian Cardinal, His Eminence, Cardinal Taschereau and Monseigneur Begin of Quebec. It is a large and handsome cut stone building containing some splendid apartments. The most striking is the throne-room, all the furniture and hangings of which are cardinal red. The reception room is richly furnished and filled with busts, statues and portraits given by the different Popes to the Cardinals

OLD GATEWAY IN QUEBEC

There are many enchanting doorways and old gates in Quebec. One can wander for days through the streets of the historic town and find countless bits such as this which seem to have no place in the hurly-burly of our modern world. This is the old gateway of the Angelican Cathedral, erected in 1804. It contains communion plate given by George III, the colors of the famous 69th Regiment and mural memorials to Bishop Mountain, first incumbent of the See. The Duke of Richmond, Governor of Canada, is buried below the altar

URSULINE NUNNERY—QUEBEC

The Ursuline Nunnery was founded in 1639 by Madame de la Peltrie and Marie de l'Incarnation, the Saint Teresa of the New World. The chapel contains paintings by Phillipe de Champaigne, Restout, Prudhomme and other eminent French artists. Montcalm is buried here in a grave made by a shell which burst in the chapel during the bombardment of 1759. His skull is preserved under glass. The shrines contain bones from the Roman catacombs. Before the statue of the Virgin burns a votive lamp which has not been extinguished since it was given by Madeleine de Repentigny in 1717. William Dean Howells wrote his delightful novel, "A Chance Acquaintance," in rooms that overlook the garden of the Nunnery

BONSECOURS MARKET—MONTREAL

Always a picturesque scene especially on Tuesdays and Fridays when the "habitants" (ab-bee-tahngs) offer their farm produce for sale and exchange it for clothing, rosaries and trinkets of various kinds. With the dawning day the old square of Bonsecours (pronounced bohng-seckoor) is alive with the rumble of cart wheels and the clamor of trade. The crafts of the habitants are in great demand by tourists, especially the cloth and the woven blankets which are made in a great variety of design and color

BONSECOURS CHURCH—EARLY MORNING—MONTREAL

A quaint old church adjoining the Market. Here the habitants come to pray before they start on the day's trafficking. It was founded by Sister Marguerite Bourgeois in 1657 and dates in its present form from 1771. Inside suspended from the ceiling are several votive offerings in the form of ships. Bonsecours Church was saved from sale some years ago by Protestant agitation in order to preserve one of the most picturesque and historically interesting spots in the city

CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY—MONTREAL

One of the most interesting historical buildings in North America. It was erected about 1705 by Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal. Later under the name of India House it became the headquarters of the fur trade in Canada. It was the official residence of the British Governors from 1724 to 1837, and in 1775-1776 it was the headquarters of the American Continental Army. It is now used as a civic museum and contains many interesting old French-Canadian relics

CATHEDRAL OF SAINT JAMES—MONTREAL

The Cathedral of St. James in Montreal, founded in 1870 but only recently completed, is a reproduction on a reduced scale of St. Peter's in Rome. The portico with its huge Corinthian pillars is an effective feature. Over the facade is a row of colossal bronze statues of the Saints. The dome is 251 feet high and 80 feet in diameter and is surrounded by a cross 18 feet high. The interior is most imposing and presents a remarkable sight on certain feast days when it is crowded with habitants who come hither from hundreds of miles around

CHURCH OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

Said to have been founded by Breton mariners towards the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, it is the most famous place of pilgrimage in North America. It vies with the church of Our Lady of Guadelupe as the Lourdes of America. The present church was opened in 1876 and created a Basilica by Pope Leo XIII in 1887. In the year 1922 it was visited by a conflagration which destroyed the interior, leaving only the outer shell which is shown in the picture. The edifice is now in course of being rebuilt

PRAYING ANGEL, ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

An angel that surmounts the iron fence enclosing the great open space in front of the Church of St. Anne de Beaupré. Millions of pilgrims from far and wide have passed through this doorway to view the relics of St. Anne exhibited inside. They come to see a fragment of a finger bone of the Saint procured by Bishop Laval, a part of the Saint's wrist, sent by Leo XIII, and a portion of the rock from the grotto in which St. Anne gave birth to the Virgin. On each side of the entrance were large pyramids of crutches, canes and splints left by former owners as mute testimony of the Saint's intercession in their behalf

TREE PLANTED BY EDWARD THE SEVENTH—QUEBEC

Quebec is full of charming old gardens, many of them hidden by massive stone walls and iron gates. Some are laid out in the formal style of the Eighteenth Century, while others are allowed to run riot. Visitors are always surprised at the profusion of blooms to be seen on every side in Quebec. The first priests who came over from Old France brought with them seeds and vines which they planted throughout the Province. Here we have a glimpse of a tree, venerated by the English population of Quebec. It was planted by Edward VII in 1860 when he visited Canada and the United States as Prince of Wales. It stands in the courtyard of the Seminaire and is tenderly cared for by the priests

PHOTOGRAPHING WILD ANIMALS

In the South of Africa

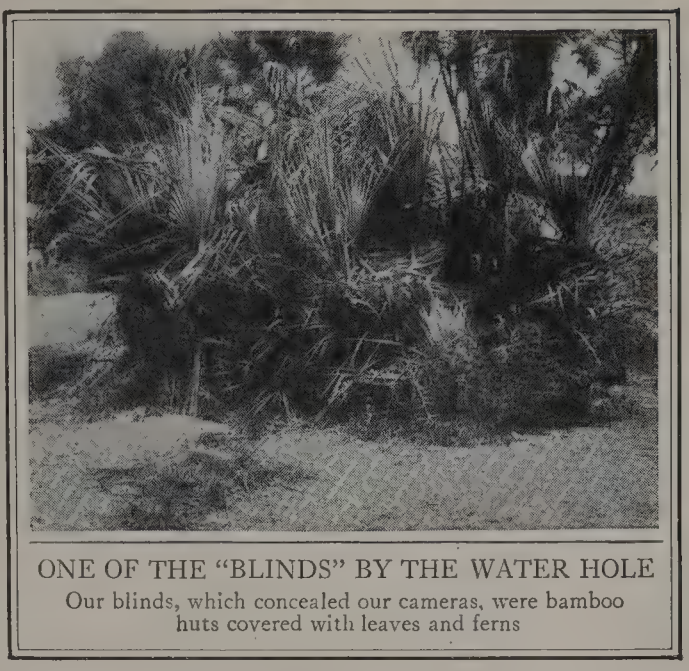
BY E. M. NEWMAN, Travel-lecturer

EDITORIAL: *Thousands have seen the thrilling moving pictures of wild animals that have been exhibited by Mr. Newman and others during the past half-year. Mr. Newman tells us here how the "trick is worked" and how the savage beasts are caught off their guard, at close range.*

Making motion pictures of wild animals in their native haunts is a big undertaking and a difficult task. Wild beasts possess three specially acute senses: sight, hearing, and smell—and these three senses have to be reckoned with.

In 1908 I was in Africa at the time when Colonel Roosevelt was on his famous hunting trip. I tried hard to obtain good motion pictures of animals, and I passed many a weary hour creeping through the grass and brush trying to get near enough to make a picture. At times I succeeded in approaching within a short distance, but at the first turn of the handle of my motion picture camera, the animals heard and ran away.

I felt convinced then that good motion pictures of animals taken in the jungles would not be possible unless a noiseless camera were invented. This my photographer succeeded in accomplishing. Thus we had overcome one of our obstacles. Next we had the important sense of sight to contend with. No one, of course, can make motion pictures of wild beasts if they are able to see the photographer. To overcome this we built blinds in the form of small huts, constructed of bamboo and covered with leaves. These were placed near water holes where various animals came to drink.



ONE OF THE "BLINDS" BY THE WATER HOLE

Our blinds, which concealed our cameras, were bamboo huts covered with leaves and ferns

Then arose the third obstacle, that of circumventing the animals' keen sense of smell. Wild beasts are naturally shrewd, possessing remarkable instinct when danger threatens. The moment a blind is built they know that the structure is strange or unusual, and at once become suspicious. For days they remain away from the water hole, watching intently from a distance to discover whether or not there is any sign of life evident in or around the new structure. Only when they are convinced that no one is there, and think they are safe, do they approach.

After days of patient waiting, with everything favorable for photography (the animals within close range, unable to see or hear us, and we all ready to grind), there would be a change in the direction of the wind, the animals would scent us, and it would be "all off." This taught us that we had to overcome the third obstacle, otherwise our efforts might end in failure.

So a second blind was built directly across the water hole from the first, and a crude tunnel dug, which connected one blind with the other. If then the wind blew from us toward the animals, all we had to do was to crawl through the tunnel to the opposite side, where we were safely hidden with a noiseless camera, and in no danger of being discovered through the animals' sense of smell.

With all these precautions, marked

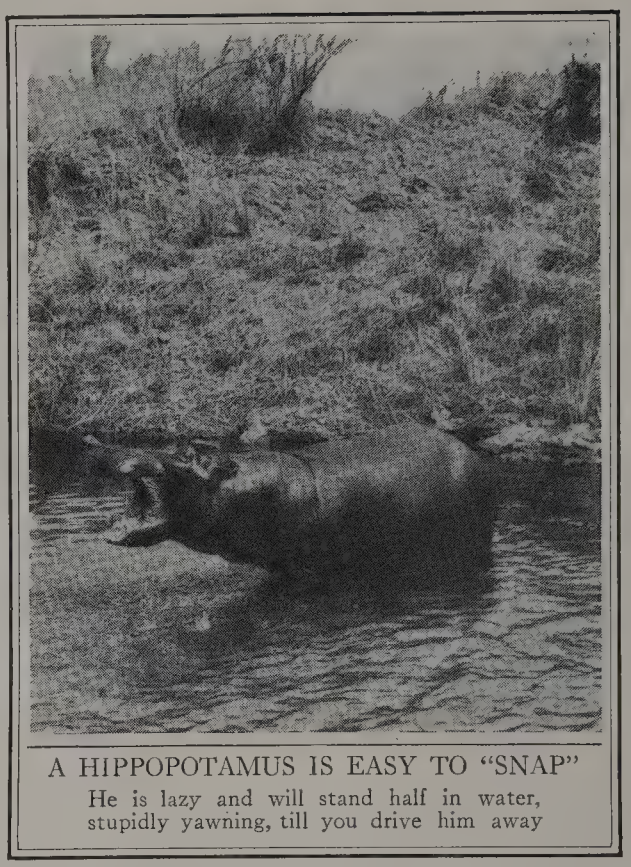
BABOONS AT THE WATER HOLE

The water hole is in the front center of the low sandy stretch, and the tails of two baboons may be seen as they bend down to drink

success could not be hoped for unless the habitat of the various animals was located. Obviously, no one could expect to go to the jungles of Africa and find all varieties of wild beasts living in any particular place. This meant traveling many hundreds of miles by *safari*, or, as we call it, by "caravan," walking through the heart of the continent, invading swamps, climbing mountains, and crossing numerous valleys and streams.

There are other things with which the photographer must contend, such as the tall grass which frequently envelops an elephant and hides him from view of the lens. One of the hardest of all jobs is to make motion pictures of the cat family. Lions and leopards stalk their prey at night and are rarely, if ever, seen during the day. This makes photography exceedingly difficult, almost impossible, for the beasts cannot easily be lured from their hiding places while there is sufficient light for a motion picture. And then, a wild beast is no more natural when scared out with a gun than a human being would be under the same conditions. So, real pictures require endless patience, all the precautions I have outlined, and a noiseless camera fully equipped with all kinds of telephoto lenses.

I have frequently been asked whether there was not considerable danger in photographing wild animals in their jungle homes. Generally speaking, any beast will, during the daylight hours, run away if given a chance. Even a whole herd will turn tail and run. Run them down and they will fight as long as they have the breath of life within them. Self-preservation is a natural law, and one cannot blame an animal for protecting itself by the weapons it possesses.



A HIPPOPOTAMUS IS EASY TO "SNAP"
He is lazy and will stand half in water, stupidly yawning, till you drive him away

The so-called "man-eating" lion is not necessarily a ferocious beast, but usually an old animal, no longer able to pursue the fleet gazelle or zebra, its natural prey. In that state it creeps upon a sleeping human being and with a powerful blow of its paw crushes the head of its victim—afterward carrying him away just as would a cat a mouse.

I have walked many hundreds of miles through the interior of Africa, in sight of thousands of wild animals, and the only weapons I carried were a camera and a lead pencil. Naturally if one were foolish enough to prowl around alone at night in some dense jungle he might be attacked, but in the daytime there is little danger unless one seeks it.

Nature protects certain animals by color organisms that make it difficult to detect them in their natural environs. This seems to me true, however, only to an extent, as, for example, in the Arctic regions, the polar bear and the white fox taking on the color of the snow and ice. In Africa, certain animals, because of color, are difficult to detect,

WILD BEASTS TAKE THEIR TURN IN FEEDING
Here is the remnant of a zebra being devoured by a jackal while a number of carrion birds wait their turn. A lion killed the zebra: when he was gorged, a leopard took his share; then came the jackal; and, at the last, the carrion birds

but the carnivorous beasts hunt only at night, when color makes no difference.

Africa is to-day the only continent where wild beasts still roam in herds. Nowhere else is there an equal variety of animal life, and yet with rapidly encroaching civilization it is but a question of time when the beasts will gradually disappear, unless huge game reserves are established. As on our western plains many buffalo and other animals ranged, and have now practically disappeared, so in Africa the great wild game will go unless rigid game laws are enacted for its protection.

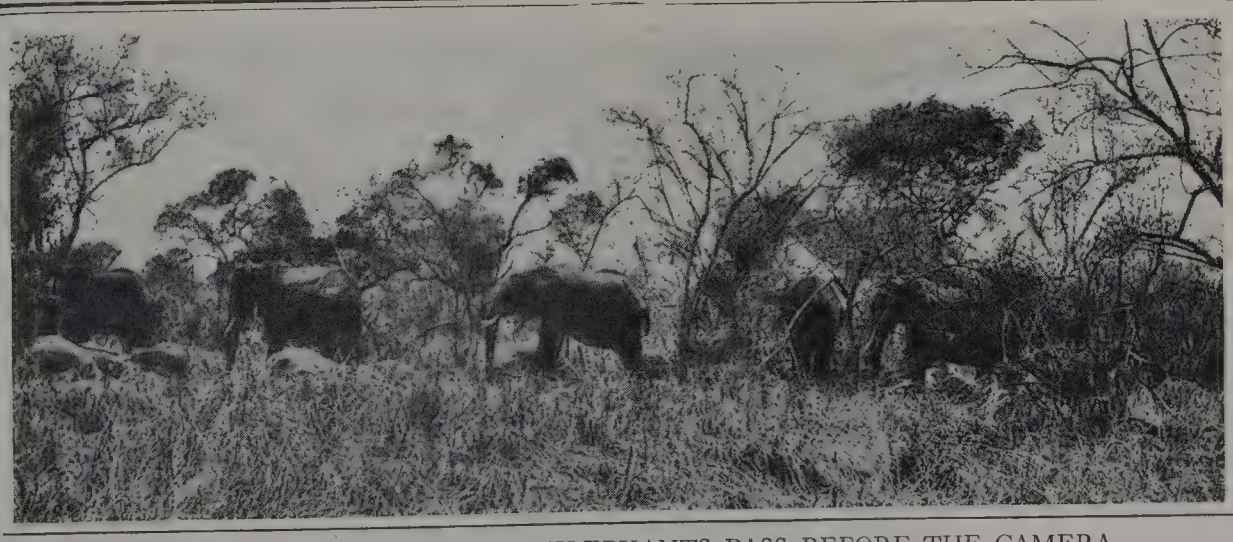
HIS MAJESTY THE LION PHOTOGRAPHED AT SHORT RANGE

Both the British and Belgian governments have already passed certain game laws, but these must be followed by more extensive legislation, and certain districts must be made park lands where wild animals may propagate. In fourteen years I have seen vast herds that numbered thousands diminish to a few hundreds.

Some of the African beasts are practically unknown in the United States. Nearly all the elephants seen in our zoölogical gardens and in the circus came originally from Asia; few, if any, are of the African variety. In India the elephant has not only been tamed and trained, but for a long time it has been taught to work. I doubt whether any large African elephant could be tamed, much less be made to work. The Asiatic beast has for a long time been in close contact with civilization, but the African animal has been permitted to roam in the wilds, the natives never attempting to train or tame it.

There are certain human instincts which one may observe among animals. The maternal instinct, which in the human family is universally strong, is found also in wild life. A mother with young is always dangerous and should be avoided if possible. If there is fear of an attack, it is by an infuriated mother, who, believing her offspring to be in danger, defends it by charging anyone who attempts to approach too near.

If one wants to visit the haunts of wild beasts and hunt them only with a camera, he will find that, while there are certain elements of danger, he has only to be careful and unthreatening in his attitude toward the animals to eliminate many of the blood-curdling thrills of horror associated in most folks' minds with life in the jungle.



A GREAT HERD OF AFRICAN ELEPHANTS PASS BEFORE THE CAMERA

CUMBERLAND BAY ✣ ✣ JUAN FERNANDEZ ISLAND

This bleak, mountainous isle, far out in the South Pacific, has for hundreds of years been the scene of dark deeds and lonely adventure

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND ✣ ✣ ✣

A visit to Juan Fernandez, where Alexander Selkirk was in exile for over four years ✣ ✣ ✣

BY CAPT. ARMITAGE McCANN

From the warmth and bright sunshine of Valparaiso, Chile, the ship passes to the open sea outside the bay. The water is smooth, with just enough of a swell to make us realize that we are on "the ocean blue," only it is not so blue as we are in the habit of seeing it; a dull gray mist hangs over all, making the sea of leaden hue.

We are off for that island of romance and history, Juan Fernandez, "Robinson Crusoe's Isle," for centuries a scene of strange adventure.

After a day's voyaging, a tiny speck of land shows on the horizon—our destination. Drawing closer we distinguish El Yunque (The Anvil), Selkirk's Lookout, the signal station, and Cumberland Bay with a village on the shore. Gradually the ship creeps in. A raft appears manned by two uncouth-looking men. One is dressed in skins and has long unkempt hair and a beard, the other is a black man, almost nude. The gangway is lowered, they drop their sail and come aboard bringing a kid, a parrot, and a basket of fruit—emblems of hospitality. So they bid us welcome—this present-day Crusoe and his man Friday. Natives in whaleboats surround the gangway and, after a few formalities, we set foot on the lofty island of Juan Fernandez.

Juan Fernandez, also called *Mas à Tierra*, meaning nearer the mainland, or, colloquially, Robinson Crusoe's Island, lies almost due west of Valparaiso. It has two small neighbors to the southeast and west. Juan Fernandez is about twelve miles long by four miles wide. El Yunque, the highest point, has an altitude of 3,000 feet and is wooded nearly to the top. Selkirk's Lookout, the next highest point, is 1,800 feet.

These islands are now Chilean possessions, governed by an intendant. The island, discovered by the Spaniard, Juan Fernandez, in 1583, was first settled in Fernandez' time, and was a favorite port of call with the English men-o'-war and privateers sailing on the South American coast during the wars with Spain and France. Later it became a haunt of famous pirates and corsairs, Sharp, Davis, Strong, Dampier, and others. Captain Davis of the *Bachelor's Delight* touched here in 1686-1687, and, at their own request, left behind nine of his crew. These mariners are said to have been the first to plant Indian corn on the island and cultivate the wild vegetables. They lived here for many months until taken off by another ship.

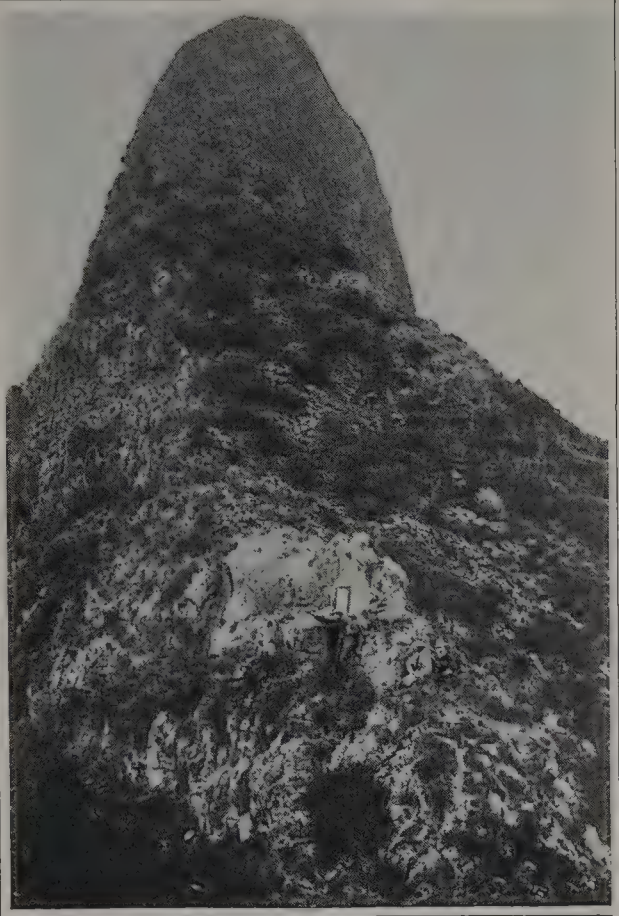
It was here that Alexander Selkirk went into exile and lived the strange story that inspired Defoe to write "Robinson Crusoe." Selkirk was sailing master of the vessel *Cinque*

Ports, but he could not agree with the commander, Captain Stradling, so was voluntarily landed here in 1704, and for four years and four months lived in complete solitude. Daily he climbed to his lookout on the remote little island, lost in a waste of waters. On this same hill is a large cave in which Crusoe sometimes lived, also a tablet placed to his memory. He was finally taken off by a privateer in 1709.

Defoe most likely constructed Crusoe's Man Friday from accounts of "Poor Will," a Mosquito Indian, who evidently was a very ingenious man, as he could make fire by striking the flint of his gun against the barrel, and with it heated iron and made fishhooks, lances, harpoons, and the like.

It is related that Daniel Defoe used to meet Alexander Selkirk at the Red Lion Inn, in Bristol, England. Clad in goatskins, the sailor used to recount wondrous tales of his exploits and hardships. Defoe placed his hero on an island off the Orinoco, in Venezuela, because he knew that location better, but Juan Fernandez was the actual scene of Selkirk's experience.

Schooners and a small steam vessel from the mainland visit the island regularly. The main industry of the island is the canning and shipping of crawfish. There are now some two hundred people living on the shore, all engaged in the fisheries and canneries.



SELKIRK'S LOOKOUT

With "Robinson Crusoe's Cave" in the foreground, and the Selkirk memorial tablet just above it

The islanders have mixed Indian and Spanish blood. They are dark of complexion, but not black; they have a good physique, and are very intelligent. Up to quite recently they got along without any laws, just agreeing among themselves what was for their best interest. They live in neat cottages surrounded by gardens. There are plenty of goats on the island, both wild and domesticated, a few cattle and many horses, most of them half wild, and all able to climb the rocky hillsides like goats.

TOURISTS AND ISLANDERS

Photographed before one of the canneries that furnish employment for the natives. Selkirk's conical peak rises high above the roof, to the left

Visitors arriving on ships from Chile sometimes ascend the conical hill called Selkirk's Lookout, and have picnics outside Robinson Crusoe's cave, making use of his cave kitchen to boil the coffee. The marks of the fire he used to make inside the cave in wet weather are still there, with a hole in the roof to let the smoke out.

SWEDEN *in* ART, LITERATURE, *and* SCIENCE

By VICTOR OSCAR FREEBURG

Gothenburg, Sweden, celebrates its three hundredth anniversary with a Jubilee Exposition lasting from May 8th until September 30th, 1923. All Sweden will join with its greatest commercial city in making the exposition a vivid picture of Swedish progress since the Middle Ages.

The Kingdom of Sweden as a political whole dates back 1,200 years, and it is therefore older than any other nation in Europe. Its central territory has been occupied and ruled by Swedes ever since written history began, and archæological remains prove that their racial ancestors lived within the present boundaries at least 5,000 years ago. The Swedes have retained remarkable purity of race, there having been little infusion of blood from foreign sources. Yet they themselves, feeling the lure of exploration and far travel, have been among the great colonizers of the world, and have assimilated easily in contact with kindred races in strange lands.

IN DALECARLIA

A Swedish province which still clings to customs and costumes of the olden time

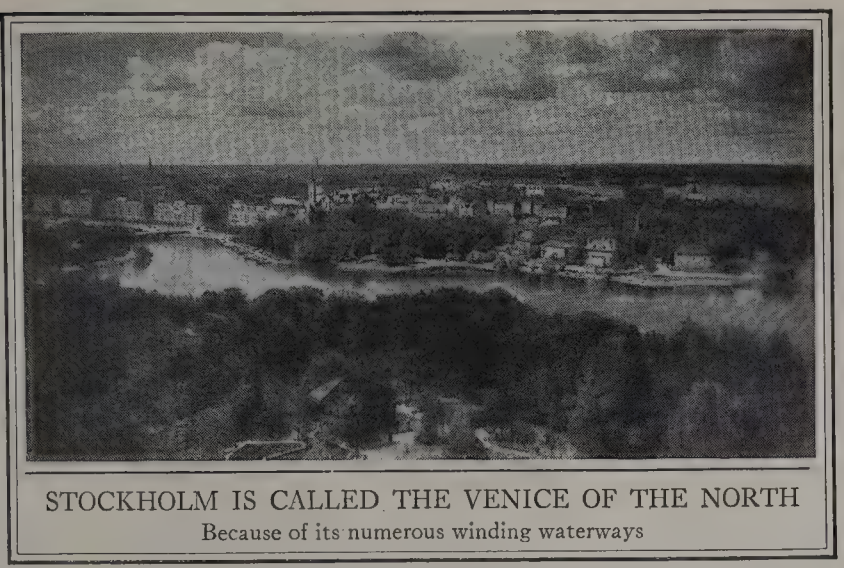
In 1003, nearly five hundred years before Columbus crossed the Atlantic, a Viking expedition came to our northern shores led by a chieftain of Swedish descent, Thorfin Karlsefni. In time Swedish eyes were again turned westward. An expedition of two ships sailed out from Gothenburg late in 1637, and the following spring founded New Sweden in what is now Delaware. Sweden was thus one of the three nations to found the Thirteen Colonies, the other two being England and Holland. Swedish exploration has continued even to our own times. The first man to sail through the Northeast Passage, i. e., from the Atlantic to the Pacific around the north of Europe and Asia, was A. E. Nordenskiöld, who accomplished in 1878-79 what others had been attempting for more than three hundred years. In 1897 S. A. Andrée stirred the imagination of the world by starting from Spitzbergen for the North Pole in a balloon, and, though he was never after heard from, became the pioneer of polar exploration through the air. Dr. Sven Hedin, foremost living authority on Tibet, in 1906 discovered the enormous chain of mountains which he has named Transhimalaya.

Scientific discovery and invention also reveal a roll of famous Swedish names. We think at once of John Ericsson, the designer of the U. S. S. *Monitor*, a type of vessel which revolutionized naval warfare. Navigation itself was revolutionized by him, for he made the first practical use of the screw propeller, and, besides, designed the first marine engines that could be carried below the water line of a ship. Of his many other inventions one must be mentioned, the fire engine, a most valuable gift to humanity. Ericsson, born and educated in Sweden, became a naturalized citizen of the United States in 1848 at the age of forty-five. Another distinguished Swedish scientist was Alfred Nobel, who invented smokeless powder, as well as a dynamite and blasting gelatin, which have been invaluable in construction work. Nobel also established the Nobel Prizes, consisting of five prizes of $40,000 each awarded every year for notable achievement in Literature, Chemistry, Physics, Medicine, and in the cause of Peace.

Chemical progress in general owes much to men of Swedish birth. K. W. Scheele, who died in 1786, discovered oxygen, though credit is generally given to another man. He also discovered glycerin, prussic acid, hydrofluoric acid, arsenic acid, chlorine, manganese, and a great number of other substances. He discovered that the sourness of milk is due to lactic acid. J. Berzelius, who died in 1848, placed the study of chemistry on a new base. He established the atomic theory, was one of the principal founders of

physiological chemistry, and introduced the system of writing chemical formulas which is now in use. Svante Arrhenius, one of the greatest chemists living, founded the theory of modern electrolytic analysis, which is the basis of modern electro-chemistry.

Among the famous physicists of history are the Swedes A. J. Angström and Anders Celsius. Angström was one of the originators of spectrum analysis, who announced the presence of hydrogen in the sun's atmosphere, while Celsius is best known by the thermometer which bears his name.



STOCKHOLM IS CALLED THE VENICE OF THE NORTH
Because of its numerous winding waterways

The Swedish botanist Linnæus (ennobled as Carl von Linné), who died in 1778, is called the "father of modern botany," because it was he who first laid down the principles for defining genera and species. His lectures at Upsala University in Sweden attracted students from all parts of the world, and his published works are more than one hundred and eighty in number.

In Sweden the oldest industrial corporation in the world, the Great Copper Mountain Mining Company, is still in operation after a career of 700 years. Through the output of this company alone, Sweden was able to surpass every other nation in the production of copper during the seventeenth century. In the middle of the eighteenth century, Sweden produced more pig iron than any other country, and the term "Swedish steel" is to-day pronounced of the highest quality by all metal workers, from the humblest blacksmith to the maker of the most delicate scientific instruments. England and France get more lumber from Sweden than from any other source, while one quarter of all mechanical wood pulp in international commerce, and one half of all chemical pulp, is Swedish.

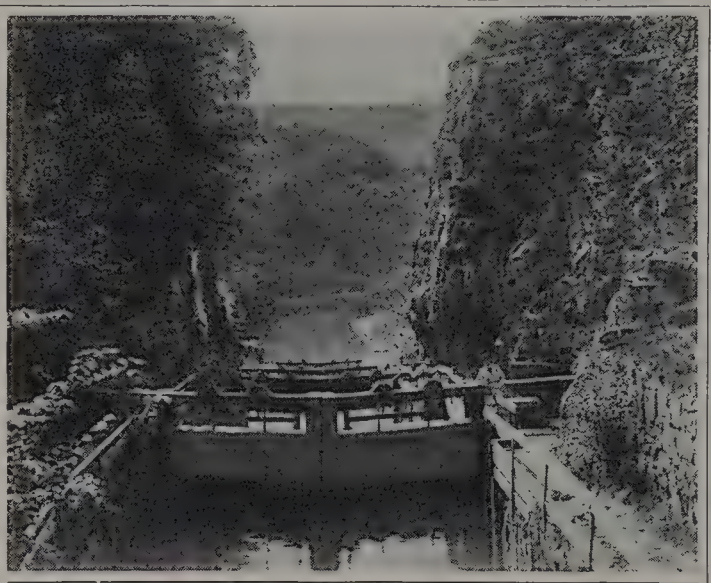
In connection with mining and forest resources, a number of industrial inventions must be mentioned. The best-known article is the Swedish safety match, which was invented in 1844 by C. E. Pasch. The Swedish Match Company owns 50,000 acres of forests from which matchwood is obtained. One of its automatic machines, constructed by a Swede, turns out 40,000 boxes of matches per hour. The steam turbine was invented by Gustaf de Laval, who also invented the first continuously working cream separator. The Swedish Separator Company sells machines to every part of the world where cows are found. The greatest manufactory of ball bearings is Swedish, based on a local invention, and the Swedish state railways are pioneers in the use of roller bearings for cars, these bearings being of local origin. The automatic light buoys and beacons, familiar to all mariners, were invented by Gustaf Dalen, who, by the irony of fate, was made totally blind during one of his early experiments. These lights flash at intervals of a few seconds for months without any care or attention, ceasing work automatically at daybreak and beginning again at twilight. Another Swedish invention, now widely known among experts, is C. E. Johansson's system of precision gauges, by means of which a difference of thickness of only 1-1,000,000 of an inch can be measured.

A CASTLE IN SWEDEN
Reminiscent of centuries gone by

In athletics and physical culture, the Swedes rank high. They won the

Olympic Games in 1912, and in certain events, such as skating, high diving, etc., they nearly always take first place. Medical gymnastics were originated by P. H. Ling, who died in 1839, and the "Swedish exercises," performed as setting-up drills in armies and navies and gymnasiums the world over, trace their origin to Ling.

In the fine arts, Sweden has many famous names. No other living woman novelist is more widely known than Selma Lagerlöf, author of "Gösta Berling's Saga," "Jerusalem," etc. Anders Zorn's paintings and etchings of famous persons and picturesque national types have ranked him with the masters of all nations. And Carl Larsson's paintings of domestic groups, vivid in color and touched with humor, have now admirers in many lands. Jenny Lind, one of the greatest singers of all times, visited America in 1850-52 and aroused such enthusiasm that her name has been a household word ever since. It was she, indeed, who gave the first great impetus to American interest in music. Christine Nilsson, beginning her American tours twenty years later, carried on the Swedish tradition of distinction, which is now being maintained by Olive Fremstad, Julia Claussen, Marie Sundelius, and Sigrid Onegin.



THE GÖTA CANAL

Was built one hundred years ago. It is one of the links in the chain that connects Stockholm with Gothenburg

Ellen Key has exerted an international influence through her writings on social problems. Fredrika Bremer's novels were widely read in Europe and America, and when visiting this country she was received by nearly every person of literary or political distinction.

Politically Sweden was a world power during the days of Gustavus Adolphus, the outstanding hero of the Thirty Years' War, and again during the meteoric career of Charles XII. If she now plays a minor rôle, it may at least be said in her favor that she has taken part in no war for more than a hundred years.

THE FREE HARBOR, GOTHENBURG

Where ships of all nations may enter, and by the payment of a small fee load and unload their cargoes, thus greatly facilitating transportation. Gothenburg, on the River Göta, is the second city of the kingdom in importance

THE STONE OF SCONE

BY DR. J. J. WALSH

Now that Ireland has won recognition as a separate nation with equal rights with the other commonwealths that compose the British Empire, lovers of the legends of *Innisfail* are wondering whether or not the *Lia Fail*, or "Stone of Destiny," upon which every British king since Edward I has been crowned, may be claimed for Ireland. However, there is a difference among the Irish antiquarians themselves as to whether the Stone of Scone under the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey is the true *Lia Fail*—so the Irish claims may not be pressed.

The Scotch say that the Stone of Scone was the pillow of St. Columba, the Irish missionary who carried Christianity to Scotland. At Iona, the island on which he built his monastery, he dreamed of a great Christian Scotland that would be a bulwark against the pagan nations of the north. The stone was removed to Scotland by King Kenneth II, the first ruler of a united Scotland. This monarch made Scone (pronounced *skoon*), in Perthshire, the center of his kingdom. From there it was taken to England by Edward I of England, "Longshanks," who after his return from the Crusades defeated the Scots at Dunbar, and compelled Baliol, whom he himself as arbitrator had seated upon the throne of Scotland, to resign the crown. As symbol of the union of the two countries he carried the old coronation stone to Westminster. According to a Scotch ballad this act brought a Scot to rule over England, for

THE STONE OF SCONE

Under the seat of the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey is the ancient "Stone of Destiny" which, legend says, used to creak its approval if the king crowned upon it was legitimate. Every king of England from Edward I (reigned 1272-1307) has been crowned in this chair

If the fates go aright, where this stone is found,
The Scots shall monarchs of the realm be crowned.

As the Scotch James VI did not succeed to the throne of England until more than three centuries after the stone was carried to Westminster, the English never allowed the prophecy to disturb them much.

One English tradition says that the stone was Jacob's pillow at Bethel. This would carry its history back to the eighteenth century B. C. Irish tradition makes it still older; it says that the stone was brought to Ireland by Teutonic invaders just after the end of the twentieth century B. C. It was kept at Tara, and the high kings of Ireland crowned on it. They assert, as do the Scotch, that the stone has divining powers, perhaps conferred upon it through the association with Jacob, for it is said to make a creaking noise, applause as it were, whenever a legitimate king is crowned, but is silent when a usurper is enthroned.

Fergus, an Irish king of the fifth century, is said to have taken the stone from Tara with him on one of his conquering expeditions into Scotland, in order to assure the permanence of his rule there. This is how the Irish legend explains its presence at Scone before Edward removed it to Westminster.

Many Irish antiquarians, however, insist that the old stone of Tara is still in Ireland and was never removed. The Irish annals are silent on the point. It seems certain that they would have mentioned its removal had it taken place. It is this circumstance that will probably save the situation and prevent any serious effort on the part of Ireland to acquire England's historical relic, which is the center of elaborate ceremonies that mark the crowning of an English king.

THE MOST FAMOUS LIAR IN LITERARY HISTORY

Few that have read the extravagant tales of Munchausen, "the lying baron," know that the original narrator of these classical phantasies was a real person, and that Munchausen was his true name. The term "a Munchausen" has become part of our vocabulary. We use it to describe one who makes up unbelievable accounts of fictitious happenings—one who has an ingenious and too versatile imagination. Story tellers of this sort scarcely expect to be taken seriously, and Karl Friedrich Hieronymus Freiherr (Baron) von Munchausen did not, when he related astounding episodes for the amusement of guests on his estate at Bodenwerder, Hanover, a century and more ago.

For many years after the "Adventures" appeared in book form, the identity of the now world-known baron was undetermined. Some declared that no such man had ever existed. But, later on, the mendacious adventurer was discovered in retirement, and forced to admit reluctantly that his fantastic pictures of a stirring life were the basis of the volume that had made his name renowned wherever books were read.

He himself but vaguely recalled a lawyer named Raspe who had visited at his home and heard him recount experiences that his host avowed had happened to him as a sportsman in Russia and as a soldier in the war against the Turks. A refugee in England and in sore need of money, Raspe undertook to turn an honest penny by issuing a pamphlet of forty-nine pages, entitled, "Baron Munchausen's Narrative of his Marvelous Travels and Campaigns in Russia." Munchausen was born in 1720. Twelve years before his death, in 1797, Raspe brought out the "shilling shocker" which was to establish a new school of "tall" story-writing.

The edition, comprising only five of the chapters included later, was sold out and disappeared from the bookstalls. A second, printed at Oxford in 1786, also sold quickly. Encouraged by unlooked-for success, Raspe, now turned storekeeper in Cornwall, assembled folk tales of Greece, Italy, Spain, Wales, and other countries, and delved among ancient Latin works and romances of the Middle Ages, to supplement the Hanoverian baron's collection of pleasant lies.

The enlarged edition was called "Gulliver Revived; the Singular Travels, Campaigns, Voyages, and Sporting Adventures of Baron Munnikhouson, Commonly Pronounced Munchausen; as he related them over a bottle when surrounded by his friends." A copy of the seventh edition, bearing the subtitle, "The Vice of Lying Properly Exposed," is preserved in the British Museum.

As the annals now stand, they embrace incidents from many sources, contributed by successors to Raspe, the original compiler. The "Surprising Adventures" grew like a snowball. Enterprising booksellers added imaginary narratives from time to time, such as Baron de Tott's romantic memoirs, and, for further material, drew on exciting events like the balloon flights of Montgolfier and Blanchard. Several times the baron was made to visit the Americas. Once he was transported to this side of the Atlantic on the back of a giant eagle, descended at Boston, Hartford, Worcester, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, then flew back to London and landed on St. Paul's cupola.

For years it was believed that Gottfried August Bürger, a German poet, was the author of the Munchausen tales, but his biographer, years later, revealed Raspe as the real author. Translations into many languages, editions illustrated by Doré, Cruikshank, and others, have succeeded the original edition, and the Munchausen stories have become the standard for all subsequent efforts in this field of literature.

Clement King.

WHERE FOLK COSTUME SURVIVES TO-DAY

PICTURESQUE DRESS THAT FOR CENTURIES HAS BEEN A FEATURE OF NATIONAL LIFE IN EUROPE

"THE DAIRYMAID"

The bodice, broad-brimmed hat, and knotted kerchief are commonly worn by the peasant girls of the Tyrolean mountains. Franz Defregger, the artist who painted this charming study, was a native of the Tyrol, and delighted to portray his countrywomen in everyday attire

MOST of the civilized nations have succumbed to conventional style in dress: the women of both hemispheres following modes set by makers of fashion in Paris and other European capitals, while men of all races are adopting the regulation sack-suit, cut-away, and swallow-tail. Colorful costumes, however, may still be found in Europe. The Mentor here pictures and describes some of the most curious and beautiful examples of national dress

From a copyrighted painting by George Wharton Edwards

A DAUGHTER OF OLD HOLLAND

Wearing a bewitching costume bequeathed by a long line of Dutch grandmothers; it is still to be seen in rural provinces

The MENTOR

Vol. 11
No. 4

SERIAL
NO. 243

MAY, 1923

WHERE FOLK COSTUME SURVIVES TO-DAY

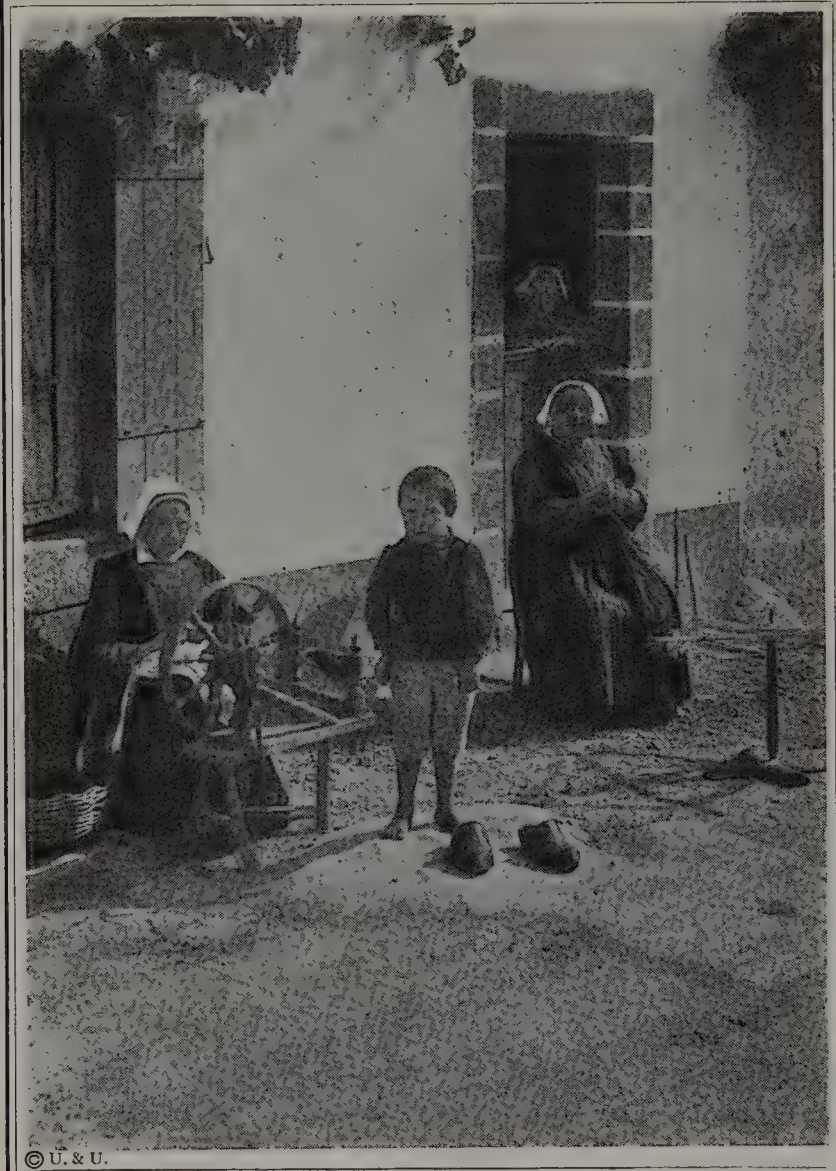
BY OLIVER SEMPLE BARTON

ON A RUSSIAN BYWAY
A rural belle is overtaken by the artist Rudolph Bem on her way to a country fair

The dress of nations is the outcome of widely varying influences—climate, history, occupations. Even patriotic crises, wars, and religious movements have left their impress. To-day, alack! garments reflecting tradition and embracing native crafts are passing. Except in primitive lands and remote provinces, the styles worn by men and women of all classes are dictated, for the most part, by fashion and convention, whereas in more pictorial times decorative dress was a matter of racial pride and glory. Gaiety of line and color have yielded little by little to the demands of modern life. Nevertheless, a wanderer in Continental Europe to-day, seeking communities where national dress still prevails, would find his pilgrimage not in vain.

Nowhere was greater variety of costume evolved than in old-time Sweden, for its character differed not only in the provinces but in parishes and villages. In scattered districts one may even now discover dress that reflects the original type. The garments worn by men are more influenced by changing conditions than those worn by women, but one observes the same technical skill and charm of color in the making of costume that exists throughout other Swedish crafts. In olden days the elders of a parish kept a watchful eye on all that pertained to native costume, and issued edicts governing its design. Fines were levied for wearing broader heels than custom called for, and in other ways traditions affecting sartorial details were safeguarded.

The province of Dalecarlia presents the best opportunity to study costume peculiar to Sweden. The women do luxurious embroidery on linen,



A BRITTANY DOORYARD

Mothers, wives, and children of Breton seafarers, like the men of the family, cling to the traditional costume of their district. Scarlet, purple, and blue are favored colors

and when girls are to be married they always present to their future husbands a "bridegroom's shirt." Mothers start their daughters upon the important task of making this garment when they are still very young, so that there shall be plenty of time to create a gorgeous article of apparel. If one were to "tread on the tail" of one of these Swedish marriage shirts, it would be at the risk of spoiling a real work of art. "Button, button, who's got the button?" is a puzzle never hard to solve, for wherever one goes there are buttons, big and little, all of silver or silver gilt. These originated in medieval times, when buttons in the shape of bells adorned bodices and jackets. "The quicker the bride runs, the greater the honor in which she shall be held" is an old Scandinavian proverb. Now it is no little thing to run when dressed for a Swedish wedding. The bridal crown of silver may weigh two pounds, not to mention other silver ornaments. The central figure of the wedding party clanks like a veritable knight in armor. She is a flashing picture of color, rich embroidery, and shining silver. Carl Larsson, whose home in Sunborn, Dalecarlia, was patterned after ancient manor houses of Sweden, left many paintings and drawings giving a true impression of his people and their dress. Anders Zorn, whose reputation as a painter and etcher was world-wide, also commemorated on canvas the vivid beauty of the costumes worn by his countrymen.

In Norway, land of fjords, mountains, hills and dales, the old costumes are seldom seen except on holidays and at weddings, and then only

among the farmer folk. However, up in the mountains, in the region of Saetersdalen, travelers, to their delight, find everything much as it was three hundred years ago. Perhaps it is because tourists so rarely go into this northern district that the picturesque quality of life there still remains unspoiled. The people of Saetersdalen are light-hearted and simple of habit. They revel in dresses set off with embroidery and silver. Peasant craftsmen have worked out old Norse designs, recalling Viking days. A Saetersdalen woman cares so much for her dress that, though she wears it to work, she removes it when she gets to the fields, and does her digging and plowing in a gray under-dress. Brides wear a red cap with silver spangles. The sleeves are of violet, underneath is a white blouse and a green belt profusely stitched in silk and wool. She, like the Swedish brides, jingles as she moves, because of the multitude of overlapping metal decorations. She is a radiant spectacle at the wedding festivities, which often last for days. The painting on the cover of this number of The Mentor shows one of these glistening wedding costumes on a fair young Norwegian bride.

"TALKING TO THE DEAD"

In Normandy, superstition still holds sway. The girl, in dress of dark blue and cap of linen, awaits the verdict of the aged soothsayer who, by crossing lighted candles before a mirror, essays to tell whether the sailor lover of the anxious visitor be dead or alive. The everyday dress of Normandy women, simple but time-honored, is well displayed in this illustration

Exceedingly attractive is the costume of the peasantry in Finland. The skirts and blouses worn by women when bent upon daily duties are individualized by bands of embroidery; the headdress, also the shoes, reflects Oriental beginnings, for the origin of the Finnish race is traced to Eastern tribes. The Finns are inordinately fond of outdoor life—of sunlight, and meadows

bright with flowers. Their clothes express this love of freedom and color, and also reveal the industry of the women at their looms and with their needles, which they diligently ply during the long days and nights of the winter time.

Russia is so vast, with such a variety of physical types, that the student of costume must necessarily limit somewhat his range of investigation. Crossing from the southern peninsula of Finland to Petrograd, the traveler is confronted at the railway station with an amusing and omnipresent Russian type—the *isvoschik*, or cab driver, "a pure Slav, with thick, coarse hair cropped low in his neck and a hat with squat crown crushed down to his ears. His broad face appears from under the curled-up brim with a calm serenity which is not without its measure of cunning. He sits his box in the cab rank, stoical but alert. His long blue *armyak* is generously gathered at the line where the skirt joins the body. This ample garment, peculiar to Russian cabmen of all degrees, is so padded from shoulder to hip as to render corpulent the leanest of cabbies. A tinseled belt satisfies his native fondness for decoration."

A PLEASANT PLACE TO BE

In the province of Dalecarlia, Sweden, where smiles are no brighter than neckerchiefs and aprons, and the summer landscape makes a fair background for pictures like this

Costume in that part of southern Russia called the Ukraine has unique appeal. Says a writer familiar with the country: "The essential characteristics of Ukrainian dress are its freedom from exaggeration, and

From a painting by Carl Larsson

ON THE WAY TO PASTURE

A Swedish farm woman, leading a fractious cow, pauses to question Carl Larsson, famous artist, as he sets up his easel to sketch his country house in Dalecarlia. The robust figure in blue headcloth, red jacket, and tucked-up skirt is typical of rustic Sweden

its intricate ornament. Notwithstanding the invasions of machine-made materials, the Ukrainian still sticks to his hand-made cloths." In Kieff, a principal province of Little Russia, in the southwest, soft, dark colors predominate. Floral motives are much used, especially on linen. The men's dress is quite simple, usually a white shirt, much embroidered, and wide linen trousers, with an overcoat of homespun cloth, drawn in at the waist. The women, in their bright skirts decorated with elaborate needlework and contrasting bands of color, wear waists of white linen, also embroidered. The girls dress their hair in plaits coiled around the head, and add a wreath of fresh flowers. A married woman always covers her head with a cap. A housewife performs most of her tasks in the open, for the Ukrainian loves the world out of doors.

Along the shores of the Volga River, which separates western from eastern Russia, costumes are a perennial interest to the stranger. There is no better place to observe the varying developments of tribal dress than at the world-famed fair of Nizhni Novgorod. Here are merchants from Bokhara and Turkestan, from the tundras and cities of Siberia, from the Caucasus, from White Russia, Great Russia, Little Russia; above all, the Tatars are in evidence. During the middle of August, when the trading is heaviest, this meeting place of nations and international exchange offers a panorama of na-

IN HESSE THIS IS THE STYLE

Observe the quaint headgear and voluminous skirts. The embroidered garters are a fetching costume accessory original with the Hessians

tional costume unsurpassed in Europe.

In the wake of Oriental exodus from southern Europe was left a kind of mantle with short sleeves, still worn by Hungarian men and called *szür*. Counterparts of these jackets have been discovered on a Persian stone relief. As in other Slavic countries, the women's costumes in Hungary are elaborately embellished with needlework. The apron is a feature on which special care is expended. Frequently it is black with a fine border in primary colors. There is no gayer sight in the world than a highroad in Hungary on Sunday morning, or a marriage feast. Scarlet jackets for women are the vogue, and much white is also worn.

In the southern basin of the Rhine, within the borders of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the costume of the inhabitants has been little affected by the passing of the centuries. Even when engrossed in workaday tasks, youths and maidens deck themselves in a manner reminiscent of their forebears. A farmer's daughter arrayed literally in all her glory is on her way to market. She wears a black silk hood with broad bow ends coquettishly spread beneath her chin. A short sleeveless jacket is buttoned over a white blouse, and skirts upon skirts give her a decidedly stand-outish effect. Above all—or, rather, beneath all—is displayed the distinguishing note of the Hessian girls' dress: silken garter ends, bravely adorned with flowers. Shoes with large silver buckles complete a thoroughly smart outfit.

A charming model painted by Alma Erdmann represents a Saxon beauty in the accepted costume of her country. How winning the smile, how pretty the poise of the head graced by a black beribboned cap! What good things she will bring home in the bag of braided straw! She carries the family umbrella of dark blue with striped border.

The strong men of the Tyrol fit well into their environment. To see them early in the morning, working among their cattle and in the fields, is an experience not to be forgotten, especially when the sun is just touching the peaks of the snow-capped mountains. Franz Defregger, himself a Tyrolean,

often painted the people native to these mountain farms, and their attractive daughters, whose dark beauty is well set off by the frame of broad shade hats.

Of all the Continental countries that invite tourists, none surpasses Switzerland in the charm of its peasantry and their time-honored observances. Within a few years a movement has been started by well-to-do Swiss women to encourage the revival of national dress. Costumes originating in bygone centuries had gradually been discarded, except in the Rhone Valley and in a few cantons where it was worn on holidays only. The Swiss artist Ernest Bielier returned to his native land, after a successful career abroad, to assist in this costume propaganda. He now gives most of his time to painting pictures of his countrymen and women in the dress of their ancestors. The reproduction of "The Little Red Horse" shows a Swiss mother with her tiny daughter. The mother wears a black silk cap of a design familiar in her native can-

From a painting by Alma Erdmann

A SAXON HOUSEWIFE

Setting out to market. About her shoulders, the ends falling beneath the waist, is a fringed shawl of white with stripes, red, blue, green, and yellow. Her skirt is plum color, her bodice, cap, and apron black. The capacious umbrella is dark blue, with a bright border, and the hand-woven basket adds another note of color

"THE RETURN OF THE WEDDING PARTY" ✣ This decoration by the Swiss artist, Ernest Bielier, was done for a national celebration in honor of the revival of peasant costume in Switzerland. The young woman in the center of the group is wearing the "Roman helmet headdress" referred to in the text

ton, an orange-colored neckerchief and a dark blue dress. The baby is all dressed up in a white knitted cap and a fascinating frock with knitted and embroidered sleeves. The red horse is a favorite Swiss toy. The women of Switzerland show a preference for knitted decorations, in contrast to the embroidery and lace popularly used in other lands. An imposing headdress worn by young Swiss women is a reminder of Roman occupation centuries ago. It resembles the helmet of a Roman soldier in its high crest-like shape. This and other historic Swiss headdresses are shown in a decorative panel from the brush of Ernest Bielier.

In the mountains one often sees a goatherd with his flock. He always wears a colored skull cap; the color varies according to the province, or canton. A leather shoulder strap supports a pouch that holds salt for the goats.

National dress still prevails in many regions of France. Especially proud of their linen and lace caps are the women of Normandy and Brittany. "By their caps you shall know them." Coarse dark blue or brown cloth is a favorite material for dresses, and velvet is also used. Always the women knit, both for the men and themselves. The shoes, usually of wood, do nothing to add to the grace of the wearer's feet, but, like many other elements of costume seen in Europe and elsewhere, the sabot is the product of local conditions. The wooden shoe is a better protection than one made of leather in wet fields and on tide-washed shores, such as those of France, Belgium, and Holland.

The dress of the seafaring Dutch is not unlike that of their Brittany

From a painting by Ernest [illegible]

"THE LITTLE RED HORSE"

What better argument for the revival and survival of national dress than the gay frock and knitted cap of this Swiss baby?

and Normandy brothers. In the gravure section of this issue are reproduced a number of delightful pictures by the American painter George Wharton Edwards. As an artist and author who knows Holland well, we are indebted to Mr. Edwards for information concerning Dutch fashions. The country, first settled by Germanic peoples, later came under the influence of Rome and Spain, and to this day there are traces to be seen of Roman and Spanish domination in dress and decoration. The best that remains in Holland of ancient costume is to be found on the island of Marken, and in Friesland and Zeeland, though it is not entirely abandoned in other sections. Two circumstances in particular have had much to do with the regrettable disappearance of the costume native to Dutch provinces: when the young men enter military service and don the uniform, they seldom, if ever, go back to the old dress; country girls going out to service in the large centers adopt prosaic

From a painting by Ignacio Zuloaga

"MATADOR GALLITO AND HIS FAMILY" ✣ ✣ ✣ No painter of modern Spain has equaled Zuloaga in his representations of native types and costumes. In this vivid group he shows a famous bull-fighter surrounded by the members of his family in traditional Spanish dress

"city clothes." The people of Marken, on their comparatively inaccessible island, cling to old customs. The men affect a divided skirt ending at the knee, which is possibly of Oriental origin, or possibly medieval German. A blue shirt is worn with this, and the ever-present pair of silver buttons fasten the collar. The women wear silk or woolen skirts over numerous petticoats, and a white laced bodice. Their hair is cut in a bang, with a long curl on either side of the face, and when they grow old these (it is whispered) are replaced by false curls. Their sleeves are knitted, as in Switzerland. One of the most interesting features of Dutch costume is the headdress of the women of Friesland. Every province has its distinguishing forms. Frieslanders wear plates of pure beaten gold, fitting the head closely, beneath an immaculate cap. The twisted ends at the front gradually evolved into the spiral ornaments which are seen to-day fastened at either side of the forehead. Carefully wrought silver belt clasps, for both men and women, and buttons and other ornaments of silver and gold are especially popular in Holland, and are willed as legacies from one generation to another.

© U. & U.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF NAPLES

One comes upon wandering couples like this, whose attraction for the stranger is their festal attire, but whose own chief concern seems to be—each other

Spain and Portugal still retain traditional costumes, some of them derived from the Romans, others from the Moors. In the north of Spain colors are subdued, or if bright ones are used they are combined with black or dark brown. The mountaineers about Segovia wear sandals, with legs "cross-gartered," knee breeches, a short jacket or coat, and a wide-brimmed felt hat over the inevitable handkerchief bound round the head. A staff frequently completes this austere but natty attire. A familiar figure in Spanish streets

Drawing by R. Caton Woodville

ALBANIAN MOUNTAINEERS

Their jackets of somber black commemorate Scanderbeg, "the Dragon of Albania," who, acclaimed as a national hero, died in the year 1467

Drawing by R. Caton Woodville

WOMEN OF ALBANIA

In native costume reflecting Oriental influence. Every year they make an offering of flowers to the memory of Scanderbeg

is the night watchman, the *sereno*, who walks abroad with a heavy striped blanket about throat and shoulders. He carries a spear and lantern, and, around his waist, a huge leather belt with rows of pockets filled with keys—the keys to the doors of householders on his beat. As for young bloods who consider themselves "mirrors of fashion in the mold of form," they appear on Spanish streets in the north with hair banged and brushed forward over the ears, in imitation of the bullfighters. Their hats are flat-brimmed, their short coats are of black velvet, and red sashes bind their narrow hips.

The lean brown women of northern Spain, in their low-toned dress and head covering, are as typical of the country as the flashing *señoritas* of the south. Yet it is these southern women that travelers love most to describe. True, they are not often as beautiful as we have dreamed them to be, nor do they wear the *mantilla* and full satin skirt every day, as painters and writers would have us believe. But at *fiesta* and *feria*, how rich the shawls, how entrancing the lace head scarf of white or black, how effective the fan and the comb and the camellias! Certain annual festivals observed by high-born Spaniards are made the occasion for rarely beautiful costuming descended from grandees of other days.

The Andalusian *muchacha*—perhaps she is one of several dark-eyed girls dancing at a spring fair—"poses in a flounced skirt that springs like a bell over lacy petticoats. The long fringe of her red and white or blue-green shawl drips from shoulder and dress. She carries a flower in her mouth; in her hair is a mammoth comb. Her partner is a slim youth, tight-trousered, short-jacketed, belted high with a bright sash."

To a still greater extent than in Spain the Portuguese peasantry commonly wear the dress that custom and necessity have evolved. The Minho women, living in the foothills of North Portugal, according to an American woman who has traveled extensively in this beautiful realm beside the sea, "are the handsomest in the country. Their costume can be surpassed nowhere in Portugal, or out of it, for the manner of its wearing, for its colors and weaving. Here is a blond goddess with Diana limbs. Her chemise is of lawn, the skirt, ample as her stride, is of wool grown on her own hillside, spun on her own spindles; on the yoke of her black velvet apron her initals are embroidered. Her breast is weighted with golden ornaments, and she wears long earrings."

In Italy many peasant costumes have passed away with the times that produced them, but enough remain to reward one bent on pursuit. Changes in dress are mainly due to the development of railway communications, and to emigration.

ANNOUNCING AN ENGAGEMENT IN SERVIA

Is a public affair. The name of the fortunate man is embroidered on an apron like the one in the picture, and proudly donned for all who promenade to read

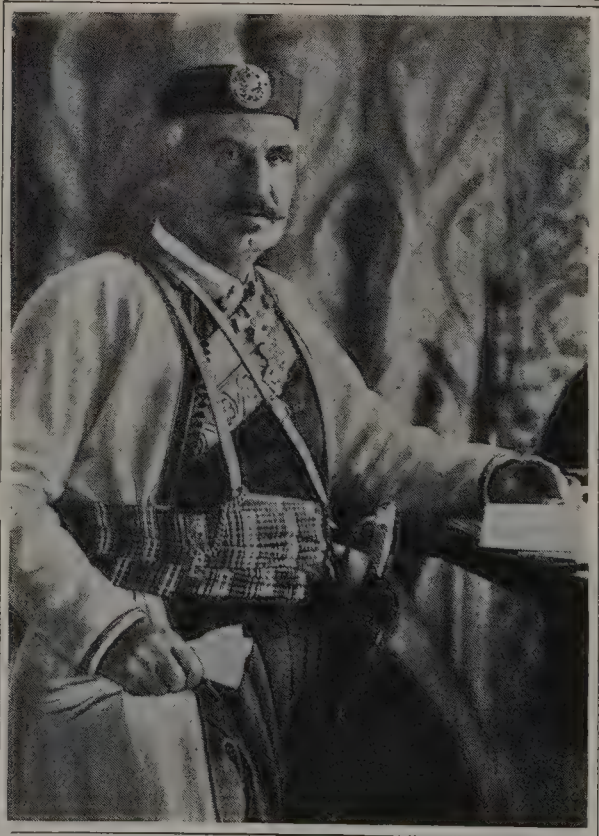
One also sees wonderful gold and silver button clasps and earrings, to say nothing of necklaces and other jewelry, for the Italian loves such adornments. As for coral, how can one ward off the "evil eye" if one does not wear it? From childhood, Italian peasants wear certain kinds of jewelry calculated to protect them against misfortune.

In the Abruzzi district one may still find native costumes in profusion. In their variety they are significant of both the temperament and climate of the region. Somber and severe where the climate is vigorous; gay near the sea. Red is the prevailing color throughout Italy in one form or another.

Servia can show costumes as colorful and original as those of the Ukrainians. Rumanian women are so expert with the needle that their designs are copied wherever fashion reigns. In Dalmatia, costumes of centuries-old pattern are still preserved. Dalmatian men, reversing the traditions of sex, do fine embroidery in gold and proudly wear jackets that demonstrate their industry and ability. Within the borders of what was once called Montenegro national dress is still worn in town and country. Before political changes, brought about by the Great War, even the king appeared in the native plaid sash, long white coat, and full breeches.

An Albanian calls himself "Son of the Mountain Eagle," and well deserves the name, for always has he lived among barren crags, holding his independence and racial habits against the inroads of Turk and Greek. To his western neighbor he has passed on the long plaited skirt which the sturdy-limbed sons of Greece have adopted for both ceremonial and working costume. The most significant feature of Albanian apparel is the short-sleeved jacket of black, which for five centuries has been worn by the stalwarts of this rugged land as a constant reminder of the death of their national hero, Scanderbeg, who in the fifteenth century fought through twenty-five campaigns against the Turks, and freed his country from the oppressor. The Albanian women, in their almost purely Oriental costume, make an annual offering of flowers at the Castle of Scodra, in memory of the "Dragon of Albania."

Here, near the eastern frontier of Europe, the wanderer ends his pilgrimage.



A KING IN NATIONAL DRESS

King Nicholas of Montenegro commonly wore the dress of his peasant subjects

PICTURESQUE HOLLAND

SCENES IN THE LAND OF DIKES AND WINDMILLS—HOW THE PEOPLE LIVE—HOW THEY DRESS—HOW THEY WORK AND PLAY

PICTURES AND TEXT BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS
AUTHOR OF "HOLLAND OF TO-DAY," "MARKEN AND ITS PEOPLE"

A STREET IN LEYDEN

"For years Holland has enjoyed a safe and uneventful life. She has retained her wealth by incredible industry. Her place among nations she holds by consent of Europe, and thus her political existence has been untroubled. So Holland has lived on, entirely self-centered, splendidly exploiting her rich colonies, leaving to history her former dreams of empire, and practicing in speech and action that prudence of which she has made a supreme virtue, and which has hitherto made for her safety and security."

PICTURESQUE HOLLAND

PICTURES AND TEXT BY
GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

A FRIEND of mine in Holland, from whom I received many courtesies, asked me to tell my readers "that the Netherlands is something else than a colored postal card country, in which, on flat green fields, are rings of dancing red-bodiced, white-capped girls, fat herds of black and white cows browsing beneath the wavering arms of fantastic windmills, and stolid lines of Zuyder Zee (pronounced Zoider Zay) fishermen clad in incredibly wide trousers and comical short-waisted red coats gazing seaward at nothing in particular.

"The Netherlands," he says, "is not to be considered as a fat Dutch cheese in a puddle of water. The Queen does not commonly wear a flapping lace cap with silver screw ornaments at her temples; nor has she long yellow braids hanging down her back. No Dutch girl ever wears braids. The 'Stadhouders' do not appear before Her Majesty, the Queen, in wide velveteen maroon-colored trousers and elaborately carved and varnished wooden shoes, their hands in their pockets, and long pipes in their mouths; nor do all the people wear the quaint costume of Marken. Please say," he urges, "that the Netherlands is not a nation of freaks, that we venture to consider ourselves a most serious, energetic, and important people; that in our estimation we are not at all behind the times; that certainly our traditions are sacred to us, but that our position in the world of art, science, literature, and industry is at least honorable, and that we are not content to rest upon our achievements, but are entirely abreast of the times, and ambitious as to our future. Say to them, also, mynheer, that if they would appreciate the Netherlands and know it for what it is, they must believe that our picturesque anachronisms are not a whit less amusing to us than they are to the tourist, and that the evidences of the sixteenth-century manners in the out-of-the way districts are regarded by us simply with affectionate tolerance. Thus, mynheer, you will do a great justice to my beloved country."

A VOLENDAM TYPE

The Volendam matron, when dressed ceremonially, wears some fourteen petticoats, which are suspended from a wooden hoop worn about her waist. The cap with its two long lace points projecting from each side of the face is unique—different from all others worn in Holland

While assuring Mynheer B—— that I appreciated his feelings so eloquently expressed, I took great pains to explain to him that the characteristics which seemed so trivial and unworthy to him were those that rendered his country so charming and so dear to the lover of the quaint and the unusual, and that he need have no fear that the brave little country "at the peril of the sea" would be misunderstood by the people of the great republic, whose admiration for the laws and the great and heroic deeds of the Dutch is unbounded.

Dutch pride in the achievements of their country is not to be wondered at. Let us remember that the men who founded New York were Dutchmen; that the Puritans who arrived at Plymouth had spent years at

IN A DUTCH GARDEN

Romance in a teacup. Two friends, dressed for an afternoon outing, consult the age-old oracle

Delft under Dutch influence and protection; that Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, was educated in the Netherlands, and that William Penn's mother was a Dutch woman.

There is a popular ballad by Brand, in which the Dutch proclaim their sentiments, and which literally translated reads:

"We live free, we live blithe, on Netherlands' dear ground; delivered from slavery, we are through concord great and free; here the land suffers no tyranny, where freedom has subsisted for ages."

The Dutch nation, though small, is earnest, unsentimental, and most up-to-date. The people are intensely ambitious, serious-minded, and commercial—animated with the desire to maintain Holland's prestige and her monopolies in the international markets.

The Dutch are highly scientific people as well, and among other accomplishments have developed the art of agriculture to the highest degree. They excel in engineering. Their cattle breeding serves as a model for the world, and their ancient culture, which long led all others, still maintains a foremost position. In short, the native Netherlanders are a vigorous, sturdy, active, energetic, and wide-awake people who know themselves pretty well—their place in history, their national character, and their rights and privileges in present-day world politics.

Though on the very borderland of the great European War, Holland kept out of it—and it was well that she did so. There never was a country in which war would be so out of place as in the Netherlands—land of dike and windmill, of tulips, hyacinths, and cream cheese. You think of it maybe as a sort of fairyland, but never by any chance as a grim battlefield. The peasantry are too quaint; the windmills too industrious; and over the calm canals, reflecting the piled-up clouds, spreads such evidence of peace.

The first impression gained by the traveler in Holland resembles in one respect that

given by our own Far Western prairie regions: the broad, wind-swept flat country with comparatively few trees, and lying open to the gales of the North Sea, has a little of the same bare aspect. But with this is mingled a most decided aspect of novelty. The Dutch fields are cultivated with the care of suburban market gardens, and are separated by long V-shaped ditches, through which the water runs sluggishly some feet below the surface of the ground. Looking across them, one sees broad, brown, velvety-hued sails moving in various directions among the growing crops; the roadway is on an embankment often paved with brick, running high above the land, frequently crossing canals lying far enough below for the brightly painted barges with lowered masts to pass freely, generally without the need of drawbridges.

The passenger boats, once so common in the canals, are fast disappearing; like the diligences, they have been replaced by the system of steam tram cars which now cross the country, but here and there this old-fashioned means of communication between the towns and villages still survives, and it is certainly a delightful experience to make a journey on market day in one of these arks. It is generally a long and rather narrow boat, low in the water, and usually painted green and white, with a low-roofed deck cabin divided into two compartments running the entire length, with clean board seats, and tiny lace-curtained windows, the floor scrubbed with sand until it is almost as white as snow. The roof is covered with a mixture of sand and pulverized shells on a foundation of bitumen to hold it. It is most delightful to sail or be pulled along by "boy power" through the country between the "pollarded green banks" and look upon the changing landscape and the brown-armed mills in legions engaged in battle against the water enemy.

The climate of Holland is similar to that of England for spring, summer, and autumn, save that it is warmer in the summer and the cold is much more severe in winter. August is the hot month and the least preferable. During the spring the country round about Haarlem is enlivened by great patchwork sheets of color. These are the tulip and hyacinth beds, vivid and beautiful, but the bulbs are grown for profit, not pleasure or beauty, and economy of space is carefully studied. Holland has a relatively low rainfall, accounted for by the absence of heights to attract rain clouds.

A DUTCH GOCART

When it comes to taking care of baby, safety is assured by building a perambulator that is as sound in its construction as it is original

The very laws of nature have here been reversed, for, disregarding the Biblical injunction, every house is builded upon the sand, and the whole coast is held together practically by straws. There being little or no wood in the country, whole forests have been brought hither in ships, and buried as pile foundations for the cities. Save in the Island of Urk in the Zuyder Zee, there is not a native stone to be found anywhere, yet artificial mountains (almost) have been brought in vessels from Sweden and Norway and in the most masterful and ingenious manner erected as barriers against the encroachment of the sea. The vast array of windmills over the country exact toll from the very air, and rivers are made to course and trees are made to grow exactly where they are needed. Water, air, and earth thus under control have made for the greatness

THE STRANGE HEADDRESS OF HINDELOOPEN

Consists of a skull cap of pure, beaten gold, which fits closely over the head. It is covered with lace through which the gold gleams with charming effect. The headdress had its origin when the favorite daughter of one of the early rulers of Friesland had the misfortune to lose her hair. Her father offered a large reward for an ornamental head covering which would enable her to appear to advantage in court. The cap which she wore found so much favor that it was adopted by the ladies of the court and became part of the provincial costume

as well as picturesqueness of the Netherlands.

Almost every foot of this low land has been reclaimed from the ever-menacing sea. The Hollanders know how to build a dike around a stretch of swamp or marsh covering hundreds of acres. Here they will set up powerful pumps, and in a short time a fertile plain coated with sea clay or rich river mud appears, and this reclaimed land is leased to farmers and cattle breeders, who develop it into new villages and populous centers. These reclaimed lands must be constantly defended against the waters, and on the maps one finds a network of "polder dikes" with mighty sea walls, constructed by the Dutch engineers, who are world-famed for their skill. Thus the hundreds of windmills which give such a quaint and picturesque charm to the landscape are mainly for the very practical purpose of draining the land of the troublesome water, and, in addition to these, huge steam pumps are everywhere in operation for the same purpose.

The visitor finds Holland a land that he can respect, as well as admire, for its picturesque quality. There being no mountains, there are consequently no valleys. Each town and village will offer to the traveler a quality and charm of its own; the engineer, the agriculturist, and the artist will find everywhere food for thought and study. Nowhere else can such pictures be found as those in the galleries of The Hague and Amsterdam. Nowhere else can such stupendous engineering problems be studied; and the Dutch farm is perfection. As to the living, it need hardly be stated here that in Holland the mutton and fish are of fine quality, and, while the style of cooking is not always that to which one is accustomed, one may always

ON THE WAY TO MARKET—VEERE

On market day the Hollander combines business with pleasure. The peasants come flocking in from miles about in high-waisted wagons, hay-cushioned, and drawn by hollow-backed Flemish donkeys, bell-rigged and brass-harnessed; in low two-wheeled carts, drawn by savage-looking dogs of nondescript breed

find a good meal, even in the remote districts, while in the large towns and cities the hotels are equal to those of any country.

One may live as comfortably and as inexpensively in the Netherlands as in America, and it may be said further that nowhere on the continent will the traveler be better served and entertained. The men are kind-hearted if somewhat reserved, and the women, while shy, will cheerfully accord one civility. The children are sometimes too curious and obtrusive, especially in the tourist regions, but they are usually kindly disposed.

Above all classes, Holland makes an appeal to the artist. He finds pictures there on every hand.

"Where over fields and pastures green
The painted ships float high in air,
And over all and everywhere
The sails of windmills sink and soar,
Like wings of sea gulls on the shore."

AN OYSTER GIRL OF GOES

The population of a Dutch fishing-town is as quaint as the vessels and the charming old gabled houses. The fisher-folk have a character all their own; superb, thick-set, well-fed they are; most picturesque, too, in their heavy boots and strange, high-waisted jackets; brawny giants all of them

© George Wharton Edwards

TULIP BEDS

In the neighborhood of Leyden are exquisite fields, flooded with broad waves of scarlet and white and yellow tulips. The effect is unique, particularly if viewed from the top of a windmill. The tulip is not grown for the flower but for the *onion*, or bulb, and hundreds of tons of the beautiful blossoms are allowed to decay

© George Wharton Edwards

A ZEELAND MILKMAID

It is not at all uncommon while walking along the streets of a Zeeland town to meet a young woman in a blue striped skirt who bears, from a green yoke on her shoulders, a pair of brightly burnished brass milk cans. It makes a fair picture with mellow golden and misty blue tones

© George Wharton Edwards

A TILED INTERIOR

Holland is the home of tiles. They are used extensively in both exterior construction and interior decoration. Very artistic designs have been made of them

© George Wharton Edwards

FISHERMAN OF URK

Urk is essentially a fishing village. The streets are quite deserted week days, save for a few women and children, the men being away with the fishing fleet. On Sundays, when the fishing smacks are back in the harbor, the men sally forth, pipe in mouth, their hands thrust into their wide corduory breeches in characteristic Dutch pose

THE WEEPERS' TOWER—AMSTERDAM

Here, for hundreds of years, the families or wives of fishermen waved good-by to the departing sailors, and watched them disappear out to sea. This tower dates back to the fifteenth century

THE KERMIS—MIDDELBURG

The Middelburg kermis supplies a favorable opportunity for studying the Zeeland peasants, for it is then that they flock in from the country. Their dress, decorated with quaint beaten silver ornaments, is peculiar, and perhaps the most elaborate in Holland

IN A NORTH HOLLAND TOWER

No Dutch landscape is complete without a tower, and no memory of Holland is perfect without the recollection of the profoundly plaintive music of the bells and the tinkling chimes. Both day and night their voices are heard over the countryside

ON THE JETTY—MARKEN

Marken is an island in the Zuyder Zee, and is inhabited almost exclusively by fishermen, whose gaily colored costumes, manners, and houses retain much that is peculiar and interesting. The various groups of houses on the island are connected by narrow embankments paved with tiles

© George Wharton Edwards

AN ANTIQUE PUSH SLEIGH—FRIESLAND

Sleighing and skating are as essentially a part of Dutch life as canals and windmills are part of Dutch landscape. Skating clubs are to be found in each town, as the sport is most popular throughout the country. The Hollanders learned to skate from the Romans, and examples of the earliest skates, made of bones smoothed and polished to a flat surface, may be seen in many of the Dutch museums

GREAT REMBRANDT PAINTING COMES TO AMERICA

Another notable painting has come to America, to be added to the rapidly growing collection of masterpieces in the possession of museums and collectors. In this case it is a Rembrandt, and the details of its history are of particular interest.

About the year 1642, the same year that saw the production of the great "Night Watch," Rembrandt van Rijn, the Dutch master, painted the "Woman Plucking a Fowl." In it he portrayed his mother's face, with the light falling softly upon it and the left hand obscured in shadow. It was characteristic of his fondness for studies in contrasts; the handling of light and shade upon the figure is the painting's greatest charm. But, one hundred years later, the then owner of this Rembrandt, the Earl of Wemyss, decided that the master could be improved upon and employed a painter to do the job. This painter covered over the window and painted in the left hand of the figure, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

AMERICA'S NEW REMBRANDT AS "IMPROVED"

A forgotten artist, employed by an English nobleman who owned the picture, painted out a window in the background and painted in the left hand of the subject, which Rembrandt obscured in shadow. The picture now appears as Rembrandt painted it, the overlying paint having been removed by a Berlin expert, so the window again throws its light on the face and figure

Mutilated as it was, the "Woman Plucking a Fowl" was still a notable painting, and it passed from collector to collector. Eventually it was lost sight of, largely because of the alterations of the Earl of Wemyss' painter. No longer was the painting unmistakably a Rembrandt. In 1912, it appeared at the Hotel Druout at Paris, where it was put up at auction by an old lady, Madame Levaigneur. A representative of the Kleinberger gallery, of New York, recognized it as a Rembrandt, and bought it for 528,000 francs.

The painting was then sent to Berlin for restoration. Professor Hauser, an expert in this work, skillfully removed the overlying paint, and revealed the work in all its original qualities. The painting is now in New York, and is valued at more than $100,000.

It is said that Rembrandt, born in Leyden, Holland, probably in 1607, persuaded his father to let him adopt art as a profession by citing the great wealth of Rubens, the Flemish painter. Masters were engaged in Leyden and Amsterdam, and one of the youthful artist's first pictures was sold at a good price. Rembrandt became rich, but died in extreme poverty.

An authority on Dutch art declares that "Gold loses its value where Rembrandt's pictures are concerned. Never was his art valued so highly as it is now. The houses where he lived are bought by art lovers. At the present time Rembrandt is in the zenith of his glory. Fortunes are spent to secure the most insignificant of his works; people travel across continents to see them; and criticism, which for long years did little more than snarl at Rembrandt, has for nearly fifty years been dumb."

Courtesy the American Museum of Natural History and David Aaron & Co., Inc.

WHERE THE CENTURIES MEET

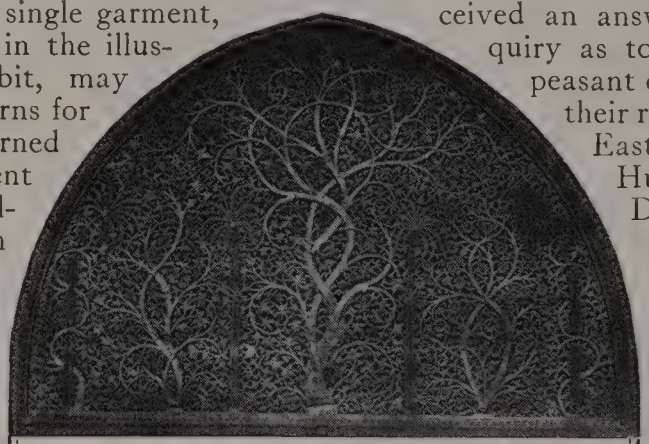
Designs of yesterday inspire those of to-day. This museum display was arranged to demonstrate the use of primitive art motives in modern decorative textiles. Peruvian ponchos, North American Indian basketware, and original Siberian robes are included in the exhibit

PRIMITIVE SOURCES OF DESIGN

BY GENE BERTON

Who designed that gorgeous scarf you wear, or the bizarre border on your dress? An artist long dead. Perhaps the original pattern adorned a vestment antedating the Incas in Peru. Or possibly an Egyptian handiworker made it at the command of a royal amateur of pottery. Or a North American aboriginal, skilled in rude arts, wove the design for basket or blanket.

The crafts of ancient peoples are well-springs of design. A single garment, such as those shown in the illustrated museum exhibit, may inspire a dozen patterns for decorative textiles turned out to-day. Within recent years the industrial collections of American museums have been opened to designers and textile manufacturers, and prizes have been offered for the best designs suggested by primitive fabrics, embroideries, basketry, pottery, rugs, armor, carved wood. At the American Museum of Natural History, New York, collections from the Orient, Siberia, North and South America, and islands of the Pacific are constantly sought for their color combinations, balance of design, and weaving technic. A representative of the Brooklyn Museum recently made an extended tour through southern Europe, studying ethnological collections, described as museums of costume, supported by the state. "The encouragement and conservation of these peasant arts," he reports, "is regarded as a matter of public polity. The study of peasant costume and ornament has engaged the attention of distinguished scholars. In Budapest I received an answer to my primal inquiry as to the origin of current peasant designs in Europe and their relation to the art of the East. The director of the Hungarian Museum of Decorative Art declared that the identities we observe between the decorative art of the East and of Europe are largely the result of Turkish influence. I learned from him of the Turkish embroiderers, the slaves whose work was so highly esteemed that they commanded



"THE TREE OF LIFE"

One of the most distinguished of all Oriental motives, and repeatedly used in textiles, architecture, and mural decoration. This superb carved wood screen from India serves as an inspiration to designers the world over

high prices after the Turks themselves were driven out of Hungary. It was these slaves who made many of the saddles and arms and other amazing objects that are contained in the Hungarian national collections."

Turkish leather and metal workers are responsible for many designs common not only in Hungary and the Balkans, but in Sweden and Norway. They probably reached Scandinavia by way of Russia from Asia Minor, and may be traced in still earlier times to the fertile fields of Persian and Hindu art.

Design, "utilitarian in impulse," is distinctive from ornament, which came with civilization. The decoration of fabrics preceded paintings; needlework and embroidery were employed before weaving. Primitive forms representing human, animal, bird, and flower life are seen in the earlier woven works. Under Arabic influence, garden designs were continually used—the carnation, hyacinth, tulip, rose, pomegranate, and pineapple being the most popular.

Egyptian artists used lotus and papyrus blossoms in ornate borders and "all-over" designs. The vulture, emblem of maternal protection, is ever present in the textiles of old Egypt, and the water motive appears in a variety of forms.

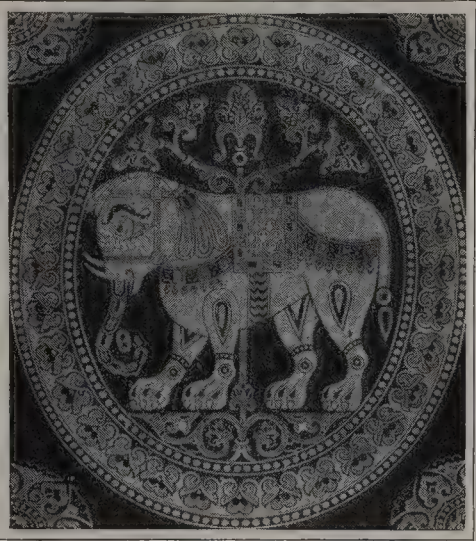
A decorative motive descended to us from the Greeks is the "key border," called also the "Walls of Troy," because of its resemblance to the meandering walls besieged, according to Greek legend, by Agamemnon. In simplicity of line and arrangement this border is rivaled by the "egg and dart," another pattern as familiar to us as to the ancient Greeks. The honeysuckle, conventionalized, was a great favorite with Greek designers, who used it both as mural decoration and in costume.

Japanese gardens and orchards have been for tens of centuries a prolific source of design; likewise Japanese and Chinese legends, embracing the stork, the dragon, and the immortal phœnix.

The palm cone and the windings of the silvery Jhelum, renowned river of India, suggested to craftsmen one of the most celebrated of

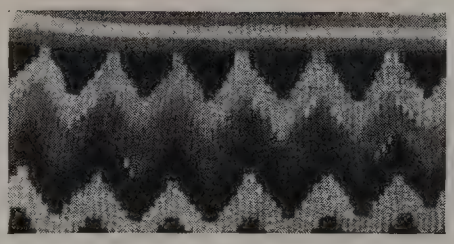
A printed muslin showing a pattern suggested by the wood anemone. The design was much admired in the Victorian period

THE GARDEN AS A SOURCE OF DESIGN



A conception of Byzantine origin. The palm tree, or "tree of life," makes a conventionalized setting for a contemplative elephant. The design, taken from an ancient ecclesiastical vestment, was introduced into Europe by the daughters of Charlemagne, in 800 A. D.

A JUNGLE MOTIVE



This old Peruvian textile shows the famous wave motive, so much used by primitive peoples of both hemispheres. With certain tribes it also represents lightning

FROM NATURE'S LABORATORY

The fantastic Persian cock appears in a fabric woven about 600 A. D., and offers a mine of ideas to the designer. American textile manufacturers, keeping pace with the modern demand for archaic designs, have frequently made use of this smart-looking bird to adorn their product

FROM A PERSIAN BARNYARD

From a Paisley shawl owned by the Newark, N. J., Museum Association

A TYPICAL PAISLEY PATTERN

The conventional arrangement of the carnation at the top is true to Persian and Oriental form. The sweeping whorls of the arabesques are variously interpreted by the weavers

Oriental designs—the one employed in weaving the treasured shawls of Kashmir (Cashmere). Variations of the pattern were adapted by a canny Scotch woolen manufacturer, in the town of Paisley, near Glasgow. Here, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, machine-made shawls were executed on looms that for many years turned out excellent imitations of the hand-made shawls of India. The high-colored scrolls and floral groups of the Paisley shawl became the vogue, and have continued intermittently to be the fashion ever since. Factories of the Old and New World produce Paisley scarfs, Paisley ribbons, blouses, cravats, and draperies—and the romantic source of the design lies in the mountainous Vale of Kashmir. No less romantic is the inspiration derived from recent archæological discoveries in Egypt, reflected in a wide range of styles and materials, produced by American manufacturers.

THE "WALLS OF TROY"

The origin of this border is lost in obscurity. In our day it appears on fabrics varying from velvet hangings in the drawing-room to linoleum on the kitchen floor

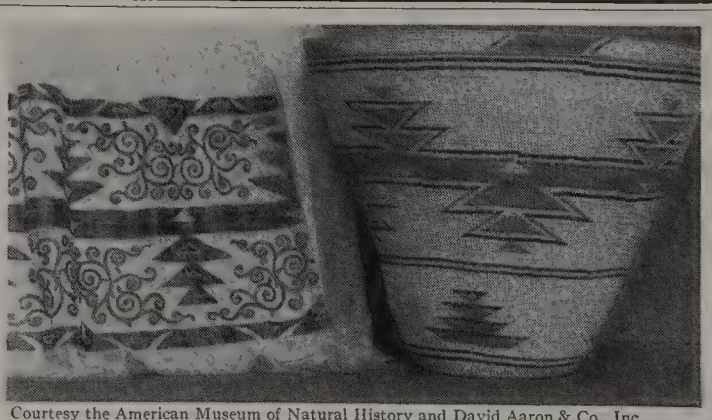
"Designers of all times," we are reminded by Richard F. Bach, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, "have found their inspiration in the commonplaces of nature as well as in the plumage of birds and the resplendent colors of flowers. Each has written in slowly fading color and in materials that have defied centuries of human wear and tear the story of his own time, its beliefs, hopes, and daily routine.

"In these records of past life the artist of to-day seeks inspiration, coming upon it in Indian rugs or Persian lacquered book covers, if he happens to be a designer of ribbons; or perhaps in a Spanish fan, if he happens to be a designer of costume laces; or in Japanese armor if his work is to design sport skirts. And occasionally an artist will leave pad and pencil at home and browse among past glories to assimilate a general tone or character of style. Such was the costume designer who sat for hours in the Persian room at the Metropolitan Museum, seeking no definitive motive, but carrying home ideas for marvelous gowns and evening wraps.

"Such designers there are, in scores of mills and factories and workshops. They make designs for woven laces, printed wall papers, for velvets and cretonnes, for neckties and lampshades, for rugs, advertisements, china, and bracelets, for no end of things of daily utility, which, without such attractive design, you and I would never want to own. These designers, more often than we think or know, find their motives and colors in commonplace things."

AN INDIAN ACORN BASKET

Furnishes an effective pattern for a scarf of present-day manufacture



Courtesy the American Museum of Natural History and David Aaron & Co., Inc.

THE SWASTIKA

World-Wide Emblem of Faith and Luck

BY AGNES C. LAUT

H. G. Wells in his "Outline of History" remarks the prevalence among all people, in all ages, of the figure known as the swastika cross—"that odd little symbol that spins gaily around the world." The illustrator of this notable volume presents a picture of the cross with arms pointing to the left, while immemorial legend establishes that the cross, when used as a religious symbol and as an emblem of good luck, must whirl toward the right on its pivot, like the hands of a clock.

For years I have worn a silver charm given to me by a young Indian living in Taos, and a belt pin given by another Indian girl down at Acoma, on the plains of New Mexico. On both, the little cross is there, a tiny decoration lost in other scrolls. Recently I happened to be entertained in a home in New York State, where the niece of the famous Li Hung Chang was also a guest. On leaving, the Chinese lady presented to our hostess a silk pannier worn by Chinese brides, which had come down in her family for hundreds of years. What was my amazement to see woven among the delicate threads the swastika cross—an emblem of good fortune in the Li Hung Chang family for generations back.

In the caves of Southwestern canyons are dozens of swastika drawings etched on the soft rock by sharp bone instruments. On the cannibalistic sacrificial stones of Aztec temples; on toys dug out of the pedregal below Mexico City's present site; on old inscriptions down in Oaxaca and Yucatan, in Mayan remains, is found the true swastika. It appears on Egyptian tombs, on the clay tablets of Assyria and Nineveh and Babylon.

THE SWASTIKA IN GREEK ART

Vase with five swastikas of four different designs. The only true swastika is the one directly over the back of the wolf

If the cave drawings of North America and Spain and France precede the glacial ages, as some scientists aver, the swastika, or four-foot cross, goes back to the earliest dawn of man. To prehistoric worshipers it was the sun's image; in the Stone Age and the Iron Age it was used as a decorative motive.

Over the entrance to Notre Dame, in Paris, is carved this monogrammatic sign, significant of all belief. To the Buddhist it represents the "wheel of life." Gypsies use the cross as a talisman to ward off evil spirits, and chalk it on trees to indicate to their followers likely places for encampment.

The swastika, drawn correctly, with ends bent at right angles, means, according to the Indian language, "it is well." Woe to the one who invites ill luck by wearing the emblem with arms bent to the left, for then it becomes the *suavastika*, sponsored by no religion, enigmatical figure of bad fortune.

It is said on good authority that on the wall of the room last occupied by the Czarina of Russia, in the ill-fated Villa Ipatief, there was found, after the extermination of the royal family, a penciled tracing of the suavastika, believed by the superstitious to have a malign or adverse influence upon those that come under its spell. Frequently one sees the cross so drawn through ignorance or error. Altogether, thirty variations of the symbol are mentioned in a learned work devoted to the swastika. Sometimes it is drawn with the arms curved, or turned inward, like the familiar pattern of the Greek fret, or "Walls of Troy."

During the war, Queen Marie of Rumania placed the good-luck talisman at the head of hospital beds where wounded soldiers lay, and as the Regina Maria Cross bestowed it upon men distinguished for bravery.

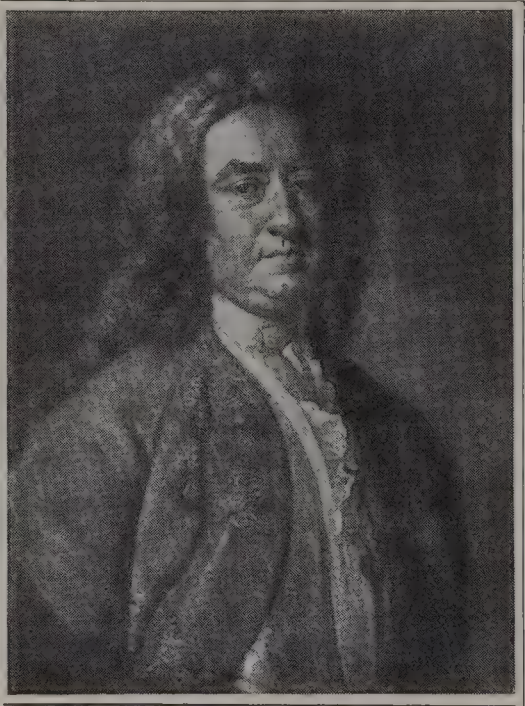
Could the mystic swastika tell what it knows, we would have a complete record of the human race in its migrations and achievements from the beginning of time.

BEAU NASH "KING OF BATH"

The Glassmaker's Son to Whom Royalty Bowed

BY A. A. HOPKINS

The literature that has been written about Beau Nash and about Bath would fill a good-sized bookcase. Over a hundred important volumes, besides thousands of magazine articles and pamphlets, have been published in the past two centuries. No less a person than Oliver Goldsmith wrote a life of Richard Nash. Nash and Bath are interchangeable terms, for the Master of Ceremonies was largely responsible for putting the Georgian resort on the social map of England. At the end of the seventeenth century Bath was crowded and rather squalid. Everything was on a small, mean scale and nothing was done to attract visitors by developing the natural advantages of the town as a watering resort.



BEAU NASH (1674-1761)

He, a Welshman born, became a dictator of fashion and transformed the city of Bath from a squalid coast town into a resort for the nobility

Before the advent of Beau Nash, distinguished visitors had, it is true, come to take the baths, but they had nothing good to say of the town except for the medicinal qualities of its waters. There was no place of public assembly, the fare for a "chair" was extortionate, and, in case of argument, chairmen had a neat little trick in rainy weather of opening the top to expose the unfortunate passenger.

Richard Nash, arbiter and promoter of fashion, was born at Swansea, Wales, in 1674. His father, a small glass manufacturer, wanted to make a gentleman of his son, and succeeded far beyond his original anticipation. Richard was sent to Oxford, and though he exhibited undoubted signs of genius they were not along scholastic lines. He was not noted for his industry, except in the matter of winning ladies' hearts, conducting pageants, and trying his luck at the gaming table. In these pursuits he considered a uniform an advantage, so he became a soldier, but as his expenses were large and his income small he sold his commission and became a law student at the Inner Temple, London. Invariably he attracted attention by his dress, his ease of manner, and his ready tongue.

Nash and his friends, the English nobility, and upper classes generally were bitten with the mania for play. For their benefit, provisions for gaming were made at Bath, and eagerly welcomed was this country resort to which players could repair to indulge their passion. Young Nash was now an accomplished gambler. On his first visit to Bath he was introduced to the Master of Ceremonies, and when this dignitary was killed in a duel Nash was offered the succession, and quickly accepted. The adventurous young dandy had enough imagination to see what could be done to make Bath the first pleasure resort in the kingdom, and enough perseverance and self-confidence to carry out his schemes. The corporation had the good sense to realize the value of such a man to the city, and gave his efforts their support.

The new "King of Bath" engaged a band from London, which was supported by subscription. He curbed profiteering landlords and hotel keepers. One night he astonished the corps of chair runners by inaugurating among the visitors, not a walk out, but a "walk home," which incited rowdy dirt-throwing at fine gentlemen, but led to a regulation of the tariff. In 1706 he persuaded the inhabitants to light the city by lanterns. In the same year the "Pump-Room" was opened and a room for dancing built.

Nash, having succeeded in his endeavors to draw people to Bath, now entered upon his second and more difficult task of correcting the provincial tone of the place. To combat snobbishness, the glassmaker's son drew up a code of manners—a model of its kind—

which for all time left its imprint on English society. Rank was laid aside and all were united in one company. Bath became a most genial place to stay in. Nash conducted a successful crusade against irregularities of dress, and never would suffer any breach of etiquette to pass unrebuked. On one occasion the Duchess of Queensberry appeared at a ball wearing a lace apron. Nash indignantly stripped it off, and threw it on a bench, notwithstanding it was of point lace and worth five hundred guineas. Even more distasteful to him than women in aprons were men in boots. Nash prohibited the wearing of swords in Bath—thereby cutting down the duels. Balls began at six in the evening and ended at eleven sharp, on his entering and signing the musicians to stop. In 1728 a princess of the reigning family visited Bath. As a member of royalty she assumed that rules were not for her, and refused to heed the closing signal. "Remember, Mr. Nash, I am a princess." "Yes, Madam," he replied, "but I reign here, and my laws must be kept." And royalty bowed to Beau Nash.

BEAU NASH'S HOUSE, BATH

The original owner decorated it so profusely that it attracted Beau Nash, who bought it for his home. It is representative of the type of dwelling built in Bath during Nash's campaign for a more attractive city

As time went on, the fine natural setting of Bath was embellished by stately buildings, erected in place of mean brick and stone houses. Within a few years the city became one of the show places of the world, and still is for that matter.

The Bath Road was one of the most famous in the kingdom. As visitors approached after the three-day drive from London, abbey bells pealed in honor of their arrival. After these public greetings it was Nash's custom personally to greet the visitors. When the head of the family had made the proper subscriptions, visits were made to the baths, then to the Pump-Room to drink the water. Breakfast followed, often in public grounds with music. "Bath buns" are still famous throughout the English-speaking world. A lecture, a dance on the lawn, a full dress parade, and it was time for more buttered buns. The usual dinner hour was four o'clock. Evenings were passed at the Pump-Room and at the assembly houses —dancing or playing cards.

Nash's affairs became so involved that a public subscription was raised for him. He died in 1761. He had a public funeral and was buried in the abbey church. With him passed the pomp of Bath, and the most distinguished of the famous "beaux" of England.

THE PUMP-ROOM, BATH, ENGLAND

The social center of the fashionable world which flocked to Bath for its medicinal waters and the gay entertainments promoted by Beau Nash. In the niche on the end wall stands a statue erected in his honor "out of gratitude for his well-known prudent management"

BEAU BRUMMELL THE "SUBLIME DANDY"

BY ELIZABETH G. MAYNARD

The best dressed man in history was Beau Brummell. Even to-day, a hundred and fifty years after his birth, his name symbolizes perfection in masculine attire. Other "beaux" ornamented English society, but none reigned with such undisputed power as George Bryan Brummell, son and grandson of prosperous British confectioners. When a youth he was credited with having taught the future George IV "what a coat was like."

Brummell inherited $150,000 when he was sixteen years old, and started in to spend his fortune while a student at Eton. At school he was called "Buck" Brummell. In 1794, shortly after he had come into his inheritance, he attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales. Friendship grew into intimacy, and in looks and popularity the favorite equaled the heir apparent.

When his regiment, in which the prince had got him a commission, was ordered to Manchester, Brummell objected, saying a manufacturing town was no proper background for one of his social gifts. He withdrew from army life, and henceforth made fashion his profession. He took an apartment in Mayfair, London, and lived on his patrimony. He gave his entire attention to the art of dress, and was recognized as its dictator in the realm of high society. Unlike other young bloods, he never wore clothes of pronounced cut or color. He declared he would be mortified ever to draw attention in the street by his apparel. Whatever he advocated in dress at least had the merit of common sense. He abhorred perfumes. "No scents, but plenty of linen, country bleached," was his dictum. He was the first to wear trousers that opened at the bottom of the leg and fastened with buttons, and he invented the starched neckcloth.

BEAU BRUMMELL (1778—1840)

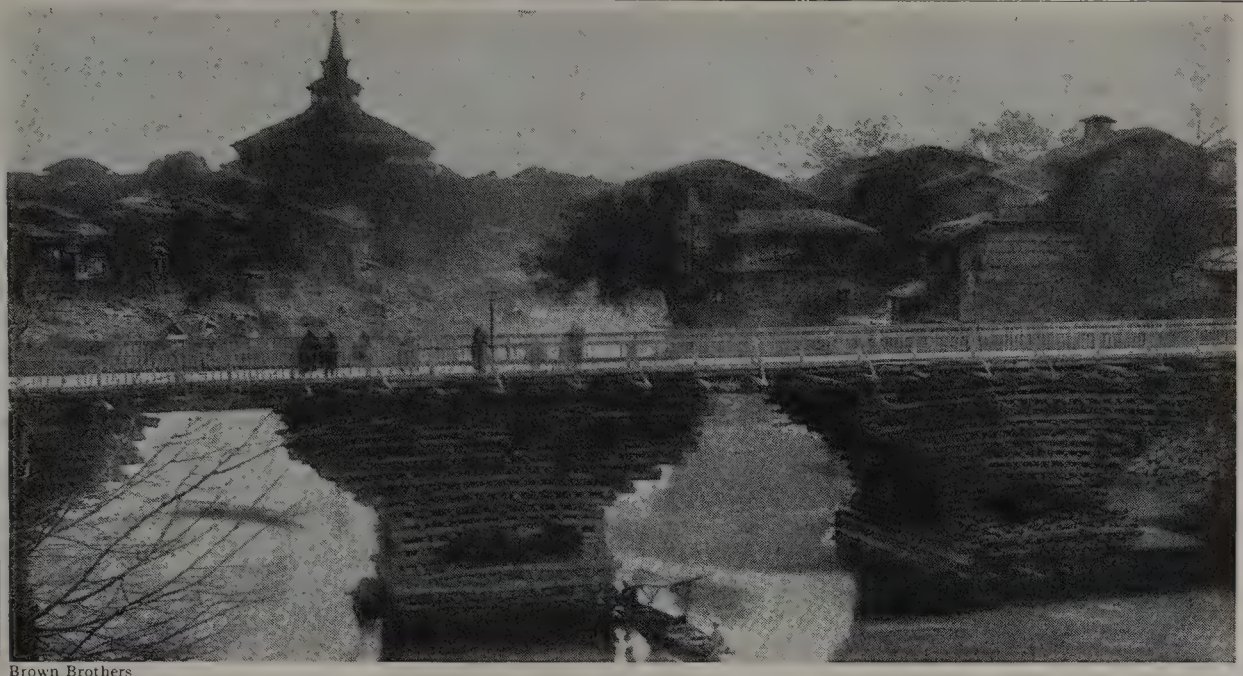
The Beau of Beaux was witty, good-natured, and good-looking. He was not very tall, but the proportions of his figure were admirable. He visited at the great country houses of England, but was careful not to indulge in sports to the detriment of his appearance.

At last came a time when the fascinating fop lost the favor of his fine friends and reached the bottom of his purse through gambling and extravagance. His household goods were sold for debt; he fled to France, and lived at Calais, across the channel. He never went back to his native land. It was a witticism of his that "he passed his time between London and Paris"—Calais being halfway on the route.

Friends influenced his appointment to a small consular post at Caen, France, but he could never resist the temptation of luxurious living, and in 1835 he was imprisoned for debt. One of his chief creditors was his laundress, and another his bootmaker, to whom he owed a bill for shoe polish at five francs a bottle. For months he languished in loathsome quarters. Yet he shaved himself every day, to the wonder of his fellow prisoners, one of whom related, "Each day he takes a complete bath!" When release came through the good will of the King of England and other noble gentlemen, he left the prison with the same manner he might have employed in bidding a duchess adieu.

His decline, already pitiable, was rapid from this date. In a weakened mental state, he would sometimes play that he was host once more to the grand world of London—light his feeble candles, and, with faultless etiquette, welcome phantom guests to his shabby apartment. A lady who saw him not long before his death remarked the neatness of his worn clothing, the care with which his wig was curled.

First and last a beau, a dandy to the end, George Brummell finally became a helpless cripple from paralysis, and in March, 1840, died poor and forgotten in a hospital at Caen.



Brown Brothers

WHERE THE JHELUM RIVER WINDS—VALE OF KASHMIR

Kashmir, "land of streams and solitudes," is a sparsely settled native state in the heart of the Himalayas. Its lofty valleys are celebrated for their scenery, and Srinagar, the chief town, has long had fame for the superb hand-woven shawls made there

THE KASHMIR SHAWL

Richest of woven fabrics

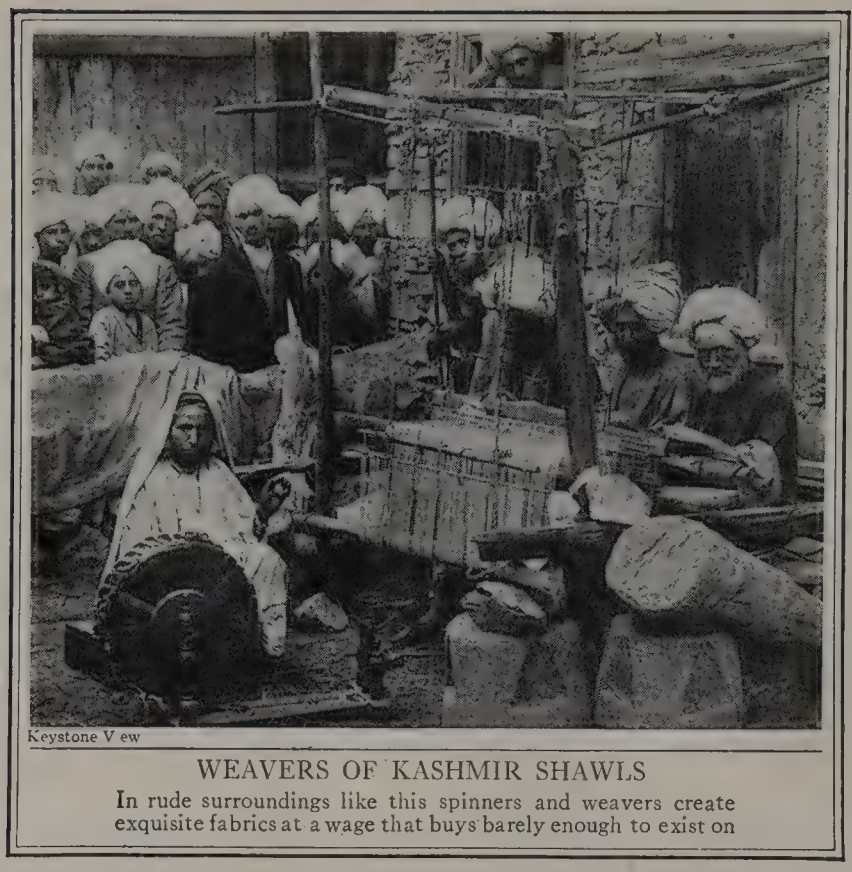
BY GERTRUDE LINNELL

Far to the north of India, in a country that is not properly India at all, lies a long and fertile valley, surrounded, like an enchanted fairy-book land, by high, snow-capped mountains. Legend has it that once, before the dawn of history, this valley was a lake, which a great king, desiring larger fields for his people, drained, and so created one of the dream spots of the earth. Through two thousand years and more, the Vale of Kashmir held to its own ways of living and its own forms of enterprise, jealous of rivalry, careful in production, unsurpassed for painstaking craftsmanship, a quarter of its inhabitants depending on the shawl industry for their livelihood.

Such was Kashmir. To-day it presents a picture of decay and dejection. First, taxes and class legislation kept the country ground down to the last notch of poverty. Then Napoleon and Josephine started the fashion of shawls in Europe, and French agents came to Kashmir to superintend shawl manufacture. Hurried production degenerated quality and design. Then came the English to offer another market, and superimpose more foreign ideas. Then a terrible famine, which drove two thirds of the weavers into the Punjab for food. Six years later the Franco-Prussian War put an end to the French market. Finally, the increasing number of Paisley shawls, made in Scotland by machine and of sheep's wool or silk, and sold for a third the price of the true Kashmir product, first dulled the English market, and then, by too great familiarity, killed it. Small wonder that the Kashmir industry has not recovered from this series of misfortunes.

On the snowy slopes of the Himalayas, in the neighboring provinces of Tibet, is herded a breed of goat that produces a long, fine fleece, called *pashm*, neither wool nor hair, nor silk, but finer and softer than any of those products, each strand eighteen inches long on the best animals, and in color white or yellow or black. The number of these goats is limited, as the breed will flourish only in the peculiar climatic conditions of the steep Himalayan slopes, yet, at one time, Kashmir took three hundred thousand pounds of their fleece a year, for pashm, only, is used in the manufacture of true Kashmir shawls. The Maharajah of Kashmir, through two hundred years and more, has jealously guarded its production, doing all in his unlimited royal power to prevent a single pound getting to any other market.

The women take it first, paying their few poor rupees for hanks of the raw stuff, and putting it through an unbelievable minute-



Keystone V ew

WEAVERS OF KASHMIR SHAWLS

In rude surroundings like this spinners and weavers create exquisite fabrics at a wage that buys barely enough to exist on

There are two main varieties of shawls—those that are all woven, and those that are embroidered in imitation of weaving. Contrary to our American idea of "handwork," the woven shawls are much more difficult of execution and far more valuable than the embroidered ones. The woven shawls are made rarely in one piece, usually in straight strips, afterward sewn together very deftly, so that the joint is difficult to find. The embroidered shawls (of Indian, not Kashmir, manufacture) are made for the most part of irregular patches of different colored plain material, the little pieces, sometimes not more than half an inch in diameter, being put together in such a way as to form a rough approximation of the desired pattern, and then embroidered over in a sort of darning stitch to imitate the woven fabric. The square centers are woven

ness and exactness of process to produce the spun thread, which they sell to the weavers. They work from early to late, every day in the week, and manage to make enough to buy them *almost* sufficient food, a dress every two years (they wear only a single garment, except in cold weather), and a leaking roof over their heads.

The weavers take it next, working, at wages very little better than the spinners, at primitive looms, following a pattern which is written out for them line by line, like that of a knitted sweater in a woman's magazine.

The almost universal design motive of Persian and Indian art is the so-called "cone" pattern, about whose origin there are several theories. One says that it is the young top of the date palm, of mystic significance. Still another, that the pattern is formed by the river Jhelum in its windings through the Vale of Kashmir.

Photographed from the original by courtesy of the owner

A RARE SHAWL FROM THE VALE OF KASHMIR

Typical in weave and embroidery, and of characteristic design

in one piece, and usually the corner ornaments are embroidered even in otherwise woven shawls.

It is not easy for the uninitiated to tell the difference between embroidery and weaving, so cleverly is the needlework made to resemble the shuttle product; however, there are very, very few all-woven shawls made, by far the larger number being a combination of the two processes. The borders are always separate, and are sometimes weighted and strengthened with silk.

Shawls that resemble the Kashmir are made also in India proper, and in Persia; but undoubtedly the original source of the industry was Kashmir, for we find that, when Krishna went to the court of the Kurus, Dhatráshtra proposed to present him with eighteen thousand "shawls of the hilly country," and we have mention of Kashmir shawls being worn and much admired at the courts of the Cæsars. The collection of Queen Victoria, the finest known, comprised gorgeous examples presented by maharajahs of India.

It is fairly safe to declare that a shawl with animal or human figures was produced in India, and one with very elaborate and fanciful curves and elongated cones in Persia.

Like all forms of Oriental art, the patterns in the old days were far more virile, the individual flowers in the cones were apt to be larger, and the design less involved than they now are, so that when you discover a shawl with a bold, clean-cut design, in strong, rich colors, you may be pretty sure that you have found an antique worthy of the care you would bestow on an "old master."

From the author's collection — Photographed for The Mentor

SQUARE ORANGE SHAWL OF PASHM WOOL ✣ ✣

Woven on the plains of India, south of Kashmir. The stitch employed in the silk-embroidered border differs from the needlework in Kashmir shawls, which resembles weaving

CORAL

A semi-precious stone treasured throughout the ages

Of all the beautiful things "in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth," none perhaps is more interesting or lovely than coral. As children, how many of us have been fascinated in days gone by when in someone's old-fashioned parlor or "settin'-room" we have seen on a high mantelpiece sprays of branch coral, white as snow and as graceful as a deer's antlers.

Scientific names add no beauty to such wonders of nature. Coral means "stone." Species familiarly known are fan corals, branch, brain, feather, and plume corals. These range in color from pure white, flesh, and rose to deep red and purple or violet, with here and there a yellow or black specimen. Yellow corals are rare, and the black is especially prized by collectors. White, pink, and red are the better known. All are formed by individual colonies of polyps, often incorrectly called coral insects.

Not until 1723 was the polyp discovered by a French doctor to be an animal organization of a lower order instead of some undersea plant or insect, as was formerly supposed. Coral-producing polyps deposit a horny matter which assumes a variety of beautiful forms. The polyps increase like plants, from seeds, many young polyp buds springing from a parent polyp. The coral colony attaches itself by a disk-shaped foot to rocks and stones. The petrified bodies of coral polyps massed, through generations, one upon another form islands and reefs in warm, clear sea water.

In its growing state coral is soft and of velvet-like texture, but when exposed to the air it hardens and sometimes changes color. Its growth depends upon the depth of the waters in which it is found. The formation of a single piece may require from ten to thirty years.

The red, or precious, coral, growing in branch form, is for the most part found in the Mediterranean Sea. There it is "fished" almost exclusively by Italians, who also have a monopoly of working it. One famous bank of coral extends from Sicily to a point south of Messina, and is divided into ten parts, one part being fished each year. Red coral is also found in the Persian Gulf and neighboring waters. Coral ornaments used by the Gauls and other ancient people are preserved in European museums.

The coral used for decoration is soft enough to be worked with knife or file or turned on a lathe. Red coral ranks as a semi-precious jewel. There are over sixty shops in Italy, with a force of 6,000 expert coral workers. Strings of coral beads have been turned out in Italy for hundreds of years. The celebrated John Hoppner painted a charming portrait of the Countess of Oxford wearing a valuable necklace of red coral.

PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD BY JOHN HOPPNER
The famous beauty is shown wearing a necklace of red coral

As to its intrinsic value, the dowager queen of Italy is said to have owned a sunshade with a handle of solid red coral worth $1,800. A string of beads shown in Berlin some years ago was valued at several thousand dollars.

There is a Chinese legend of a maid who mourned a poet-lover, driven from her side by cruel brothers. One morning she found a rose growing in her garden, and knew at once it was her reincarnated poet. Day by day the petals fell until there remained but the core. This the maiden plucked, and it lay in her hand—a pale pink bead of coral. The rose blossomed again and again, and each time the forlorn maiden plucked out the heart and hid it near her own. Then she strung the hearts of the rose on a golden chain and called it her "necklace of endless sighs."

WITCHES AND WITCH-FINDERS

BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON
AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF MANKIND"

From a painting by J. M. Usteri

"THE WITCH"

FOUR centuries ago all the world believed in witches. By the shore of Lake Geneva, in 1515, five hundred people were burnt to death in three months; in Germany, six hundred old women in one town. All through Europe thousands of men and women were burnt during a few years. One judge alone convicted fifteen thousand witches. In the seventeenth century the flame of witch superstition leaped across the Atlantic and lighted here. The story is one of the most stirring and appallingly impressive in all human experience

Painted by Walter McEwen

"SALEM WITCHES" ✣ The young and beautiful were no more spared than the old, ugly, and deformed. In the course of two years twenty were convicted in Salem

THE MENTOR

Vol. 11. No. 5 ✣ JUNE, 1923 ✣ Serial No. 244

WITCHES AND WITCH-FINDERS

The Story of a Monster Superstition

BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

NOTE—*The small pictures accompanying this article are reproduced from pen drawings made by Mr. Van Loon especially for this number of The Mentor*

Man is a social and therefore a suspicious animal.

He does not like to live by himself, because he is afraid of wild animals and the forces of nature.

But once gathered within the herd he begins to have doubts about his neighbor.

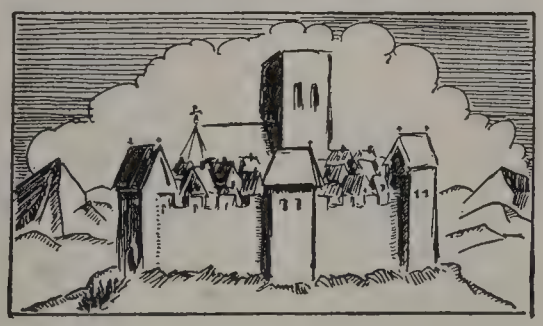
He no longer fears the distant enemy hidden beyond the trees of the dark forest or lurking in the caves of the mountains.

But the old woman next door becomes a potential enemy

So does the old man in the second block to the left.

So does that extraordinary-looking girl right across the street.

Don't ask me to explain this strange phenomenon. I mention it and continue my story.



Many learned books have been written about witchcraft. Vast collections of witch trials have been published. Entire museums are devoted to the collected implements of torture used to wring a "voluntary confession" from the recalcitrant lips of some forlorn hag who had been arrested on the perjured evidence of a jealous neighbor. But with all this material the subject is still shrouded in mystery. It is vast and it is complicated and the evidence is very one-sided. For the judge was in the habit of dictating both questions and answers.

If red-hot needles did not have the desired result with his patients, a judicious application of the thumbscrew was guaranteed to do the trick.

It is a queer business, the investigation of this department of human aberration commonly known as "witch-hunting." When next the reader takes a trip through the lovely region of New York's Five Finger Lakes, we bid him stop at a town called Ithaca, where, in the library of Cornell University, is a special vault filled with the proceedings of witch trials.

The late Andrew D. White was interested in the eternal warfare between knowledge and ignorance. His good friend Professor Burr was interested in tolerance. Out of those combined enthusiasms grew that weird collection of witch documents in the little university city. They have been collected from all over the world. Bavaria and England and Rome and Portugal and Holland (Catholic and Protestant working for once in cheerful coöperation) have been carefully searched for material. There in serried ranks stand the terrible "protocols" of human inhumanity. Open a book at random, any book, and shrieks of horror will meet you from almost every page.

These old witch judges were systematic, if nothing else. They took no chances. They believed themselves engaged in a holy task.

A modern doctor trying to protect an important harbor against the threat of smallpox or cholera would proceed with no greater care. The witch was the microbe of the fourteenth and the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries.

The first witch with whom we became familiar when we were little children was the famous Witch of Endor, who played such a great rôle in the life of Saul, the famous Hebrew leader, who died some thirty centuries ago. But the Witch of Endor was not a witch in the modern sense of the word. The good translators of King James, who lived in an atmosphere devoted to that particular superstition, called the woman in question a "witch"—a conjurer who had dealings with spirits—and let it go at that.

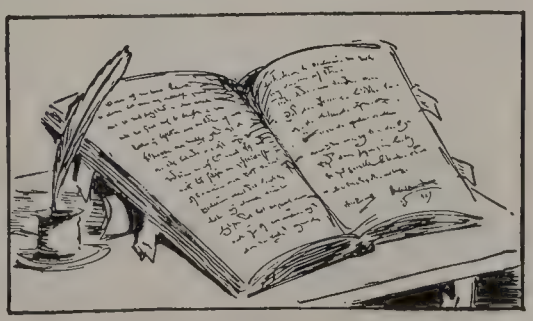
From a painting by John Hassall

"THE WITCH" ✣ ✣ During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries hundreds of innocent men and women in England were charged with conspiring with the Evil One

"THE EVIL EYE" ✣ ✣ From a drawing by Edwin A. Abbey, based on a legend of colonial times about an old crone who "had made a bargain with the devil"

As a matter of fact, she was something quite different. Nowadays we would have regarded her as a clever fortune teller, and nothing more dangerous than that.

Ever since the beginning of time man has run to crystal gazers and fortune tellers and soothsayers and necromancers to get secret information about the events of the immediate future. He is doing it to-day. Look at the advertising pages of any of the great English dailies and you will see what we mean. Spook doctors offer their services to bereaved parents and to ruined business men. Yogis, with and without turbans, are ready to tell the smitten girl just what sort of husband the handsome young man will make.



If you think that these superstitions are restricted to the so-called Nordic races, ask your Italian barber or your Sicilian grocer about the "evil eye" and see what will happen.

He will probably assume an air of great mystery. He will tell you to come closer and he will whisper into your ear some dreadful secrets about children deprived of their sight or their hearing by an old man or woman whom they met in the street. When you press him for further information and ask him why he did not have so wicked a creature arrested, he will go into hysterics and beseech you not to mention this sad occurrence to anyone lest great harm overtake him and his innocent family. Of course, he is merely repeating certain fairy stories which were already doubted by Pliny, and Pliny (as we all know) died in the year 79 when he was

trying to rescue some of his friends from the ruins of the Pompeian earthquake.

The belief in the "evil eye," however, must have been much older than the Roman Empire, for we find it in practically every country of Europe and Asia. As a child I remember the Dutch farmhouses with their broad stripe of black paint (about two feet from the ground), added to an otherwise simple architecture to keep away the influence of people with the "evil eye." The eternal "God bless you" of Irish peasant life was and is a perpetual antidote against the possible effects of the "evil eye." The Chinaman spitting behind his back obeys an atavistic impulse which has taught him that this flagrant bit of unhygienic exhortation will chase away the spirits loosened by his enemy with the "evil eye."

In Egypt when a baby falls sick it is due to an unknown foe possessed of the "evil eye." In Naples the vaguest of rumors about a newcomer with the "evil eye" will set the entire town into a state of utter panic, and the police have been called upon more than once to save perfectly harmless strangers from the wrath of an excited mob, trying to lynch the "*jettatore di bambini*," the much-dreaded sorcerer who gives babies the cramps.

From a painting by Salvator Rosa

"THE WITCH OF ENDOR"
Summoning before the eyes of Saul the vision of Samuel

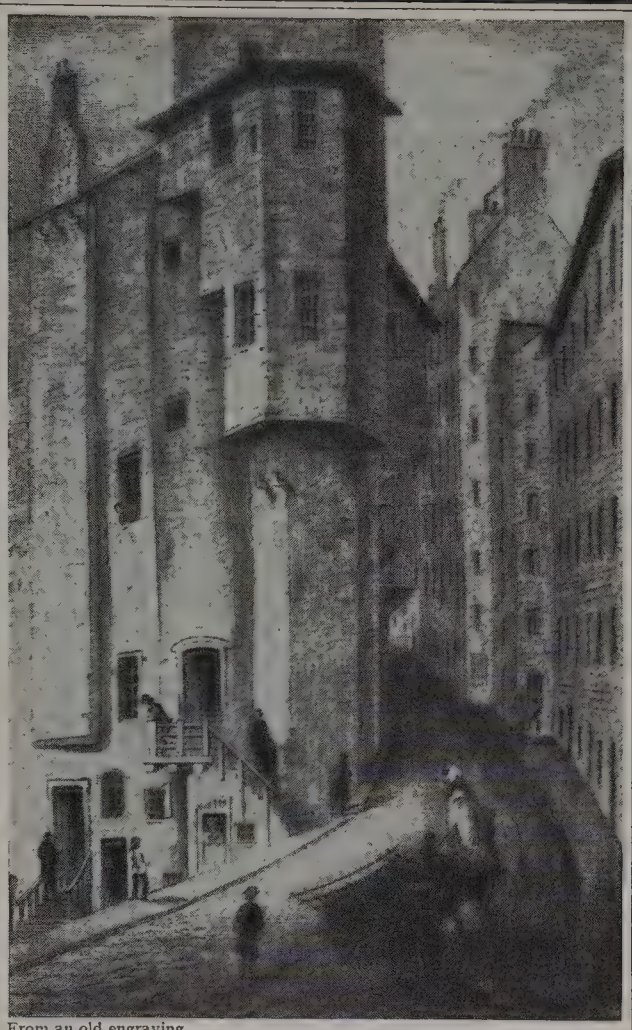
Entire German factories are devoted to fabricating charms and amulets against the effects of the "evil eye" in threescore countries.

But when all is said and done the modern scientists know as little about the "evil eye" as the Romans who coined the word "*fascinatio*," or "spell," which, as our modern "fascination," has come to mean "charm" rather than "evil."

The witch game, however, was something very different from spook-seeing and the hunting of old women with an ugly squint. It was played with human lives, and the odds were a hundred to one against the victim.

Some day a bright young man will write a book describing just how much harm has been done in this world by

well-meaning professors. It is our own firm belief and conviction that the historians were to blame for at least fifty per cent of the international hatred which made it possible for the people of this planet to indulge in the recent World War. They had proved the superior virtues of their own race, their own dynasties, their own citizens, with such irrefutable logic that there was no room for any other nation on the same continent.



From an old engraving

THE HOUSE OF THE WIZARD

In Edinburgh lived one of the most celebrated wizards of Scotland, Major Thomas Weir. With his sister Grizel he was brought to trial in 1670 and, after confessing to a compact with the devil, was sentenced to be strangled and burned. Their shocking story is presumed to have furnished the plot for "The Tragedy of Manfred," by Lord Byron

They had followed the rigid rules of expert scholarship, and no appeal to common reason could make them deviate an inch from the straight and narrow path of scientific method. When confronted with the result of that handiwork (or rather their brain-work) they would defend themselves by an appeal to our sense of justice. "We have," so they claimed, "always followed the rigid rules of logic and, as logic, according to us, is a law of nature, the results of our investigations must coincide with the ultimate purposes of supreme divine Providence."

The medieval Scholastics (the men of books and revealed authority) used the same argument when their enemies of the Renaissance attacked them for their lack of human understanding. They, too, had followed every rule of applied reasoning. If they had come to the conclusion that the world was inhabited by wicked witches, so much the worse for the wicked witches, but let a thousand old women and young girls perish rather than a single rule of Zeno, the Stoic philosopher, who gave the world its first conception of "logic."

The Scholastic of the early Middle Ages was an animated card catalogue. He was forever turning the entire universe into a "system." His system was, it is true, somewhat restricted and confined to that tiny part of the globe known as western Europe. But what of it? It served a good purpose. It stabilized society and it did away with all those doubts and soul-searchings which characterize our own inquisitive time. It spelled safety for the Pope

and safety for the emperor and safety for the learned doctors of the seven great arts.

Of course those elements of human society which, for one reason or another, refused to be classified and ticketed had the worst of it. And among those were the unfortunate and exotic creatures who came to be known as witches.

Originally, the belief that certain people had certain supernatural powers seems to have drawn no line between the sexes. The *Hexe* of early Teutonic days was a man quite as often as a woman. Frequently he or she was just an ugly black devil who bore no resemblance to anything human except the greedy luster of his or her little black eyes.

But the spook world of the old Germanic tribes (and that of the Greeks and the Romans) was really a "spook" world. It was wholly imaginary. It did not exist during the daytime. As soon as the rays of the sun had disappeared behind the distant horizon, the creepy citizens of the dark left their gloomy nooks and corners and began to play pranks upon their terrified neighbors.

Of course they were a terrible nuisance. They scared you out of your wits. But they were rarely wicked.

The German word *Poltergeist* still has that meaning. The *Poltergeist* teases you. He tweaks your nose and pulls your ears, but he does not blow the evil curse of the plague down the chimney of your humble home, and he does not destroy your harvest or put a curse upon your cows. All that was the work of the bad black witch who began her career early in the thirteenth century.

Unfortunately, the story of witchcraft has usually been told by professional historians. The subject more properly belongs to the brethren who make a specialty of nervous disorders.

The people who used to be regarded and treated as witches are still with us, but, generally speaking, they no longer frighten the community. Most of them are perfectly harmless and

From a drawing by J. Copland

ON THE SANDS OF DUMFRIES
In the southwest of Scotland, nine women charged with divers acts of witchcraft were put to death by burning in 1659

By Jean Paul Laurens

"THE LORD HIGH MAGISTRATE" In 1486 a papal bull was issued directing that witches should be burnt. Judges of the Inquisition were ordered "to rid the world of witches"

never attract the suspicions of their neighbors. The others are sent to a sanitarium and are treated kindly by their nurses and keepers. In the Middle Ages, however, when Satan was more than a name, when he was a tangible personality (seen and heard by thousands of people), every manifestation of female hysteria was directly attributed to his pernicious influence. A crazy woman was not an object of pity but a despicable character who had surrendered her soul willingly to His Majesty the King of the Dark. And she was treated with that scorn which we now hold in reserve for those who knowingly contract a preventable disease and thereby make themselves a menace to the community.

It is easy for us to deride the narrow-minded ignorance of the witch doctors. But they acted to the best knowledge of their day and age. They were the spiritual health officers of the medieval community. They would have failed in their holy duty had they allowed these wicked witches to corrupt others and spread the knowledge of those occult arts that meant slow but certain death to the otherwise imperishable soul.

The medieval community cooped up between the narrow walls of dark little cities and villages, at the mercy of a thousand unknown forces of nature, was always in a state of panic. Disease, a solar eclipse, a stroke of

lightning, a flood, all these were not the result of impersonal natural laws, but the direct manifestation of an evil will.

The community at large (with that strange sense of justice which is an integral part of all slightly civilized groups of human beings) was forever looking for someone whose personal wickedness had caused the disaster.

What more logical candidate for a civic scapegoat than an old woman who lived by herself and was therefore hated, or a young woman who preferred to live by herself and was therefore hated with even greater violence? These two groups of human beings seem to have suffered most of all.

It is very difficult to come to a correct estimate of the number of persons actually executed as witches. During the first half of the seventeenth century, one energetic witch-hunter (by the name of Carpzou) alone passed the sentence of death on more than fifteen thousand witches. At this rate, the number of victims must have run into several million—which seems incredible. More conservative historians place it at two or three hundred thousand—which is quite enough.*

It is equally difficult to decide which one of the great religious groups was the most energetic in the field of witch-baiting. Honors are about equally divided. Germany burned her witches as willingly as did Spain. And the young colonies along the New England coast were as suspicious of their witchy neighbors as the older ones in Mexico and Peru. Let it be said, however, in all fairness to the much-abused Puritans, that the witch craze in Salem did not last very long (only a little over a year), and that many arrested were eventually pardoned by the British governor.

THOMAS BEADLE'S TAVERN, SALEM
Where many of those charged with witchcraft were examined before trial

The South American colonies kept the tradition alive and did not stop the practice of burning witches until the middle of the nineteenth century.

Curiously enough, the highly cultivated soil of old Europe offered the best (or worst) field for the witch-hunting epidemics, which re-

* Note—Matthew Hopkins, appointed official witch-finder with a fat salary, traveled throughout England at the Government's expense. He had the right to arrest whomsoever he chose, and hundreds were hung through his efforts. Eventually he himself fell under the accusation of being a wizard, and was barely able to save his neck from the noose.

turned with the sad regularity of smallpox or cholera. And, as usual, the universities were the centers for the most malevolent attacks. Until driven out by the younger men of the Renaissance, the old schoolmen were undisputed masters.

ARRESTING A WITCH

They early forced their own intellectual ideals upon a docile community, and were forever on guard against the wicked dissenters who dared to deny the physical existence of myriads of demons and who refused to believe that old women, astride broomsticks, could joy-ride at night across the high heavens.

The Middle Ages (the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries especially) were an era of extremes. One half of the community lived too much and the other half did not live enough. People either drank to excess or abstained from all beverages except water. They either ate too much and too often or they fasted to the point of death, and they changed from one extreme to another with an abruptness incomprehensible to modern man.

The men of the learned world belonged (generally speaking) to the large army of those that say "Nay." They lived a most unhealthy existence. Their quarters were dark and damp. They partook of food that was none too fresh. For lack of decent drinking water, they consumed large quantities of highly seasoned wines. They shunned the society of women as they eschewed the companionship of the Evil One himself.

It does not take a profound student of human psychology to predict the result of such a life upon the mind of the patient. Witch-hunting became the privilege of old men who really belonged in a clinic for morbid psychology. The greater part of their published works is too revolting to be discussed in a decent and respectable journal of information.

Unfortunately, this period of intellectual abnormality was followed (with only the slight lapse of the Renaissance) by the endless religious wars that early in the seventeenth century turned Europe into a large slaughter house. Scholasticism, with its incredible desire for disputation and its insistence upon the hair-splitting systematizing of all things between heaven and earth, was

dead, but the spirit of the pedant went marching on. What had been seen and what had been feared in dreams was dragged forth (in somewhat different form) into the light of day. The printed literature pertaining to witchcraft of this whole period is of such utter filth that it had better be kept under lock and key in our public libraries. The "Hexen Sabbath" (the unspeakable orgies of witches and demons) became the highly popular center for all further witch studies. Faintly suspected early in the eleventh century, this feast rapidly grew in importance until it became an established fact to most people of the twelfth century, and was officially condemned by the Inquisition late in the thirteenth century. During the fourteenth century it was worth a man's life to express open doubt about the occurrence of this Satanic feast. And a hundred years later the witch had come into her own as a menace to society.

Those that are interested in details can turn to the different handbooks on witch torture, compiled by the contemporaries of Columbus. The Inquisitorial Manual for the year 1489 will tell him all he will care to know, but we do not guarantee that it will increase his respect for human reason.

In our day and age, when we like to reflect upon the great and lasting virtues of the masses, we are apt to blame emperors, rulers, and statesmen generally for all the folly of the past. Alas! the mob of three hundred years ago was the most relentless enemy of the witch. The howling crowd outside the jail turned every investigation into a farce, and applauded the most horrible cruelties with pious eagerness. The program of torture was endless. The accused women were subjected to an application of thumbscrews. Their hair was pulled out. They were half drowned in icy ponds, or they were forced to drink pints of hot water. They were made to repeat the Lord's Prayer when they could scarcely utter a word without an agony of pain. And if they survived any of these ignominious horrors they were supposed to be supported by the very devils who were to be excoriated, were therefore found guilty, and were condemned to be burned or hanged. There was no defending attorney. There was no appeal.

The fight against this particular manifestation of human unreason was long and bitter. The most brilliant minds of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries threw themselves into the fray and struggle for a recognition of the true pathological nature of the witch craze. Generally speaking, they have been successful. Except for the occasional lynching of a few witches in Russia, the world has been set free from this particular nightmare. The inevitable inquisitorial mind has found something else to occupy its attention. The age of sociological inquiry has come, and its manifestations are often feverish and frenzied. Whether the sociological "witch-hunter" will be more intelligent or tolerant than his predecessor the next hundred years will tell.

THE WITCH PANIC IN SALEM

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE
GRANDDAUGHTER OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

COTTON MATHER (1663-1728)
An American clergyman and author who took an active part in the Salem witchcraft persecutions

Fear has probably been responsible for as many crimes as deliberate evil. A frightened man or woman is something to be afraid of; a frightened community may give way to acts that will horrify the whole world. Salem, Massachusetts, in the dreadful months of 1692-93, gave proof of this fact, and murdered twenty innocent persons before its panic was cured.

It is difficult for us to-day to realize the actuality of the belief in the devil and his presence in this world of ours that inspired almost everybody in the seventeenth century. The wisest men of that time believed absolutely in the personal activity of Satan; Blackstone, oracle of British law, on whom not only England's law but also our own is founded, declared in positive terms that witches existed, and many lawyers and ministers agreed with him.

In 1690 Cotton Mather, who was one of the most important ministers of the Puritan Church in America, published a book in which he attempted to prove the existence of witches, and cited many cases of their power and their methods. A prodigious amount of discussion followed, till the minds of the people were filled with morbid fears and suspicions. In Boston, in 1688, an old Irish crone had been hanged for witchcraft on the testimony of the four children of John Goodman, a most respected citizen, and there had been executions in Charleston, Dorchester, and Cambridge, while a certain Mary Oliver, in 1650, had actually confessed to being a witch.

In the winter of 1691, several young girls of Salem met in the home of one Samuel Parris, a minister of the Gospel, to practice palmistry and other "magic" tricks under the tuition of a West Indian slave woman, Tituba by name. Presently two of this group, the two youngest, about ten and eleven years of age, were noticed acting queerly, and very soon two more joined them in what were described as curious antics—all seeming "strangely beset." They would creep into holes, or under tables and chairs; they made rambling, ridiculous speeches, odd gestures, and even fell down in fits. A

whisper ran through the town: "These children must be bewitched." Doctors could do nothing for them. Presently the girls began to speak of being obsessed by the old slave woman to whom they had been going for magic instruction.

Poor Tituba was forthwith seized, beaten, and threatened with worse unless she confessed. She admitted that she was a witch, and stated that she had signed a big red book, being urged thereto by the devil in person. This was in February. In a short time all of the ten girls that had met at Mr. Parris's were affected, and they began to accuse others, among them Goodwife Cory, saying that she bit, scratched, and strangled them.

The whole village was in a turmoil by this time, and the ten afflicted

THE "WITCH HOUSE," SALEM, AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY

Constructed about 1675, it became the scene of informal conferences during the residence of Justice Corwin, one of the judges that condemned to death the unfortunate citizens accused in 1692 of witchery. For years a myth has been extant that witch trials were held here; also that Roger Williams occupied the house, though actually he lived several blocks down the street, near the present Townhouse Square

THE "OLD OAKEN BUCKET HOUSE," GREENBUSH, MASSACHUSETTS

The inspiration of one of the most popular old American songs. It is said that a newspaper reporter named Woodworth one night in New York got to thinking of the happy days spent near this old house. Most vividly he recalled the cool, clear, refreshing water from the old well. So he sat down and wrote the words to "The Old Oaken Bucket." The bucket is now in a Boston museum. The same well with its sweep is still to be seen at Greenbush

"HOME, SWEET HOME," EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND

Special interest attaches to this old house of endearing memories by the fact that this is the hundredth anniversary of the composition and first hearing of the song "Home, Sweet Home." It was here that Payne spent his boyhood days. Years later, while in Paris, he wrote the libretto of an opera called, "Clari, the Maid of Milan," which was first sung in Covent Garden, London, on May 8, 1823. In this play, Payne inserted the immortal ballad, the music of which was composed by the leader of the orchestra, Sir Henry Bishop. Payne eventually found his way back to the home of which he sang so sweetly, but resumed his wanderings and died in Tunis, where he had been sent as American consul. A number of years ago the old house was purchased and restored by Mr. G. H. Buek, and old furniture of Payne's period has been placed there, besides many pictures and manuscript memorials, including a copy of "Home, Sweet Home" in the author's handwriting

BREVOORT MANSION, NEW YORK CITY

Henry Brevoort built it in 1838. Since 1857 it has been in the possession of the De Rham family. On the evening of February 24, 1840, the old Brevoort Mansion was the scene of the first masquerade ball ever given in New York, an affair of unparalleled social brilliancy. Matilda Barclay, daughter of Anthony Barclay, British consul to New York, and a young South Carolinian named Burgwyne attended the ball as two characters in Lalla Rookh: he was Feramorz, she was Lalla Rookh. They were devoted to each other, and in the small hours they slipped away together and were married. A scandal resulted that put an end to masquerade balls in New York City for thirty years

MORRIS-JUMEL HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

For over fifty years the social center of colonial New York life. With it is associated practically every name of importance of that period. It was built by Colonel Roger Morris, who married Mary Phillipse. There they lived in elegance and style until the house was confiscated after the Battle of Long Island (Morris was a Tory). The house is more famous for its association with Madame Jumel, the wife of a prosperous French merchant, who later married Aaron Burr. Among the distinguished guests whom Madame Jumel entertained there were Lafayette and Joseph Bonaparte

VAN CORTLANDT HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

Situated in the heart of one of New York's beautiful parks: It had its origin in 1681 when Governor Dongan built it as a block-house. This house was the center of important military operations during the Revolution, and was used by George Washington. No story of a house is complete without a love motive. That of Van Cortlandt House pertains to a Hessian officer named Rowe, who was mortally wounded nearby. The story relates that when Rowe realized that he was dying he sent for his fiancée and passed away in her arms

PHILLIPSE MANOR, YONKERS, NEW YORK

Here lived the richest man in New Amsterdam. The manor was built on an estate of several thousand acres granted to Frederick Phillipse by King William and Queen Mary in 1693. The stairway of this house was imported from Holland. Frederick Phillipse's daughter, Mary, who lived here, has often been mentioned as a belle of her time who was loved and wooed—but not won—by Washington

AS THE WITCH HOUSE LOOKED SEVENTY YEARS AGO

Frequent alterations made during the past 250 years have completely changed the face of the historic dwelling

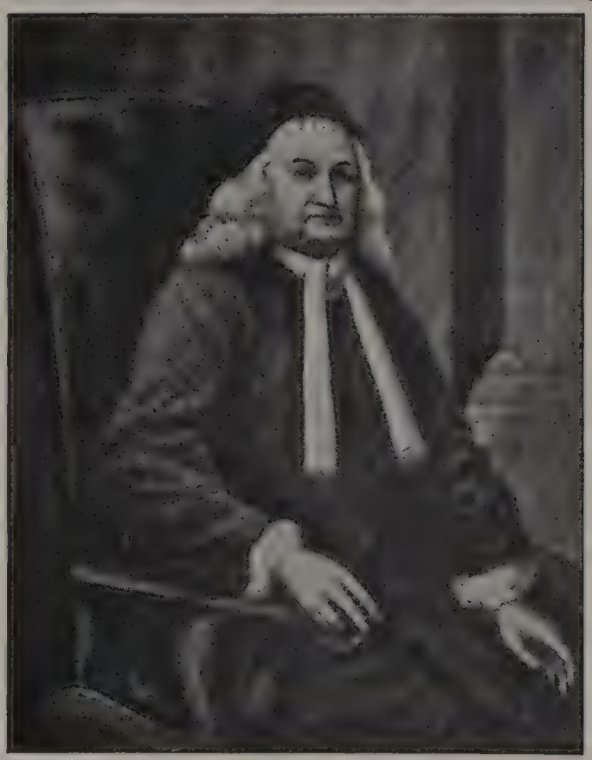
persons became the center of interest. Mr. Parris got testimony from the bewitched, and was eager for the punishment of the accused. A public hearing was held in April, presided over by six magistrates and several ministers of the Gospel. During the hearing, a Mrs. Proctor was "*cried out of*," as they put it, meaning that she was accused of being a witch. As she sank down in terror at the cries, her husband hastened to her side and endeavored to comfort her; upon which he too was "*cried out of*." So these went to prison with the slave woman and Goodwife Cory, and "a distract and melancholy old creature" called Sarah Osborne (or Osburn), and Rebecca Nurse. Fear was invading the hearts of the entire community—fear not alone of the witches and their evil spells, but fear of accusation, of being "*cried out of*." Cotton Mather got very much excited, and put all his eloquence and effort into the fight with the devil. Justice Hawthorne and Justice Corwin, with Marshal George Herrick, saw to it that everyone who was accused was hustled quickly into prison. And on June 10th one Bridget Bishop, who had been accused twenty years before of being a witch, but had escaped conviction, was hanged on the testimony of a sick man. Later, dying, this man confessed that he had lied about the old lady.

Sir William Phips had now become governor of the colony. He threw the

Photograph by Frank Leroy Cox

AN OLD WITCH HOUSE AT PIGEON COVE, MASSACHUSETTS

"The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger"



JUDGE SAMUEL SEWALL

Member of the commission appointed by Governor Phips to try the accused. After the ghastly delusion of witchcraft passed, Judge Sewall stood up in the Old South Church, Boston, with tears rolling down his cheeks, and made humble recantation. Ever after, so long as he lived, he kept a day of fasting and repentance once a year to manifest to the world his sorrow for the part he had played in the hideous drama

accused into chains, and for a while the torments of the afflicted ceased. This seemed to be pretty fair proof against the witches, so, later in the same month, five more were hanged, one of them being Rebecca Nurse. The jury first brought a verdict of "not guilty" in her case, but such a hideous outcry broke out within and outside the court that the jury was instructed to reconsider the case. So then they brought her in guilty and hanged her. Each and all protested innocence to the last. One Sarah Good, being urged by an official, Mr. Noyes, to confess, he saying that she knew she was a witch, replied that he was a liar. "I am no more a witch than you are a wizard," she cried, "and if you take my life, God will give you blood to drink." This incident was used by

From a painting by E. H. Mattison in the Essex Institute, Salem

"TRIAL OF GEORGE JACOBS"

Jacobs, a venerable citizen, highly respected in Salem village, was executed August 19, 1692

Nathaniel Hawthorne in his book "The House of the Seven Gables."

New batches were sent to prison, and the number of afflicted persons increased. On August 19th, five more were brought to be hanged on Gallows Hill. One of these was a minister, a Mr. Burroughs. On the ladder, with the noose about his neck, he gave so serious a speech, protesting his own innocence, that tears filled the eyes of many spectators, and there were murmurs that

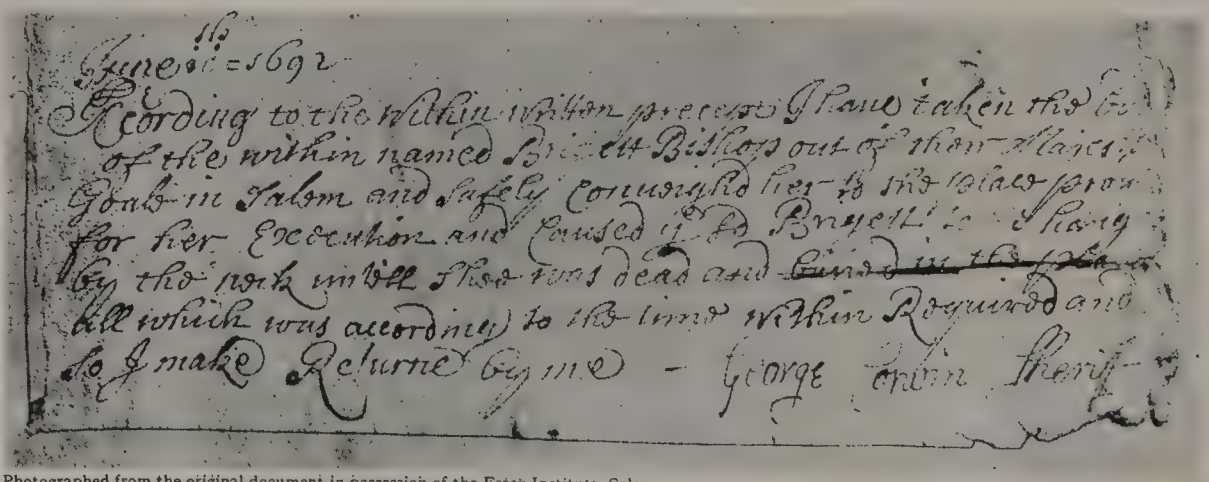
REBECCA NURSE'S HOME

In that part of old Salem now called Danvers. Protesting her innocence, Mrs. Nurse was imprisoned and hanged

matters were going too far. His accusers, thereupon, shrieked out that they could see a squat black man standing at his elbow and dictating to him, and so fear held all sympathizers silent. Another of this batch of five was a man, John Willard, who had been extremely active in running down suspected witches, when suddenly he was himself "*cried out of*" and hanged with the others. Giles Cory was next on the list. Seeing how the juries feared to give any acquittal, he refused to be tried, being "a bold stout man." But his stoutness helped him not, nor his courage. He was squeezed to death in a press, on September 16th, a ghastly and shocking execution.

THE PARRIS HOUSE
Where the Salem witch craze had its beginning

Less than a week later eight more went to their death. These eight were the last that were killed by their fellow countrymen, and Gallows Hill no longer knew the crowds that had come to look on at the deaths of men and women for the easing of their own superstitious hysteria. But the accusations still poured in. Among those accused was a Mrs. Hale, wife of a minister of Beverly. Minister Hale had been most eager in persecuting witches, but now that it was his wife who fell under



Photographed from the original document in possession of the Essex Institute, Salem

ATTESTATION OF THE EXECUTION OF BRIDGET BISHOP
The judges accepted the testimony that she had been seen to "go through a hole no larger than her hand," and forthwith condemned her to the gallows

Courtesy H. B. Beston

THE PARSON CAPEN HOUSE, TOPSFIELD, MASS.

A well-preserved relic of witchcraft times. The Rev. Joseph Capen strove unsuccessfully to protect his flock from fanatics. Three victims were taken from Topsfield village. One, Goody Wildes, was carried to her death at Salem by her son, the town constable

the ban he began to see a new light. Other "very sober people" were also accused. And now some began to think, and even to say, that perhaps the devil could take on a good man's shape merely to deceive people and to bring about the destruction of those he hated for their very goodness. This idea began to prevail with many, and gradually to gain influence enough to prevent further executions.

In fact, the storm was over. The madness disappeared almost as swiftly as it had come. In the early part of 1693, many were set free, and even those that had confessed to witchcraft were released. As soon as the panic died, the afflicted ceased to be harmed. Four years later Minister Parris was forced to resign, after a public acknowledgment of error and wrongful zeal. Those that had served on the juries admitted they had acted under delusion, and begged forgiveness

From a drawing by F. T. Merrill

IN SALEM NINETEEN WERE HUNG

"Through the streets of Salem rattled the cart that bore them to a hill overlooking the village. They climbed the ladder with the halter around their necks. . . . When life was extinct the bodies were thrown into holes, and earth heaped above them"

of their fellow men and of God. Those that had confessed declared the confessions had been forced from them in fear of torture and death. The bloody hands were washed; the bones of the dead were given decent burial, and Salem turned to other matters.

In order to appreciate just what this horrid chapter in human history meant, let us stop to consider that these ideas were held with just as entire a conviction as you give to the wonders of radio. The "Old Serpent" was considered to be everywhere about, driving the briskest business imaginable, bargaining for souls in every likely or unlikely spot, using strange and fearful spells to win his victims, having it in his power to offer all manner of worldly blessings in return for the article he needed to keep hell full. Under these conditions, you will understand what force they had, and with what terror and hatred a man or a woman accused of being one of these tools of the devil could inspire his neighbors. It is against this background of conviction and fear that the Salem delusion must be placed in order to be fairly seen.

Gallows Hill still stands, but both gallows and victims have vanished. The Witch House, although considerably changed in outward appearance, due to frequent alterations, may still be seen, now furnished and selling curios, and possibly still haunted—under the glimpses of the moon—by fantastic shapes of the delusion that ended so grimly in Salem's year of blood.

"ACCUSED OF WITCHCRAFT"
From a painting by Douglas Volk the elder, in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington

OLD AMERICAN HOMES AND THEIR STORIES

WITH PICTURES REPRODUCED FROM ART PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY MADE FOR THIS NUMBER OF THE MENTOR

BY SHERRILL SCHELL AND OTHERS

SCENE OF THE DEERFIELD MASSACRE

A house with tragic memories: Parson Williams' House in Deerfield, Massachusetts. The Indians massacred forty-nine colonists here in 1704. On the doors and wooden walls of the house can still be seen the marks left by the tomahawks wielded in the frantic hands of the bloodthirsty Indians. From this very house one hundred and eleven captives were taken away. Of these, twenty were killed on the way to Canada

"SHIRLEY"
"WESTOVER"
JUMEL MANSION
STANDISH HOUSE
"MOUNT VERNON"
PHILLIPSE MANOR
BREVOORT MANSION
UPTON SCOTT HOUSE
"HOME, SWEET HOME"
HANCOCK-CLARKE HOUSE
CHEW HOUSE
"MONTICELLO"
ALCOTT HOUSE
WHITTIER HOUSE
THE ADAMS HOUSES
THE OCTAGON HOUSE
DOUGHOREGAN MANOR
PEGGY STEWART HOUSE
VAN CORTLANDT HOUSE
"OLD OAKEN BUCKET" HOMESTEAD

BIRTHPLACES OF TWO PRESIDENTS

These two homes are typical of the humble surroundings from which some of our Presidents have sprung. Here were born John Adams and John Quincy Adams, and it was from this house that John Quincy's mother fled to the woods when the ominous sound of British cannon was heard on the seventeenth day of June, 1775

SOME of the old houses pictured here are familiar to most of us that have traveled and read American history and fiction. A number of these beautiful homes have endeared themselves to us largely by their association with some romantic story, or some historic individual or event. These historic and romantic associations suggested to us the idea of assembling a new set of pictures of these subjects. What has been sought in preparing this set has been a fresh and interesting point of view. Instead of the familiar book or magazine illustration, or souvenir picture, revealing the old houses bowered in summer foliage and with visitors grouped about, we have chosen different seasons of the year, or a special viewpoint, so as to set the subjects off to picturesque advantage.

We show the old Williams House at Deerfield, Massachusetts, in late springtime, and "Home, Sweet Home" at East Hampton, Long Island, in autumn, when the leaves strew the ground and the vines that clamber on the shingled sides of the old dwelling have turned to the sere and yellow. Mr. Sherrill Schell, known to Mentor readers by his fine artistic photographs of Mexico and Old Canada, has made most of these pictures. He set out upon a winter jaunt for The Mentor and brought back a number of exquisite photographs showing some of the most interesting old mansions in New England, the Middle States, and the South as they appear in winter time. Whittier's home, about which the poem "Snowbound" was written, is pictured *actually* snowbound. In the South, the famous old estate "Westover" is shown in summer time, and the home of the famous Carroll family of Maryland is shown wrapped in the snows of February. Our purpose has been to present these fine old houses in an unusual setting, so that the picture itself, as well as the story that accompanies it, may arouse a fresh interest in the minds of even those readers that have known about these historic places and are familiar with their stories.

A GLIMPSE OF WHITTIER'S HOUSE

The birthplace of Whittier and the scene of "Snowbound" stands on the road between Amesbury and Haverhill, Massachusetts. The picture shows the old farmhouse in a real New England winter setting and suggests the lines:

Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,
A universe of sky and snow!

HANCOCK-CLARKE HOUSE, LEXINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Where Paul Revere stopped on the memorable night of April 18, 1775, as he dashed over the countryside warning the inhabitants of General Gage's contemplated attack. The British general had two objects in view: one, the destruction of military stores in Concord; and the other, the capture of John Hancock and Samuel Adams. Both Adams and Hancock were sleeping in this house on that night. Thanks to Paul Revere's warning, they were both able to escape and depart without hindrance to attend the Congress in Philadelphia

"WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN?"

This is the house where the silent and unselfish suitor John Alden took his bride, Mistress Mullins, better known as Priscilla. It will be remembered that the gruff soldier Miles Standish admired the fair Priscilla and sent John Alden to plead his suit. The result of John's visit is well known. He was for fifty years a magistrate in the colony, and he and his wife lived a long time in the cottage built at Duxbury, Massachusetts, in 1653

STANDISH HOUSE, DUXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

The brusque and grim military leader of the Pilgrims lived the last years of his life in Duxbury, Massachusetts. Apparently his unsuccessful courtship of Mistress Mullins did not dishearten him nor turn him into a woman hater, for history relates that he married and had several children. This house was built by his second son, Alexander

ALCOTT HOUSE, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Better known as the Orchard House. Here Bronson Alcott, father of Louisa M. Alcott, and Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Channing met; it was here that the Concord School of Philosophy was born. Not far away was "Wayside," Hawthorne's home. It was here that Louisa M. Alcott wrote the first part of her ever-popular "Little Women." The house seems in such a real sense to be the home of Amy, Jo, Beth, and Meg that we can almost see them, in fancy, looking out of the window

THE OCTAGON HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The winter residence of Virginia's richest citizen, John Tayloe. It is better known as "The Dolly Madison House," for it was used by President Madison after the British captured Washington in 1814, and for more than a year was known as the Executive Annex. In this house President Madison signed the proclamation of the Treaty of Ghent, which ended the War of 1812

CHEW HOUSE, GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

On its lawns was fought the Battle of Germantown on October 4, 1777. It looks to-day just as it did on the day of the battle; on its walls can still be seen marks of cannon balls and musketry. On that day the British turned it so successfully into a fort that it caused the defeat of the Americans under Washington. The member of the family who owned the house during Revolutionary days was Chief Justice of the Province. One of the officers who took part in the historic attack was John Marshall, later Chief Justice of the United States

"MOUNT VERNON," VIRGINIA

The best loved and most revered of all American homes; where Washington spent his boyhood days, where he brought his bride, where he rested after serving his country, and where finally he passed on. Situated on the banks of the Potomac, overlooking the gracefully rolling hills of Fairfax County, within its walls has been collected everything obtainable associated with the life of "The Father of His Country." The room where he breathed his last has been preserved in its original furnishings

REAR VIEW OF "MOUNT VERNON"

This picture gives an excellent view of the domestic arrangements of "Mount Vernon." The building on the right contained the kitchen and the servants' quarters; all food was brought to the dining-room in the central building through the connecting covered portico. On the left was located the overseer's quarters. In the center of the quadrangle may be seen the sundial that for over a century has been consulted by visitors to "Mount Vernon"

JEFFERSON'S HOME, "MONTICELLO," CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

Thomas Jefferson, "The Sage," author of the Declaration of Independence, and second President of the United States, designed and supervised the construction of this stately mansion, which was his home. It was thirty years in building. He loved it so well that he never left it except when called away to serve his country. When Jefferson returned to "Monticello" after eight years at the White House, his fortune was greatly reduced; still his hospitality continued to be lavish. It is said that he entertained as many as fifty guests at one time in this house, and all were welcomed with a hospitality that has come to be synonymous with the South_

THE HOME OF CARROLL OF CARROLLTON

This is Doughoregan Manor, Ellicott City, Maryland—the aristocrat among colonial manors and the scene of many romances. The family seat of the Carrolls, it was the home of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence. The present city of Baltimore was first founded on sixty acres of land bought from one of the Carrolls

THE PEGGY STEWART HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

The type of house built after the style of eighteenth century, domestic English architecture. The modern porch gives it the appearance of a conventional suburban home. In the shadow of the porch, however, may be seen the graceful lines of the original door. It was the home of a prosperous merchant in Revolutionary days. Its original owner was Anthony Stewart, who on May 25, 1774, at the request of the citizens of Annapolis, ordered the tea-ladened brig "Peggy Stewart" publicly burned as a protest against the tea tax. This has been called the "Annapolis Tea Party"

"WESTOVER," THE HOME OF THE BYRDS

"Westover," the home of the Byrds of Virginia, recalls all that was best and brightest in early colonial days. Many illustrious guests were entertained there. There is a pathetic romance connected with "Westover," that of Evelyn Byrd, daughter of William Evelyn Byrd, "The Fair Evelyn" whose beautiful face painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller looks pensively down on the visitor to "Westover." The story of her unlucky love for Charles Mordant, the grandson of Lord Peterborough, is one of the famous romances of the South. "Refusing all offers from other gentlemen, she died of a broken heart," after her father frowned on her marriage to the man of her choice

"SHIRLEY," THE HOME OF THE CARTERS

One of America's oldest manors, having been erected about 1650, but more dear to the hearts of Virginians as the seat of the Carter family. Its interior is beautifully proportioned and richly furnished. Among the many fine old paintings that adorn its walls is a portrait of Washington by Peale. The death of the late master, Mr. Robert Randolph Carter. "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," cast a gloom over the entire state, for he was greatly beloved by all who knew him—a Southern gentleman of the old school

UPTON SCOTT HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

Where Francis Scott Key often visited his uncle Upton Scott, an Irish surgeon, who built this delightful house in 1760 for his bride, Elizabeth Ross. Here it was that Dr. Scott instilled the higher ideals of patriotism in the heart of his nephew, who later wrote the immortal words of "The Star-Spangled Banner." In Annapolis it is claimed that this is the house which Winston Churchill used as the home of his hero Richard Carvel

DUNCAN PHYFE

First and Best of American Furniture Designers

From a water-color drawing in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

DUNCAN PHYFE'S SHOP

Near the corner of Fulton and Church streets, New York City, on the present site of the Hudson Terminal Building

As we look at the pictures and read the stories of old American houses, it is pleasant to recall a man who made the fine cabinet work that many early American mansions contained—the man who has been called the American Sheraton; the first man to make furniture of good style and craftsmanship in America—Duncan Phyfe.

Phyfe was a young cabinet maker who had immigrated with his family from Scotland and settled in Albany, New York. About 1790 he left his business there, and came down the river to the metropolis, which was then beginning to recover from the confusion and distress of the Revolution. Soon he had the good fortune to attract the patronage of the well-to-do Astor family. His work became the vogue among families of wealth, and his order books contained the names of the most influential persons in New York and surrounding counties.

The first Duncan Phyfe shop was on the present site of the Hudson Terminal Building, near the corner of Fulton and Church streets, New York. As trade increased, warerooms and a dwelling house were added. Here, until he was eighty years old, America's first, best, and most famous cabinet maker carried on his business assisted by his sons. He died in 1854.

Early in his career, Phyfe followed the Heppelwhite and Sheraton lines, but later adopted prevailing modes in French furniture. He established in this country the "American Empire" style, which persisted until the middle of the nineteenth century. Sometimes he met the tastes of his patrons by producing tables and chairs that were over-rich with ornament, but the workmanship of his pieces was unfailingly sincere, and his skill in finishing unsurpassed. Searching out fine woods was a passion with him. He preferred mahogany, but occasionally used rosewood, satinwood, and bird's-eye maple. Walter Dyer, who has made a special study of early American craftsmen, says dealers used to mark the best mahogany from Cuba and San Domingo "D P," and they called selected sticks "Duncan Phyfe logs." Phyfe had his own lumber yard near his place of business, where he seasoned the wood. Peter Cooper made his glue.

If Phyfe employed ornament—carving or brass mounts—it was always so disposed as to emphasize harmonious lines. Phyfian chairs were notable for their deep seats and comfortable arms and backs. The use of the lyre, acanthus, and wheat motives, and of panels, plain moldings, and reedings, was characteristic. Dignity, grace, and restrained embellishment marked his early product. Later he made concessions to a popular demand for bulky outlines and florid carving, which he himself dubbed "butcher furniture."

About one hundred pieces by the expert Scotchman are to-day preserved in collections, public and private. The value of his best tables, chairs, and sofas has trebled, and when in 1922 the Metropolitan Museum of Art arranged a loan exhibit, more than 25,000 persons came to see and admire. In the splendid new wing to be erected by the museum for the display of American period furnishings, a worthy place will be reserved for the pioneer, Duncan Phyfe.

Maria Allston.

BEN FRANKLIN'S POLLY BAKER

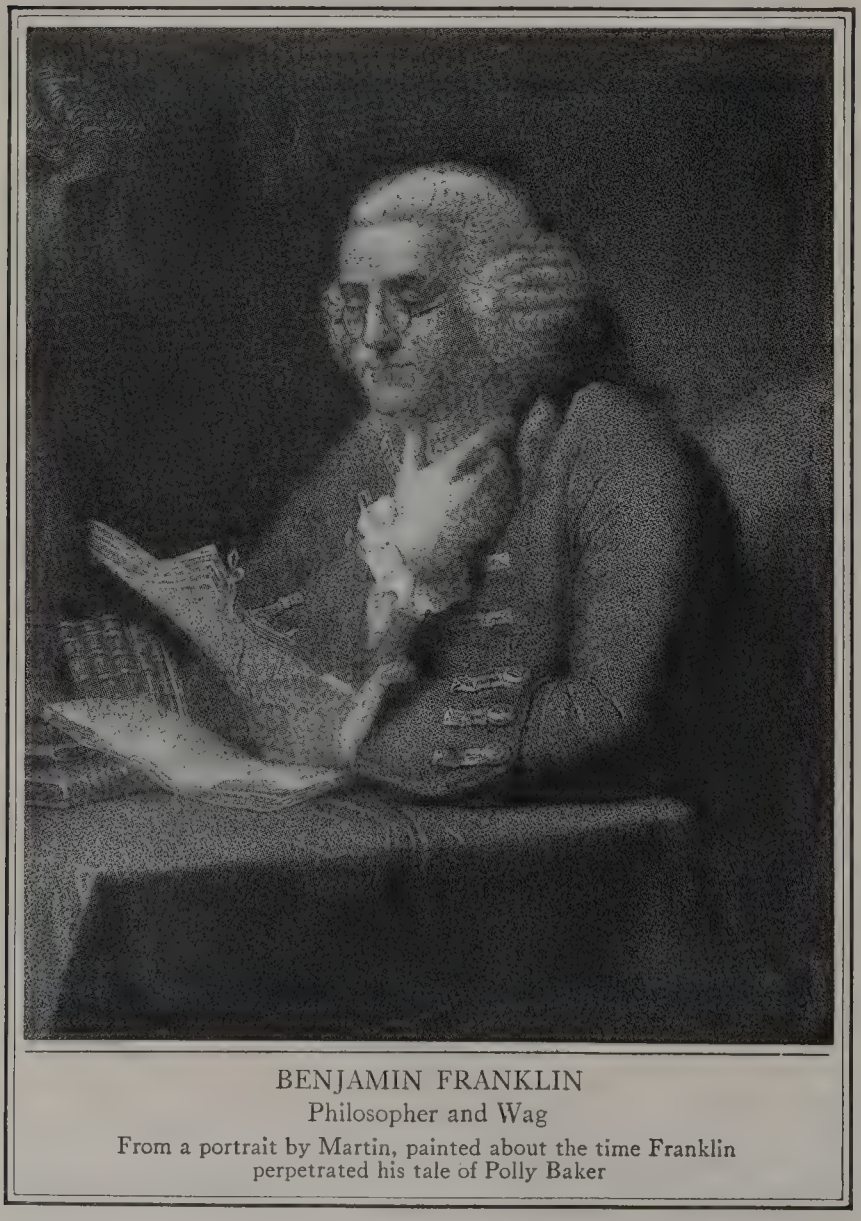
BY CHRISTOPHER ROLFE

"Ben Franklin," said Walpole, "gave a new color to his age." Because he lived in it, his century was a livelier one. Fertile in new ideas, his mind frequently busied itself with fancies that had nothing to do with diplomacy, science, or literature.

Franklin was so fond of jesting and romancing that he scarcely included Truth in the list of cardinal virtues. "Poor Richard's Almanack" contains twelve hundred maxims extolling thrift, temperance, order, industry, but very few that urge the merits of truth-telling.

The most effective hoax invented by Franklin—probably the most effective and lasting one ever invented by anybody—had for its heroine a native of New England, a supposititious Miss Polly Baker. A speech, said to have been made by her before an imaginary bar, founded a philosophy of morals, had an effect on the revolution of the French, and cast a cloud on the reputation of the female sex in the Colonies. For upward of thirty years, Franklin observed in secret amusement the perpetuation of the myth, and the controversy it aroused.

"The Gentleman's Magazine," a London periodical made up of miscellaneous oddities, was well known in America; occasionally Franklin contributed to it. The issue of April, 1747, printed the address of "a poor, unhappy woman with no money for lawyers," delivered "before a Court, at Connecticut near Boston in New England." Though summoned for the fifth time to answer the charge of bringing hapless children into the world, her plea was so spirited and convincing that, according to the account in the magazine, she was freed, and the following day one of the judges married her.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
Philosopher and Wag
From a portrait by Martin, painted about the time Franklin perpetrated his tale of Polly Baker

The story of Polly Baker's trial was copied wherever English was printed, and was translated into several languages. A writer of the time said this declaration of woman's normal and personal rights was "in the hands of every English reader."

Abbé Raynal, French political historian and author of the most influential book of his epoch, used Polly Baker's speech to indicate the growth of independent thought in the American Colonies. The book was publicly burned by the Parliament of Paris, and the author fled for his life.

An English infidel, Peter Annet, who published Polly Baker's defense with notes, was sentenced to Newgate Prison, London, and forced to stand twice in the pillory "for propagating blasphemous, irreligious, and diabolical opinions."

A letter published in "The Gentleman's Magazine," inspired, it is believed, by Franklin, identified the wife of the chief justice of Mas-

Miſs POLLY BAKER's *Speech.* 175

The SPEECH *of Miſs* POLLY BAKER, *before a Court of Judicature, at* Connecticut *near* Boſton *in* New-England; *where ſhe was proſecuted*

MAY it pleaſe the honourable bench to indulge me in a few words: I am a poor unhappy woman, who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, being hard put to it to get a tolerable living. I ſhall not trouble your honours with long ſpeeches; for I have not the preſumption to expect, that you may, by any means, be prevailed on to deviate in your ſentence from the law, in my favour. All I humbly hope is, that your honours would charitably move the governor's goodneſs on my behalf, that my fine may be remitted. This is the fifth time, gentlemen, that I have been dragg'd before your court on the ſame account; twice I have paid heavy fines, and twice have been brought to publick puniſhment, for want of money to pay thoſe fines. This may have
A been agreeable to the laws, and I don't diſpute it; but ſince laws are ſometimes unreaſonable in themſelves, and therefore repealed, and others bear too hard on the ſubject in particular circumſtances; and therefore there is left a power ſomewhat to diſpenſe with the executi-
B on of them; I take the liberty to ſay, that I think this law, by which I am puniſhed, is both unreaſonable in itſelf, and particularly ſevere with regard to me, who have always lived an inoffenſive life in the neighbourhood where I was born, and defy my enemies (if I
C have any) to ſay I ever wrong'd man, woman or child. Abſtracted from the law, I cannot conceive (may it pleaſe your honours) what the nature of my offence is. I have brought five fine children into the world, at the riſque of my life; I have maintain'd them
D well by my own induſtry, without burthening the townſhip, and would have done it better, if it had not been for the heavy charges and fines I have paid. Can it be a crime (in the nature of things I mean) to add to the number of the king's ſubjects, in a new country
E that really wants people? I own it, I ſhould think it a praiſe-worthy, rather than a puniſhable action. I have debauched no other woman's huſband, nor enticed any youth; theſe things I never was charg'd with, nor has any one the leaſt cauſe of complaint againſt me,
F unleſs, perhaps, the miniſter, or juſtice, becauſe I have had children without being married, by which they have miſſed a wedding fee. But, can this be a fault of mine? I appeal to your honours. You are pleaſed to allow I don't want ſenſe; but I muſt be ſtupefi-
G ed to the laſt degree, not to prefer the honourable ſtate of * wedlock, to the condition I have lived in. I always was, and ſtill am willing to enter into it; and doubt not my behaving well in it, having all the induſtry, frugality, fertility, and ſkill in œconomy, appertaining to a good wife's character. I
H defy any perſon to ſay, I ever refuſed an offer of that ſort: On the contrary, I readily conſented to the only propoſal of marriage that ever was made me,

FRANKLIN'S JOKE IN SERIOUS GUISE

Facsimile of a page of "The Gentleman's Magazine" for April, 1747, from which Polly Baker's story was broadcasted in several languages in many lands

sachusetts as the original Polly Baker. A sensational slander suit was barely averted by the printing of a retraction by the editor.

During all these years, while the fable of Polly Baker continued to spread throughout Europe and America and stir up trouble for those that propagated it, Franklin lisped not a syllable to set things right. The secret would probably have died with him but for a chance meeting with Raynal when Franklin, then an old man, was on an official mission in Paris. Challenged by someone in the group to verify certain statements in his book, the Abbé asserted that for the story of Polly Baker and her eloquent apology he had "*unquestionable authority.*" Dr. Franklin, convulsed with laughter, thereupon made confession that he was the author of Polly Baker, and that such a trial as the one reported had never occurred in Massachusetts or anywhere else. When the gallant Abbé had recovered his composure he replied: "Oh, very well, Doctor, I had rather relate your stories than other men's truths." And to its last edition his book continued to expound the philosophy of the fictitious Polly.

STARTLING REVELATIONS OF PRIMITIVE NEGRO SCULPTURE

BY MARY SIEGRIST

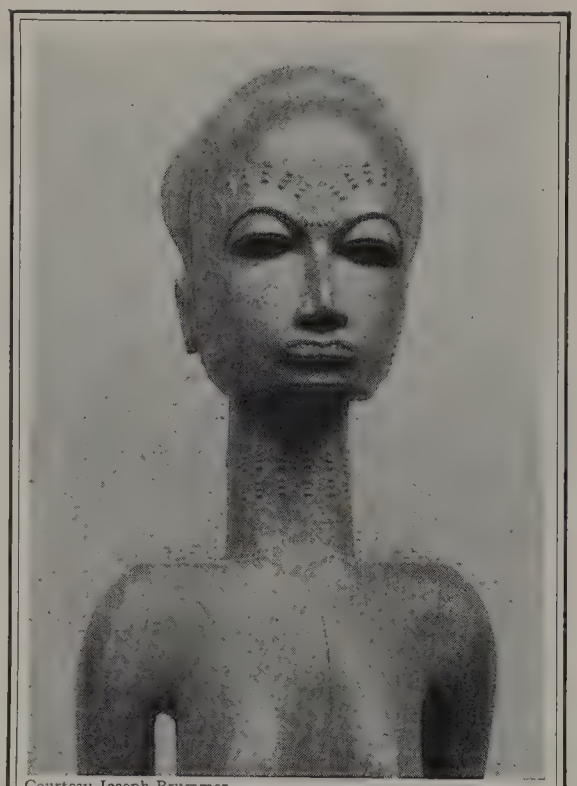
Of the origin and development of Negro sculpture we know almost nothing. Research for informational background—just why and where and how this strange art first came into being—yields little that is more than conjecture.

The figure of a woman wearing an oddly contrived but effective Egyptian headdress is one of the most interesting examples in a collection of African sculpture that has been brought to America. The anatomy is distorted and unnatural from the modern standpoint — the legs are too short, the neck too long—yet the figure has somehow an integrity of its own.

A horned mask embodies the idea of a punitive deity. The grotesque figures of a god and goddess seated in solemn judgment on a throne supported by pygmy slaves carved on its pedestals are reminiscent of an early Egyptian dynasty. All of these figures have the bodies tattooed in triangles, crosses, and oblongs. In the treatment of these tattoo scars the marvelous finish of these sculptures is most evident. They are always rendered in relief, which means that, unlike most sculptures, the artist has laboriously cut away the whole surface around them. This patient elaboration of the surface, due perhaps to the feeling of endless leisure, is characteristic of most of these works.

These African sculptors really conceive of form in three dimensions, unlike archaic European sculpture—both Greek and Romanesque—which approaches art from the point of view of bas-relief. The strange thing about these sculptures is that there is no trace of this process. Some of these examples show a subtlety and refinement of feeling comparable to that of the finest Oriental craftsmen.

In Africa were five racial stocks —the Bushman, the Negro, the Hamite, the Semite, and the Libyan. The Negro had his origin in the neighborhood of the great lakes, from which he penetrated along the fringe of the Sahara to the west and across the eastern highlands southward. From the southern fringe of the Sahara and the upper valley of the Nile to the Cape, the country is peopled chiefly by Negroes and transitional tribes.



Courtesy Joseph Brummer

NEGRO STATUE

Modeled possibly ten centuries ago. The headdress symbolizes the embodiment of mystery

In just what part of Africa did the Negro sculptors live? We are not certain. While some may have lived along the western coast of Africa, most of them were scattered throughout the interior. The natives of the Ivory Coast, which is near the confines of a great forest belt rich in palm trees, and was first made known by the Portuguese toward the end of the fifteenth century, may have reached a very high state of culture. It is they who weave cloth, make pottery, melt iron, and so it is reasonable to suppose that sculpture may have been among their arts some ten centuries ago—perhaps even longer. In the early part of the nineteenth century French traders had established themselves along this coast and formed a French West African colony—one which today has a population of about two million. It was they who carried these rare examples of African sculpture over to Europe and sold them to French artists and art dealers. Among those who bought them and were profoundly influenced by their art were Matisse, Picasso, Derain, and other moderns. Cubistic art and other forms of impressionism gathered momentum from the study of these sculptures, if indeed they were not actually derived from them.

FISHING AND FISHER-FOLK

BY JOHN D. WHITING

© Edwin Levick, N. Y.

GLOUCESTER MEN

Splendid types of the sturdy men who sail out of Gloucester in all weathers, fair or foul, to fish off the Newfoundland banks

THE *Epic of Fishing: How men, for centuries, have toiled in the deep waters and dragged them for food; heroic men, sons of the sea, hardy, grim, and venturesome, with viking strength and courage. This is their story—and the story of fish industry and commerce—fishing for food, fishing for a living, and fishing for big adventure.*

RETURNING WITH A CATCH

A fishing schooner—all sail set with "kicker" helping—beating back to port with hopes of reaching it in time for the early market

The MENTOR

Vol. 11
No. 6

SERIAL
NO. 245

JULY, 1923

FISHING AND FISHER-FOLK

The Story of Fishing from Its Beginning

BY JOHN D. WHITING

© U. & U.

ON THE SEA OF GALILEE

To this day, men following in the footsteps of Peter and Andrew put out on Galilee to return sometimes with the lament, "We have toiled all night and caught nothing"

Fishing is as old as is mankind, and written history does not go back to its beginnings. The most ancient records refer to fishing as an old established thing.

The Old Testament speaks familiarly of fish-hooks, and compares a woman's eyes to fish pools. Fishermen played an important part in the life of Egypt six thousand years and more ago. The paintings on Egyptian tombs show fishermen at work using drag-nets, hooks, and lines, and also bronze harpoons. The Red Sea, the Nile, and the artificial lakes gave employment to a host of dark-skinned fishermen, and supplied sea food for all the tribes of Egypt. For the trick of drying and curing fish—something not evolved in Europe till the fourteenth century—was known to these remarkable narrow-headed Africans some six thousand years ago!

The tribes along the upper Nile each had their "sacred" fish, and when tribal wars occurred it was quite "the thing" to catch and eat the fishes worshiped by a foeman's tribe. The Egyptians were not deep-sea fishermen. Their boats were not built for rough and windy waters, and it is thought that they seldom ventured far from land. They were, primarily, lake and river men—"tenderfeet" compared to the rugged sea rovers of more recent times.

One part of the story of the fishermen is flooded with the brightest light of history. That is where Christ found his first disciples among the fishermen of Galilee. This was not an accident, but a natural outgrowth of the character developed in the type. Living in the open all year round, where "the infinite sky is mirrored in the vast and changeful sea," a man becomes patient, humble, simple, open-hearted. Their lives are a continual venture, a mortal risk, and grim hard labor, with little relief—and the end is often tragic.

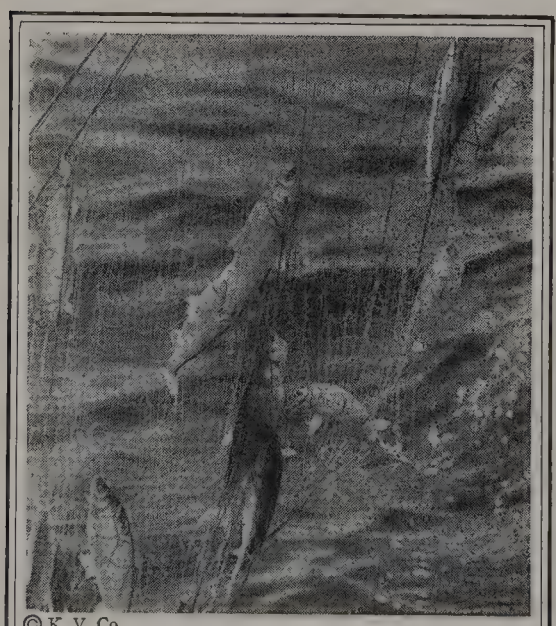
When Christ brought the fishermen of Galilee the "miraculous draught" of fish, they were dragging from their boats a great sunken net, bringing the ends of it together as they neared shallow water. You can see this done to-day in the sky-blue waters of Galilee. There has been no change of method in these nineteen hundred years. All over the civilized world the same thing is true; we have no important tool of the fisher's craft —with the one exception of the trawl-net—which was not known in the days of Christ.

AS THEY FISHED IN PHARAOH'S TIME

And as they still do on the Nile to-day. Fishing is carried on with lines and nets just as it was four thousand years ago

The classic Greeks were splendid fishermen and, living on mountainous islands, where farm land is scarce, sea food had a prominent place on their bill of fare. Thunnies (now called tunny) were the staple of their diet—big fish, weighing sometimes quite a thousand pounds. The Greeks and Romans caught them by a most unpleasant method. They would drive a school of thunnies into harbors or lagoons and there beat the fish to death with harpoons and clubs. The Italians, in Sardinia, still practice this brutal method on the unhappy thunnies of to-day.

The Greeks and Romans caught a great variety of fish, including cod, mackerel, whiting, perch, and many other kinds that still grace our modern dinner tables. The Romans were never remarkable as fishermen, considering the tremendous coast-line they commanded. But with the decay of the empire—where men had lived on captured wealth and food given free by the state—the Italians began to look to the sea for a living. To-day, over twenty thousand fishing boats hail from Italian ports. And such boats! What a blaze of warm and mellow colors, with their striped hulls and orange patched sails on a sky-blue ocean!

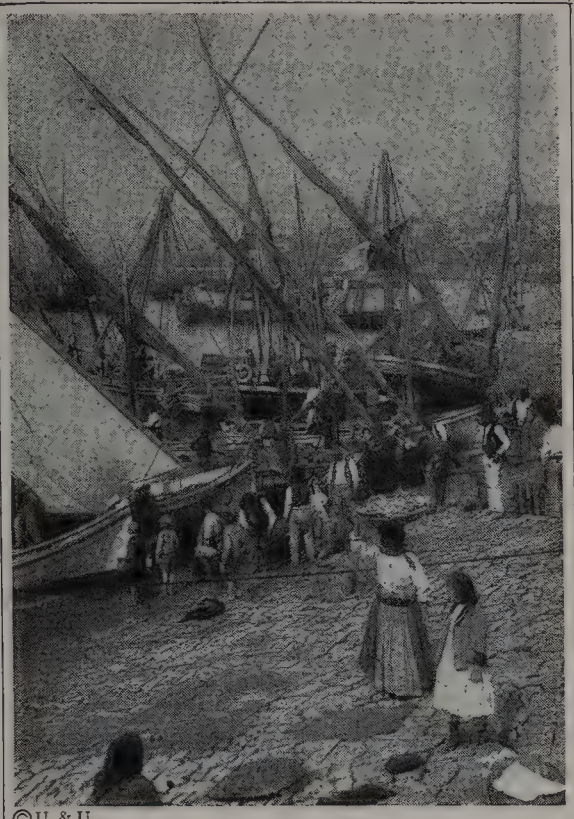


© K. V. Co.

CAUGHT IN THE NET

A common sight when a fisherman strikes a lucky ground. Net after net, heavy with fish, is pulled aboard to be rushed to the markets along the coast

The deep-sea fishermen of medieval times were a rough breed, primitive and very superstitious. But they kept sailing farther and farther from land, and their tarry nets sounded all the ocean depths



©U. & U.

SCENE ON LISBON'S WATER FRONT

The frail Portuguese fishing boats worm their way through the harbor shipping, slide their noses on the sloping stone-paved beach, and droop their red-brown sails. And then, amid a forest of masts, a babel of voices rises as the boats are unloaded and the day's catch sold

of Europe. They fished in advance of the traders and "skirmished ahead of the Church," naming islands, rocks, and shoals hitherto uncharted. They discovered fishing grounds of enormous value, and their work began to be a factor of importance. Kings and parliaments made laws to regulate their actions, and so settle sharp disputes over fishing rights.

For centuries the Norwegian vikings were the greatest fishermen of Europe. That was before they turned to piracy and war as more varied and amusing than hooking codfish. These superb sailors who conquered half of Europe are another proof that deep-sea fishing is the cradle of sea power, the best training for the navies of the world.

The viking boats were strong and yet of graceful, "speedy" lines. Double-bowed like canoes, they were broad of beam and had easy buoyant "run" at bow and stern. The hull was painted in horizontal stripes, and the one square sail was decorated, too, in gorgeous hues, with sea-serpents, stars and moons, etc. A viking fleet on the greenish-gray North Sea looked like a royal pageant.

Norway and Sweden still have off their coasts some of the richest fishing regions in the world. Cod in enormous numbers, mackerel in legions, herring in large but spasmodic migrations make those lovely northen seas a fisherman's paradise. Norway alone has caught more than thirty-five million mackerel in a single season, and every year she exports great quantities to England. The viking race, blood of Olaf and Leif Ericson, has not forgotten how to handle boats or capture fish, and now, a thousand years since the vikings "got religion,"

©U. & U.

FISHING IN A NORWEGIAN FIORD

Typical of the temperament of the Nordic race. Compare this solitary fisherman surrounded by austere grandeur with the gay group under summer skies pictured above

it boasts a host of able fishermen, "tall like their ships, with the sea in their eyes and the brine on their lips."

And how about the women? Many Scandinavian fishwives share the heavy work and peril of their husbands' lives. Their yearly record is as good as that of the men, but more of them are lost at sea. They lack the "inherited power" which makes their blond brothers as much at home in small boats as in their mothers' laps.

The seas around the British Isles fairly swarmed with herring away back in 1295, when Edward the First (that most English of all English kings) kindly gave the Dutch permission to catch fish off Yarmouth. As the herring trade grew to mammoth proportions, it became a bone of international contention, and England lived to rue that easy-going promise made by her manly but short-sighted king. She lived to see her navy fighting for its life against a nation whose supremacy was built on herring!

But that very navy was manned mostly by her fishermen, who have been more than once the iron shield of England.

A herring—when it is pickled—can be kept and sold to distant markets, and that was the secret of Dutch prosperity. She owed it to the genius of an Englishman—William Belkinson by name—who rediscovered the old Egyptian trick of curing and pickling fish. To this invention the British Government was indifferent, but the Dutch—always shrewd business men—grasped

K. V. Co.

A PORT OF MISSING MEN—ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

Many a "banker" has sailed out of the bottle-shaped mouth never to be heard of again. Grim walls and drifting fog contribute to the haunting note of gloom. Along the water's edge are straggling "cod flakes," where the fish are cured. The Great Banks of Newfoundland, six hundred miles long and two hundred miles wide, lie a day's sail to the south. Frequented by hardy fishermen of all the world since the island's discovery in 1497, these incalculably rich fishing grounds laid the foundation of the empire won by England in the New World

the possibilities of enormous profit and adopted Belkinson at once.

By the end of the fifteenth century the Dutch were selling pickled herring to the rest of Europe at the rate of twenty million dollars' worth a year! This in addition to the fish consumed in Holland. Truly, Dutch prosperity was mostly made of fish, and Holland's "toilers of the sea" were of vital value to the nation. Each year they drew more wealth from the sea than France or England could produce by all their manufactures! However, the "lion's share" of Holland's herring trade has passed into the hands of the British, who now catch nearly two billion herrings a year. Belkinson's herring cure, after many years, came home to the island of his birth.

© K. V. Co.

SOON TO BE DRIVEN FROM THE SEA

A full-rigged ship—a whaler—being towed out of New Bedford on a last great adventure in search of the sperm whale. One hundred years ago, American ships such as the *Wanderer* covered the Seven Seas. Those were the days of "wooden ships and iron men," instead of the modern era of "iron ships and wooden men"

Henry the Eighth was still marrying and disposing of his wives when daring fishermen from Britain and the continent crossed the Atlantic to try the waters of the new-found world. And it was off Newfoundland, amid fogs, shoals, and icebergs, that they struck the best cod-fishing grounds they'd ever known. The French and Portuguese began to swarm across the ocean, mostly in pinnacles of some fifty tons. Flush-decked boats they were, without the great high bulky sterns, but otherwise rigged much like the galleons and caravels of the great Spanish Armada. It must have taken "grit" to cross the unknown ocean in those clumsy, leaky boats. The voyage took several months at best, and these poor fishermen often ran out of food or of drinking water, dying in their cramped quarters while their square-rigged boats rode out the long gales and mountainous seas.

In 1607, Henry Hudson sailed from London in the old ship *Hopewell*, with a crew of only ten. Aiming to find a northwest route to China, he happened on the famous Greenland whaling grounds. "Right" whales had been hunted for five hundred years by the hardy fishermen of Spain's Basque provinces, but they were becoming scarce, and whale products, oil and bone, were in demand in Europe. Fancy, then, the delight of these Englishmen when the

seas around their ship became alive with monsters larger than the Spanish whales, and in far greater numbers.

The British tried to "corner" the Greenland whale trade, but a whale isn't easily concealed, and the Dutch were soon up there in force. They succeeded, in fact, in beating out all rivals, and Dutch ports soon overflowed with whale oil. By the year 1670, Holland was getting nearly eight hundred whales a year, a record to be beaten later by our Yankee whalers from New Bedford.

Brown Bros.

SNOW, TOO, HAS TO BE FACED

When snow, sleet, and ice are added to the normal discomforts of life on a fishing smack, conditions become unbearable except to those that have earned the title "salts"

The implements and methods of fishing, as we know, have hardly changed since the earliest times. The one great change has been the use of the trawler, which was an English innovation. The trawler tows a great, funnel-shaped trawl-net so arranged as to be a perfect trap for fish. The upper edge is floated on a horizontal beam and the lower edge—or "ground rope"—sweeps the ocean bottom. The reliable speed of steam trawlers and the great size of the nets they can tow has resulted in hauls of enormous quantity and value.

But the world will always remember British trawlers for the "fish" that they caught during the great war—hostile mines and lurking submarines. There is nothing finer in the story of the fishermen than the way these poor, rough men, without uniforms, publicity, or fame, labored night and day at the risk of instant death to sweep the seas of their hidden terrors. Splendid service in clearing the "undersea blockade" was given by England's "silent navy"—her hardy, unprotected fishermen.

The French are devoted fishermen. Nearly fifty years ago they were sending over four hundred ships a year to the codfish grounds off Iceland and Newfoundland. Off Newfoundland, France was one of the first comers, and still has a good-sized fleet, based on the French island St. Pierre. But the ships she sent were mostly time-worn barks, not quite fit for the long and stormy crossing, and grim tragedies of ships and men gone down mark the story of old France on our fishing grounds.

Thousands of fishermen from Normandy and Brittany compete with their northern rivals on the herring grounds. They are splendid fishermen, but, here again, are handicapped by lack of first-rate boats. Their vessels are not fitted to accommodate large hauls of fish and bring them home in good condition for the market.

Nets are the Chinaman's favorite lure, and they are very intricate, including all the kinds we know and many more besides. But his most distinctive method is to get a bird—the cormorant—to do his fishing for him.*

Across the Yellow Sea lies that island empire whose whole population lives mainly on fish, rice, and fruit. Just imagine the amount of fish consumed by over forty million people who have no other flesh food! The Japanese islands swarm with fishermen; there are nearly eighty thousand just in Nagasaki! And, on the average, two thousand die each year in the sudden storms that burst upon those island shores. Bonito and tai are the most important of their catches, but they bring home in their picturesque boats an enormous variety of oriental "flappers."

It is interesting to reflect that the great Japanese navy, now the third largest in the world, could not have sprung into effective being with such dramatic speed unless manned by deep-sea fishermen. For Japan was still a hermit nation without a foreign trade of any size, and the fishermen that thronged her coasts were the only deep-sea sailors that she had.

On the smaller islands of the vast Pacific naked brown-skinned natives fish with uncanny skill. The Solomon Islands, in particular, have a most interesting variety of method. Net and hook and line are used in every conceivable way, but the native genius is most conspicuous with those good old stand-bys, the spear and bow and arrow!

From a pier-like structure built out into the water the natives hurl their spears at gliding shapes below them, and so keen are their eyes, so well tuned are their nerves, that a spear rarely fails to pierce a scaly victim. Shooting fish with bow and arrow is even more of a feat, one which seems impossible to a European. But these supple islanders do it.

Bonito and makasi are the largest fish which are caught in any numbers by the natives. The bonito is about as large as a man, and puts up a lively fight before it will surrender. If hooked it has to be afterward speared, and it requires two men,

Painting by J. D. Whiting

THEY WENT BACK FOR THE DOG

Dogs feel at home aboard ship, and their devotion to their shipmates is no greater than the crew's attachment to the boat's mascot. A mongrel pup has saved a ship by scenting approaching disaster, and many a ship's company has risked life and limb to save their four-legged "matie"

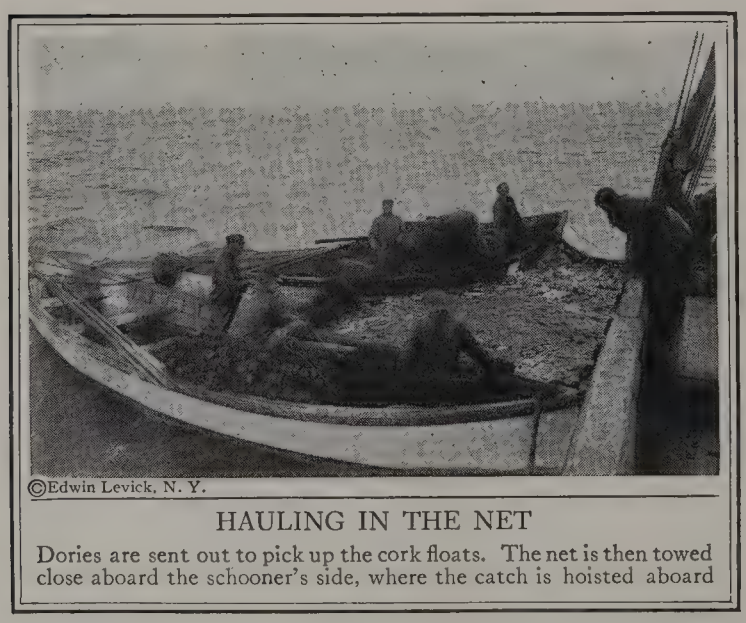
* See article on page 37.

as a rule, to kill the great, thrashing, beautiful monster. The makasi is caught from canoes at night, and, as large sharks often attack it, an upset canoe will sometimes involve a free-for-all fight, with the possible loss of a leg or an arm in the bargain.

Whaling has always been the big-game hunting of the sea. When the *Mayflower* dropped anchor off Plymouth, New England waters were very rich in whales. The Indians hunted them in their frail canoes, and speared them with rude, stone-headed harpoons, a feat which has few equals for sheer daring. Many dark-skinned sportsmen lost their lives in these dare-devil ventures.

To get close to a whale and drive a harpoon into it (with some twelve hundred feet of line attached); to take a long, fast ride, towed by the sea monster, paying out rope when he dives and pulling up on him when he swims upon the surface; finally to wear him out and, when he is exhausted, pull in close and give the death thrust with another lance—all this sounds like the biggest of outdoor sports. But, actually, it is a fierce and fearsome engagement. Many a man has been killed by a blow from the tail flukes of a whale, or drowned when his boat was capsized by the furious thrash of the monster. Some have died a more horrible death between the red jaws of the creature. Those that chase the "king of fishes" need to have an iron nerve—or else the luck of Jonah!

Those kind and plucky Quakers, who fled (from our Puritan Fathers) to Nantucket Island, built up a race of whalemen destined to be famous. The history of these Nantucket men and their thrilling contests with the deep-sea monsters reads like a legend from the days of the early vikings. They sailed farther and farther from home, eventually going far into the Pacific on cruises often lasting for two years or more, while their reputation as keen and daring whalers spread to every European port. The British—who never seemed to have much luck with whales—liked to seize Nantucket men to serve on British whalers, often offering them high pay to teach all they knew about the art.



©Edwin Levick, N. Y.

HAULING IN THE NET

Dories are sent out to pick up the cork floats. The net is then towed close aboard the schooner's side, where the catch is hoisted aboard

Poor Nantucket! A sand bar in her harbor spelled her ruin, for the large new type of whaling vessel couldn't clear it. Gradually her whalemen emigrated to New Bedford, and that port became the whaling Mecca of the

world. By the year 1845 a great fleet—some seven hundred vessels—hunted whales beneath the Stars and Stripes. In this year sperm whales alone yielded us nearly five million gallons of oil. But 1854 was the apex of the whaling "boom," when our catch was valued at $10,000,000—and a dollar meant something in those days!

From that time on, the industry has shrunk until to-day we have only forty ships at work. The whale has been driven from his familiar haunts and his only refuge now is in the polar regions, where a big fellow, weighing nearly eighty tons, can still enjoy some privacy and sea room.

Brown Bros.

BAITING

There are no idle moments on a fishing boat. As the ship makes her way out to the fishing ground, lines must be made ready, bait cut up and got in readiness for use as soon as the destination is reached

Since European sailors in the days of "Good Queen Bess" brought home record catches from the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, these grounds—with that of George's, off the tip of Cape Cod—have become the gold mine of the Yankee fishermen. From all the New England ports swarmed the fishing craft, and as early as the year 1732 one hundred and twenty ships fished the banks from the port of Marblehead alone. But great industries tend to centralize, and gradually Gloucester absorbed the fishermen of the coast from New London up to Halifax. To-day she ranks as the world's greatest fishing port, a base for able fishermen of nearly every race.

"Russ, German, English, half-breed, Finn, Yank, Dane, and Portugee,
At Fultah Fisher's boarding house they rested from the sea."

But it is still inheritance from the early Yankee type which gives character to the Gloucester fleets. The willingness to race their ships at every opportunity is an Anglo-Saxon trait, and one which makes our fishing fleet unequaled as a money maker.

But the build of the ships has much to do with that, for it is a long way from the leaky pinnaces that first found the banks to the fast, able, seaworthy schooners of to-day. E. K. Chatterton, the English nautical authority, says, "Off the banks of Newfoundland, cod-fishing, are to be seen the finest schooners in the world, which come out of Gloucester, U. S. A. For beauty of form, for speed, for sea-keeping qualities, they are little short of marvelous." It thrills a man to see them racing out to the banks in a breeze, their easy hulls careened well down into the heaving flood of foam, their sails set, like those of yachts in a race, to make every inch of canvas tell. And,

unlike the racing yachts, they can stay at sea no matter how wildly old Neptune runs amuck. In winter a Gloucester man will often "strip his poles" and ride out a howling gale that has driven every coastwise steamer into port.

The banks fisherman is ready to take risks to save the lives of others—friends or foes. Rough, profane, and often a roisterer, he has no end of thrilling rescues to his credit. As an illustration, here is a true incident, told me by a Gloucester man of the schooner *Dawn:*

Painting by J. D. Whiting

RACING INTO GLOUCESTER

All's well. A clear night, a fair wind, and a following sea; on the horizon, the breakwater light blinking its welcome to the returning fishermen

In 1910 the seiner *Eleanor* was dismasted in a storm and driven on outlying rocks. She slipped half off, filled rapidly, and was being ground to pieces when the schooner *Dawn* came up and stood by to take off the *Eleanor's* crew. The wind had abated, though the waves were running high, and the *Eleanor's* skipper decided to dare the big seas, in the seine boat, rather than remain and risk going down with the ship. After a breathless struggle the trip was made in safety, though one man's head was cut open in trying to board the *Dawn*. And then it was discovered that something had been forgotten! Some*thing*, did I say? No indeed, some*one*. The ship's dog, "Mr. Christopher," was still aboard the wreck!

"By the Lord!" said Captain Joyce, "I'm goin' to get that dog."

Picking a few good oarsmen, he made the perilous crossing, and plucked "Mr. Christopher" from the deck of the dying ship.

"Would you believe it," he said, "that little cuss was settin' on the cabin light with one ear up and t'other down, as calm as if the hull thing was a lark. He jest knew, that dog did, that we wouldn't leave him there? If the old seine boat had capsized we'd a got there to him, bottom up, paddling with our boots."

That's the kind of heart that beats beneath the oilskin jackets!

The death rate among American fishermen is still sadly impressive. Fishing schooners, swarming on the shallow banks, are often driven together by a sudden gale, at night. Thrown by the steep, half-breaking waves, they collide with fearful force and go to pieces in seas where a dory cannot live. Or a schooner is often struck, in a fog, by the mighty steel prow of a liner.

In 1857 a ship from Southport, Maine, set the example of fishing from dories, and soon proved that fish bite better at a distance from a vessel. This

practice is now universal—off Newfoundland—and has made our fisherman a very expert boatman. It has increased the dangers of the work, for the little dories are often lost in fog, and the dory men drift for days at the mercy of storms, starvation, and cold. Gloucester is always mourning some of her sons who have died this lingering death on the great, fog-bound Atlantic. Winslow Homer's famous picture, "The Fog Warning," shows vividly this aspect of the peril. He is the man who, above all others, pictures the rugged grandeur of the sea toiler.

Winslow Homer reached the art-loving public; it remained for Rudyard Kipling to bring the "down East" fisherman to the great mass of reading people. His "Captains Courageous" ranks as one of the best stories of the American fisherman. It is a plain picture of life on the banks as Rudyard Kipling found it.

Love stories, too, are enacted "out o' Gloucester," and romance runs like a golden thread through the weave of the fisherman's life. James B. Connolly was the man to bring this home to the American public in a series of Gloucester stories. Mr. Connolly knows the fishing fleet as no other living writer knows it. He knows the men and women of the coast—their viewpoint, their affections, and their foibles.

There are certain traits that mark the fisherman, whatever age he lives in and whatever sea he sails—traits developed by the lonely vastness of the sea and the hard uncertainty of his own reward. Unorganized and leaderless, with a grim indifference to labor unions too, they have a quiet, stubborn patience that smacks of the sullen power of the sea itself. Rough, poor, and generally illiterate, they have had a strong influence on history, as discoverers, as wealth producers, and as fighters. They are one of the silent forces not yet realized by those whose ears are tuned to the noisy peoples of the land.

Photo Edwin Levick, N. Y.

THE VIKING'S LEGACY ✣ ✣ The North Sea fishing fleet—ungainly but staunch and seaworthy boats that put out from North Sea ports. The men that sail them are descended from a race that has followed the sea for many centuries

THE BANK FISHERMEN

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

AUTHOR OF "OUT OF GLOUCESTER," "HEAD WINDS," ETC.

Photo Edwin Levick, N. Y.

A CORNER OF GLOUCESTER HARBOR

Schooners back from the banks, moored to the wharves in the shelter of Gloucester breakwater

Our American fishermen have two methods of catching fish on the banks, hand-lining and trawling.

In hand-lining, the older way, the men fished from the deck of the vessel. The great danger thereof lay in a fleet of vessels clustering around a good fishing spot—good fishing is usually found in shoal spots—and being caught with their anchors down by one of those bad bank storms.

Fishermen are good judges of bad weather; no better. They know when a bad gale is coming, but they also know that it is only one gale in a great while that will be too much for them; and the fishermen who up-anchor and fly before every coming gale do not bring home the fish.

So, huddled together, the dangerous bank to leeward, they used to stay there and take their chances; and thence came such disasters as that night on George's Shoal when one third of the fleet went down in a few hours. When a vessel goes down on the fishing banks in a storm, she always goes with all hands. One hundred and sixty-five men were lost in one little spot that night.

The prevailing bank method of fishing to-day is by trawling. A trawl is made up of a ground line of the thickness of a thin lead pencil, the same having attached to it at intervals of every three to four feet a short lighter weight line with a hook. The process is to bait the hooks, set this trawl along the ocean bottom, give the fish time enough to take the bait, and then haul in.

The men set these trawls from small boats called dories. Two men make up the usual crew of a dory. One man heaves the trawl out of a wooden tub, while the other rows the dory. When the trawl is all set—one end anchored to the bottom, the other marked by a floating buoy—the dory men await a signal from the vessel, which is cruising in and out among them, to haul back.

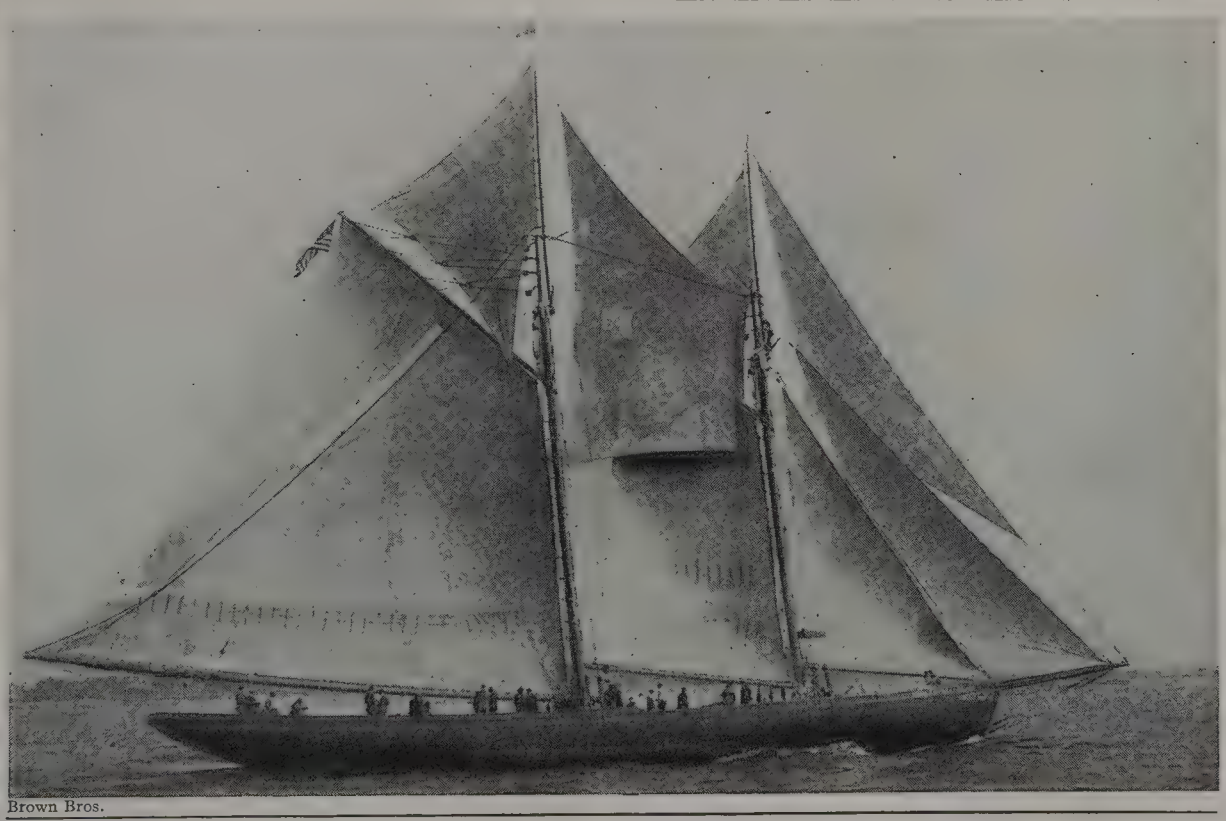
Four or five times a day they will leave the vessel and return with their catch. When night comes they dress the day's catch and stow it in the hold of the vessel; then they turn in, except of course those that have to stand watch. To stand in a pitching dory and haul in a mile or so of heavy trawl

on end demands strength and endurance under the best of conditions; to do it in cold, boisterous winter weather, with the ever-present danger of your dory capsizing or drifting far away from the vessel, calls for a hardy, courageous type of man, a man, above all, who does not worry overmuch about being drowned.

Men who go winter trawling are physically tough men in the beginning; keeping at it for years develops an amazing endurance. You hear of them living through six, eight, ten, yes, and eleven days in a dory, with no food or water through it all except a quart bottle of water, which they usually drink up within an hour after leaving the vessel.

They live through incredible experiences without breaking down. Howard Blackburn and his dory mate went astray on the Grand Banks one day in February from the schooner *Abbie Deering*. After hanging around for the rest of that day and the night that followed, and no vessel coming along to pick them up, the two men decided to row for the nearest land.

They had gone astray on Tuesday or Wednesday morning; they started to row for Newfoundland, a hundred miles or so northwesterly from them. All day Wednesday they rowed, and all Wednesday night. All day Thursday they rowed. Thursday afternoon came on a cold, hard nor'west wind and some sea; the sea spraying aboard the dory made ice. They had to stop to knock the ice off the dory. That meant slow and hard going.



Brown Bros.

THE SCHOONER *ESPERANTO*, PRIDE OF GLOUCESTER ✣ Note the grace of her bow and stern, the tapering stream lines of her hull, the slight rake of her masts and expanse of sail—characteristics that make Gloucester schooners the fleetest and most graceful fishing craft in the world—and the most seaworthy

Thursday night Blackburn's dory mate said he could row no longer, whereat Blackburn said to him: "Better keep on rowing. You will freeze to death if you don't. Keep yourself warm some way."

His mate said: "I can't—I'm done!" He went to the stern of the dory and lay there all hunched up. Blackburn stuck to his rowing; when morning came his dory mate was frozen stiff in the stern of the dory.

Blackburn stuck to his oars. The wind stayed in the northwest, and a northwest wind is the coldest of all winds on the North Atlantic. Despite his rowing, Blackburn began to see his hands were going to freeze. When he made up his mind that he could not save them, he curled them carefully around the handles of the oars and held them so that they would freeze in such a shape that he could continue to row; and they *were* so frozen, and he kept on rowing.

After five nights he made the coast of Newfoundland. He rowed his dory to a little bay. To release his frozen hands he had to knock the ends of the oars together and slide his hands horizontally off.

He beached the bow of his dory on a little shelf of land. There were some fishermen's shacks up from the beach; he went up to the nearest shack and knocked on the door with the bare knuckles of his frozen hands. Two men answered the knock. One, after a quick look at him, said: "Come in and have a cup of tea." Blackburn said: "Not now. I want you to come down and help me take my dory mate ashore."

They came down with him; he stepped into his dory, picked up his dory

© Edwin Levick, N. Y.

CLOSE-HAULED ON THE PORT TACK ⚓ A full spread of canvas and heading close into the wind; skimming along at about twelve knots, with the lee rail awash. A thrill unknown to the landlubber, and one which can be equaled only in an airship

© Edwin Levick, N. Y.

"FLAKING DOWN"

Emergencies are so frequent at sea that they almost become commonplace, and the constant danger of a squall or a sudden shift of wind makes it imperative that all lines "be clear for running." As soon as the sails are hoisted and the ship set on her course, all hands go about deck coiling halyards and sheets, so that these lines may be ready to slacken or tauten at a moment's notice

mate, and held him over to the men on the bank. The body, covered with ice, slipped down between the dory and the bank into the water. The men on shore said: "He is gone." Blackburn said: "No. He is not gone." He dropped overboard and stood on bottom—there was seven feet of water there. The next thing the men on the bank saw was the frozen body coming up out of the water on top of Blackburn's frozen hands.

Blackburn lost all his fingers and toes. He could go fishing no more. In Gloucester they raised $500 to set him up in a little business. His recreation later was sailing small boats and dories across the ocean alone. He once sailed alone from Gloucester to Spain in a 21-foot boat in thirty-six days.

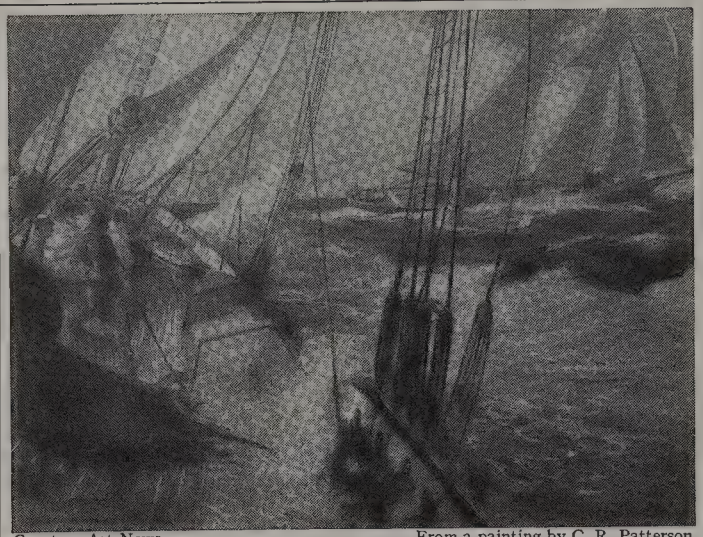
Almost any old bank fisherman can tell you of a few terrific experiences of his own; and when he does speak of them, humor rather than gloom marks the recital.

One day in Gloucester I met Jack Mason, who had just come back from an experience that men still talk about in Gloucester. He was one of three men who had hung on to the bottom of a capsized dory for six hours in a rough sea; the other two had given out, slid off, and drowned.

"Must've thought you were gone, didn't you?" I said to Mason after he had finished telling the bare facts of his adventure.

"Oh, I thought I'd hauled my last trawl all right."

I have always been curious to know just how great adventurers feel when they find themselves hanging over the edge of the great abyss, so I asked:



Courtesy Art News — From a painting by C. R. Patterson

"TURNING THE BUOY"

An exciting moment in the International Fishermen's Race and one that tests the skipper's skill. A brisk breeze, topsails set, running close-hauled on the port tack—soon, a sharp turn to starboard. Can he make it without snapping his spars?

"What were you thinking of before the vessel came along and picked you off?"

"I'll tell you, boy. You naturally expect bad weather in winter, don't you? And fine weather in the spring? Of course. Well, here it was a May—the height o' spring. I thought it was darn tough to go fishin' all winter and then be lost in the spring."

A bank fisherman is a skilled craftsman. To cut bait and bait up six hundred hooks of a trawl in thirty minutes calls for skill. (There are those who can do that inside twenty minutes.) To steer a big schooner running before a gale of wind calls for skill and nerve. To handle a big schooner in an ordinary emergency calls for skill. To heave and haul trawls properly, handle a dory, handle sail, dress and stow fish aboard a vessel—these things call for skill, and something more.

These are skilled, intelligent men, and there is no great money in the fishing—why do such men take to such a life? Well, most of them take up that life because their fathers were fishermen before them. Many of them would not feel right in any other life. But there is something more than that to it. They may not make enough to pay for their tobacco after a hard trip, or they may make a big trip; but however that comes out it is still a free man's job; a free man, not an undisciplined man. I do not know of any better disciplined men anywhere than a good crew of bank fishermen. Men who have been brought up with the skipper may call him by his first name, but he is the skipper, the commander, and when he gives an order they do not merely carry it out; they jump to carry it out. Usually he is the best man in

LANDING A MACKEREL CATCH

The end of a fisherman's job only comes when the catch has been landed on the dock and put in barrels ready for market

DRYING SAILS

Not the aftermath of a Gargantuan wash-day, but merely the result of the sails having been exposed to the rain and for the purpose of protecting the duck fiber from rot and mildew

the vessel; when he quits being a capable skipper good fishermen quit him.

They stick to it, why? Well, I knew one who, after a terrible experience out at sea, came ashore saying he was done with fishing. He got a job in a factory. He was telling me one day how soft it was: "I don't have to be there till *eight* o'clock. Then a soft trick to twelve o'clock and the whistle blows. We turn to it at one o'clock. At five o'clock the whistle blows and we're through for the day. Then it's home, with my feet in slippers in the warm kitchen, or out to a movie in the evenin'. No more going over the side on a dory-killing day; no more getting up at four o'clock of a winter's mornin' to bait a tub of trawls in a frozen hold; no more haulin' a trawl with one eye to wind'ard to see the dory don't capsize; no more freezin' your face standin' to a vessel's wheel in a nor'-wester."

The next thing I heard he was fishing again. When I met him I said: "What was the trouble—too many whistles down at that factory for you?"

"N-no—though they did come so reg'lar they sort o' got on my nerves. It was the man in charge. If you could see the person I had to take orders from! Gosh! if we had him out on the banks we wouldn't cut him up for bait."

These bank fishermen have the greatest fleet of seagoing schooners in the world's history. They are tremendously proud of the beauty, the speed, and the ableness of their craft. With such vessels and their own superb seamanship they do wonderful things. During the last America's Cup Races the two competing boats did not race one day because it was blowing too hard—a twenty-five- or thirty-mile breeze. In the last anniversary race held off Gloucester, the wind blew sixty miles an hour by the weather bureau report, yet every fishing captain sailed out that day with all sail set, and three of them put out with their halyards lashed aloft! And they lashed the halyards aloft so that there would be no cutting them to save the vessel from capsizing; a man would have to go aloft to do the cutting, and before a man could get aloft his skipper would have time to head him off.

There was a Boston reporter who covered that race from the rocks of Marblehead. From there he saw the fishermen pass on their way to the buoy of Minot's Light. He saw them pass, and went right back to the office. The city editor spied him. "What you doing here? I thought you went down to

Photo Edwin Levick, N. Y.

REST AT LAST!

No more long night watches, no more tricks at the wheel; a snug berth alongside the dock and "home with the wife and kids" for a few hours; if lucky, perhaps a few days—that is the dream of the deep-sea fishermen when the gale whistles through the straining rigging

cover that fishermen's race?" The reporter replied: "I did, but there's no *race*. There's only a lot of foolish fishermen out there trying to drown themselves."

When the winner of that race crossed the line in a living gale and a high-running sea, an enthusiastic old Gloucester man leaped into the air and shouted: "The *Harry Belden* wins! The able *Harry Belden*, sailin' across the line on her side an' her crew *sittin' out on the keel*."

Which wasn't a bad description at all.

Great vessels; and great seamen manning them. Steamers, five, six, eight, or nine hundred feet long, with tens of thousands of steam horsepower, their bridges as high as the mastheads of the little fishing schooners—those steamers come in regularly and tell of terrific storms crossing the banks. The bank fishermen, out in the same storms, out there all the time, and with no ten or twenty or forty thousand horsepower to help them out—they come in with never a word to say. Bad weather is part of the day's work. Why bother talking of it?

They are great men; but they are passing. Steam fishermen are coming into vogue, and the steamers do not demand the old high-grade qualities. Steam fishermen do not have to be great dory men; they do not have to go out in the dories at all; they do not have to be skillful sailormen, great helmsmen in a gale. Steamer men get a certain fixed wage, not an uncertain big or little share; theirs is an industry, not an adventure.

Not many years now and we won't be seeing any more of the great old bank fishermen. A great pity, and a great loss. And yet, the lesson of their great work may not be lost. My own notion of it is that the men who have to do the supreme desperate things in generations to come—the men who will handle the craft on the sea, or under the sea—will look back to those great old fishermen and say: "They were great people. Let us do as well as they did and we'll have something to talk about."

TOILERS OF THE SEA

THE TASKS OF THOSE THAT "DO BUSINESS IN GREAT WATERS" HAVE APPEALED TO PAINTER AND POET ALIKE. HERE ARE SHOWN VARIOUS SCENES OF LIFE AND LABOR ON THE SEA AS PICTURED BY FAMOUS MASTERS

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

"BOATMEN AT BARCELONA," By V. D. Baixeras

"They fish because their fathers fished, and their fathers' fathers; because, deep in their blood, the spirit of the adventurer mingles with a love of open sky, of the varied freedom unknown to office, factory, or farm. They are the gypsies of the sea. Routine stifles them and cities kill them. Gentlemen, salute the deep-sea fisherman! In this neurotic age we may well envy him his simple code of life, his rugged strength and uncomplaining courage."—JOHN D. WHITING

"FISHER-FOLK," By Albert Edelfelt, 1854–1905

TOILERS OF THE SEA

AND ARTISTS THAT HAVE PAINTED THEM

BY OLIVER S. BARTON

NOTHING on this round globe has more of interest or fascination for mankind in general than the ocean in its never-ending moods. "Perhaps," suggests John C. Van Dyke in "The Opal Sea," ". . . the sea was the cradle of us all. . . . A sail! We have an interest there. There go our friends and kindred. Will they come back from the roaring sea successful, or will those sails fade into the Great Silence? What wonder that hopes and fears and prayers should go with her, and that eyes should strain after the white canvas until it drops below the verge?"

The mystery and grandeur of the sea have inspired painters since the world of art began. From the far north to the sunlit waves of the south, from Finland to Spain and our own beloved country, artists of all periods and schools have dedicated to the sea their talents and time.

An artist of rare ability and strength of expression, Albert Edelfelt is known in Finland, his native land, for his faithful interpretations of sea life. Two paintings of his are reproduced, one on the cover of this issue of The Mentor, the other in gravure. "On the Sea" has all the breeziness of northern waters; the boat scudding before the wind, the eyes of both father and daughter riveted on the bow, watching for any sudden, whimsical shift in wind or sea. Edelfelt's "Fisher-folk" is a powerful characterization of a sturdy people. The color is fine, the arrangement simple and decorative. Keenly the man looks out to sea, while his companions sense the seriousness of the work at hand and the approaching good-by.

Emile Vernier, who loved to "spend his brush" upon fisher-folk, has caught the true feeling of the gray French shore in his "Selling Shellfish"—one of the most admired canvases in the Lenox Gallery of the New York Public Library. The busy peasant women are, with French thrift, making a bargain on the shore for the harvest the waves have brought in. All along the French coast artists have lingered and found attractive scenes to paint.

Bernhard Blommers, a Dutch painter of the "varying sea," was habitually an interpreter of joyous subjects, the pathetic or sorrowful note rarely prevailing. A true impressionist, he painted a scene as a whole, rather than as

an incident, and so stirred imagination in the onlooker. In 1912 he was sent to America by the Dutch government to paint the portrait of Andrew Carnegie. This, though successful, was less characteristic of his style than his studies of coast life.

One of the most famous of modern Dutch painters was Albert Neuhuys, born in the old university city of Utrecht in 1844. He died in Switzerland nine years ago. It was early discovered by his masters that he had a sound and original artistic sense. His strength lay in his independence and individuality. His portrayal of Dutch peasantry is true in color, line, and composition.

Unquestionably the two greatest exponents of humble Dutch and Flemish life were Anton Mauve and Joseph Israëls. Mauve, born in 1838, died in 1888. When his end came, Israëls, his lifelong friend, exclaimed, "And where shall we find another Mauve—I have lost a friend, but the country has lost an artist!" He preferred pastoral scenes—"Nature in her youth and freshness, and times of fertility." But though he delighted to paint sheep and green fields, the sea called him, too. Mauve was a pupil of Van Os, and was also much influenced by Francois Millet, the great French painter, whose specialty was toilers too, but toilers of the earth. There are several of Mauve's works in American galleries.

Of all the Dutch painters of modern times none gained a stronger hold upon the public than the beloved Joseph Israëls, who at an advanced age died in 1911. Born of Jewish parents, he was first destined to be a rabbi. These plans were set aside when he entered his father's banking house to study commercial methods. Early showing a strong artistic bent, it was decided finally that he should give up business to study art. In Amsterdam he quickly leaped into a prominent place in the group of young Dutchmen beginning their careers two generations ago. There his genius first flamed. Later, he came under the influence of Delaroche in Paris, and for a time he struggled to express himself in terms that were foreign to his own taste and environment. Falling ill after his return to Holland, he took up his residence in a rude little village on the sea coast, where he lodged with a ship's carpenter. "Buried away among the sand dunes, far from the pretenses and contentions of the studios, the sea and sky stretching away into the distance, and simple fisher-folk around him, he began to see with his own eyes and to feed his imagination upon the realities. As Millet at Barbizon, so he at Zandvoort began to discover artistic material for his brush in the big-framed men and women uncouth from the daily repetition of hard toil; to enter with sympathy into their lives of patient endurance; and to include in

Courtesy Boston Museum of Fine Arts

"THE FOG WARNING," By Winslow Homer, 1836–1910

"SELLING SHELLFISH," By Emile Vernier, 1832–1887

his study of humanity what was so intimately associated with it—the sea and sky and land and the interiors of the homes."

From Israëls and the misty skies of Holland to the golden shores of Italy and Ettore Tito is a long step. By many Tito is considered the greatest of living Italian painters. Facile in landscapes and figures, he is particularly gifted in marines. He comes from Castellamare di Stabia, where he was born in 1860, but he has worked mostly in Venice. His drawing is fluent and direct. One of his paintings, popular through frequent reproduction, is "In Venetian Waters," a picture distinctive for its supple grace of movement and tranquil charm. "The Cable," done with broader, stronger sweeps of the brush, is in forceful contrast. Another Italian, Beppo Ciardi, member of a noted family of painters, is also fond of vivid contrasts of light and shade and flowing harmonious lines. These qualities are present in his "Good-by," included in this series of gravures.

The familiar "Boatmen at Barcelona" is by a native of that city, V. D. Baixeras. He studied in Paris, and exhibited there and in his own country. The three old tars sitting quietly in their boat, smoking and spinning yarns, are bathed in a soft yellow light, and there are glints of blue in the water, reflecting the vivid tone of the Spanish sky.

Though Americans are not by tradition a maritime people, as are the Dutch or the English, it is a curious fact that American painters have excelled in interpreting the sea and "those that fish in troubled waters." First of his countrymen to paint deep water truthfully was Winslow Homer. As a young man Homer used the ocean as a background for figures that suggested a story. Eventually he omitted the figures and indulged a growing passion for the onrushing power of waters surging in a gray torrent, or beating against a black shore of rock. "The foundation of Winslow Homer's art was simple truth," says one of his biographers, "and resulted in his pictures being universally popular and easily understood. He expressed the grandeur of the ocean without effort, and always directly. He was practically self-taught and created his own method. He painted the ocean with a power not excelled by any painter in the entire history of art."

The list of this renowned American's works includes, among many other studies of seafarers, "The Fog Warning." A lone fisherman plies the oars of his Cape Cod dory while he anxiously watches the bearing of his schooner as the fog settles down. Charles H. Caffin, in his "Story of American Painting," declares: "The very titles of Homer's pictures tell their own direct tale. In the 'Life Line,' 'Undertow,' 'Eight Bells,' 'All's Well,' and others, he caught the spirit of the life; the tragedy that underlies its faithful routine of duty; the unconscious bigness of it all, as Kipling did in his word-picture of the Gloucester fishermen in 'Captains Courageous.' To Homer the study of this life meant the enlargement of his own, a deepening of his motive, the gradual realization of his own power as an artist."

After Homer, born in Massachusetts, came another New England painter of coast life, Charles W. Hawthorne. Hawthorne was born in Maine of seafaring people, and early in his artistic life studied with William M. Chase on Long Island. His "Fisherman's Wife" is in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington; his "Net Mender" in a Providence gallery; his "Madonna of the Fishermen" in the City Art Museum, St. Louis. Numerous other canvases represent him as a portrayer of scenes associated with the ocean.

Fishermen are favorite subjects with Gari Melchers. Though now a resident of New York, he has passed the greater part of his career abroad. At the age of seventeen he entered Dusseldorf Academy. Later he studied in France. His work has been shown in all the principal exhibitions of European art centers during the past thirty-five years, and he has frequently been the recipient of honors and medals. To an unusual degree Melchers has put himself in touch with the lives of the toil-worn people he paints—those that work while their women weep,

> "Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
> And the harbor bar be moaning."

"IN VENETIAN WATERS," By Ettore Tito, 1860–

"THE HELPING HAND," By Emile Renouf, 1845–1894

The original of this painting is in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington. It is the most familiar and the most popular of Renouf's works. The gentle tolerance of the old grandfather's expression as he pulls a strong oar is cleverly contrasted with that of the child, who seriously imagines she is "lending a hand"

"ADIEU!" By Beppo Ciardi, 1875–

A moving episode in the life of those that follow the sea: resignation for those that remain ashore and expectation for those that leave—for both poignant emotion. How beautiful the sunlight, and how effective the grouping of the excited women and children on the shore!

"THE SHIPS ARE COMING," By Gregor Van Bochmann, 1850–

The artist, long familiar with the Baltic and North Sea coasts, interprets with understanding the liveliness of the scene when the fishing fleet returns and suspense gives way to rejoicing

"THE SHIP CARPENTER," By Gari Melchers, 1860–

Characteristic of this artist's deft workmanship. His fresh and honest methods have earned him a reputation abroad as well as in his native America. Fisher-folk and peasants are his favorite subjects. Detroit is proud to claim him as her son

"WE HAVE TOILED ALL NIGHT AND CAUGHT NOTHING," By Gerrit Beneker

The picture here reproduced ranks high among those that have come from this American artist's brush. Well constructed and soundly painted, it expresses the stoical acceptance of a fate that is too often the fisherman's portion—a night's toil gone to naught

"READY ABOUT," By Eugene L. Vail, 1857–

"Helm's a-lee. Main boom amidships!" is the command. Sturdy hands pick up the water-soaked lines, strong backs bend as they tug away at the taut main sheet. Quickly the boat swings on her heel. For an instant the sails flap, the hull shudders, then the boat leans over easily on her beam and heads off on her new course

"THE CABLE," By Ettore Tito, 1860–

A Tito done in heroic manner. The glorious figure of the young woman helping to haul in the boat, recalls, by her wind-blown draperies, the "Victory of Samothrace." The whole work is so composed and painted as to give an impression of the strength the sea imparts to its followers

"BY THE SEA," By Anton Mauve, 1836–1888

At Scheveningen on the coast of Holland, Mauve frequently found subjects to inspire him. like this group—a strong example of his marine style. Here are horses, old in service, hauling up snub-nosed boats with stained brown sails, that will be left high and dry on the sand till unloaded

"THE BARK," By Hugo Poll, 1867–

Poll, a pupil of Bouguereau, though best known as a portrait and genre painter, has manifested sincere feeling for the sea and its toilers. In "The Bark," the face of the young boy is especially to be noted. Dreaming of days to come, his gaze dwells on the horizon, while his elders ply the great oars

"FISHERMAN'S CHILDREN," By Bernhard J. Blommers, 1845–1914

It was in the studio of the celebrated William Maris that Blommers executed this famous picture—a delightful work filled with the silvery light of the sea and the careless joy of youth

"BALL IN BRITTANY," By Lucien Simon

Behold Brittany fisher-folk celebrating some festal day, or the return of long-absent friends. The reds blues, and browns of gala dresses come out strongly under the lamplight. We feel the swing of the dance, and enjoy it with these children of the sea, who for a time forget the bleak drudgery of their tasks

"ON THE BRITTANY SHORE," By Fernand La Gout-Gerard

A well-arranged picture of an evening scene in Brittany: women and children in characteristic costume silhouetted against a darkening sky; boats in the offing indicating the life lived on this rocky coast—a life filled with anxiety, hope, peril, and simple pastimes

"THE MIDDAY MEAL," By Albert Neuhuys, 1844–

A good example of Neuhuys' sympathetic handling. Poverty, resignation, and a certain steadfast contentment are here—a hovering suspense too, for on the morrow who knows what sharp disaster may befall this lowly cottage

"EVENING AFTER THE STORM," By Joseph Israëls, 1824–1911

This picture was painted when Israëls was at the height of his powers. It is the evening after a storm. What has happened to loved ones far out on the deep? The old mother, the wife, even the silent baby at the table, are waiting in dread to hear the "twice-told tale" of the sea

Courtesy Macbeth Gallery, New York

"THE WIDOW," By Charles W. Hawthorne

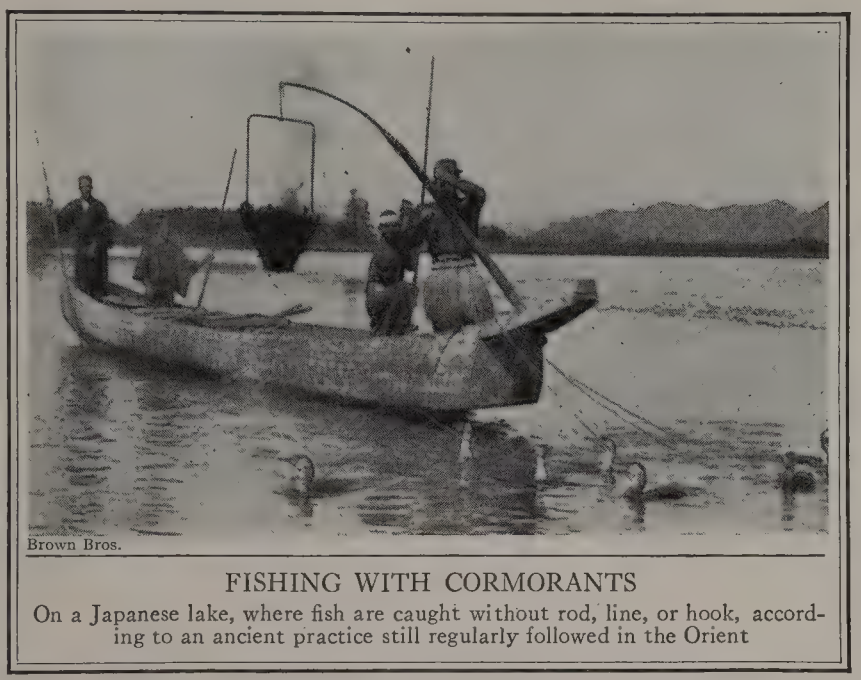
Hawthorne in his latest and best manner. The bereaved mother, holding in her arms her fatherless babe is beautifully placed against a somber sky and sea. The half-masted flag in the background suggests the toll of the tempest that has left her to tread life's path alone

BIRDS THAT CATCH FISH FOR MEN

Cormorants and How They Are Trained

Unlike herons, pelicans, and some other birds, the cormorant makes a regular business of fishing. He is a professional, not an amateur. He employs sound tactics, uses his wits and energy, and even stakes his life on the result of the game. He earns not only his own living but also the living for many a family on the coast of China and Japan.

While riding on a Chinese junk up the canal from Huchow to Hangchow, China, I saw a fleet of forty skiffs, with about a dozen cormorants on each skiff. Each craft had a captain who stood erect with a pole which he used in shoving off his crew of greedy fishermen. An English traveler describes the place where the famed fishing bird is bred and instructed in the practice of supplying his owner with fish. "On a large lake in China are thousands of small boats and rafts built entirely for this species of fishery. On each boat or raft are ten or a dozen birds, which, at a signal from the owner, plunge into the water; and it is astonishing to see the enormous size of fish with which they return."



Brown Bros.

FISHING WITH CORMORANTS

On a Japanese lake, where fish are caught without rod, line, or hook, according to an ancient practice still regularly followed in the Orient

At one time fishing with cormorants was a favored sport in England. The birds were taught to fish in much the same fashion as falcons were trained to hunt in the air. During the reign of King James, the office of "Master of Royal Cormorants" was created. The cormorant station of King James was located at Westminster on the Thames. In recent years the sport has been revived to some extent in England.

Young birds are taken from the nest, tamed and trained, or else old cormorants are trapped and taught the rules of the game. Their master keeps them for a time and feeds them until they become accustomed to him. With a line fastened to a leather anklet they are then taken out in a boat to fish; after every capture they are drawn in and forced to disgorge. When they have learned their lesson they are set free. Usually a ring or strap is fastened around the lower part of the cormorant's neck so that the catch may not pass below the elastic gullet, a roomy bag which is capable of holding sometimes ten or twelve good-sized fish at a time.

Cunning as a fox, the cormorant dashes quickly in and out among the rocks and caves in search of his prey. No wary fish can long escape his blue-green eye. At times he dives to great depths. If he catches a fish in the wrong position for a convenient swallow he adroitly tosses it into the air like a juggler and catches it as it falls. At the end of the day's work the collar is removed and the bird is permitted to fish for himself and swallow what he catches. He is about the size of an eagle, the common variety being thirty inches long and almost black. Thirty-five different species range canals, rivers, and fresh-water lakes in widely separated parts of the world. If one intrudes upon a cormorant rookery he will be met with much hissing and barking from the alarmed youngsters and an occasional low croak of fear from the older birds, which reminds one that the word "cormorant" is derived from the Latin term for "sea raven."

On the islands of Puget Sound cormorants roost indolently on picturesque rocks and cliffs, "looking like black bottles on a druggist's shelves, or, more elegantly and at closer quarters, like ebony statuettes on marble pedestals." They also inhabit the Columbia River, where they sit and fish, or sit by the hour, on rocks, drying their feathers in the sun. *Harriet Geithmann.*

THE ASSETS OF A WHALE

BY RICHARD DEAN

Just what were the products and profits of whaling in the old days, and what are they to-day? Contrary to a widespread belief, the industry still flourishes, though it has revolutionized its methods and prevails in regions where the old-time whalers rarely penetrated. The heyday of the old whaling industry was the first half of the nineteenth century. The whaling vessels were then all sailing craft, some not half so big as a modern Erie Canal boat. The hunters sought their prey in rowboats, usually flung the harpoon by hand, and towed the dead whale back to the ship to be "cut in" alongside and "tried out" on board—a dangerous, wasteful, and nasty business. The profits of a whaling voyage were always a lottery. Many a ship came home "dry," without a drop of oil. If any whales were taken, however, the voyage was pronounced a success, for it was reckoned that a single whale would cover all the expenses of a small vessel, and everything else was clear profit. From 1840 to 1860 the catch of American whalers averaged $8,000,000 a year. Unfortunately, the crews of the whaling ships often got but a meager share of the profits. Instead of wages, officers and men received a certain "lay," or percentage of the total receipts.

Modern whaling is efficient, businesslike, and almost devoid of danger. The whales are not taken from rowboats, but with a harpoon gun mounted at the bow of a swift steamer. After being harpooned, the whale is towed rapidly to a whaling station on shore or to a big floating factory that accompanies the whaling fleet. Practically the whole whale is now utilized, whereas formerly a large part was always wasted. Whale-meat meal, used for feeding cattle, is made from fresh whale flesh; and both flesh and bone are ground up to make guano, which is used as a fertilizer. Neither of these products was known to the old-fashioned whalers. The richest whaling ground to-day is in the far southerly Atlantic Ocean, on the verge of the Antarctic.

Of the products common to the old and the new industry, whale oil is, of course, the most important. Common whale oil is obtained by boiling the blubber of the various species of whalebone whale, while the more valuable sperm oil is obtained from the cavity in the head of the sperm whale, which has teeth in its mouth in place of whalebone. A big "right" whale sometimes yields more than 250 barrels of oil. Sperm oil is a valuable lubricant and is used for softening leather.

A whalebone whale yields hundreds of "slabs" of whalebone, often ten or twelve feet in length. More than a ton is sometimes found in a single whale. Before the Civil War the price of "bone" varied between 20 and 90 cents a pound. Nowadays it is worth from $5 to $7 a pound, and there is a rare variety known as "white bone" that brings upward of $30 a pound.

Ambergris, found in the intestines of diseased whales or floating on the water, has generally been accounted more valuable than gold. A "record" lump, found off the coast of Australia, weighed 926 pounds, and was valued at $135,000. This substance is still highly prized by perfumers, though its future is threatened by synthetic products of modern chemistry.

Courtesy U. S. Bureau of Fisheries

BUNDLES OF WHALEBONE

As received at the factories where it is cut and prepared for commercial use

Photo Brown Bros.

CUTTING UP A WHALE

The blubber is boiled to obtain whale oil, also called train oil, which is still considered indispensable in various industries

Courtesy U. S. Bureau of Fisheries

NEW ENGLAND SCHOONERS FISHING FOR COD ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS

The operation of these small Yankee vessels in British waters was the cause of friction between the English-speaking powers for nearly a hundred years

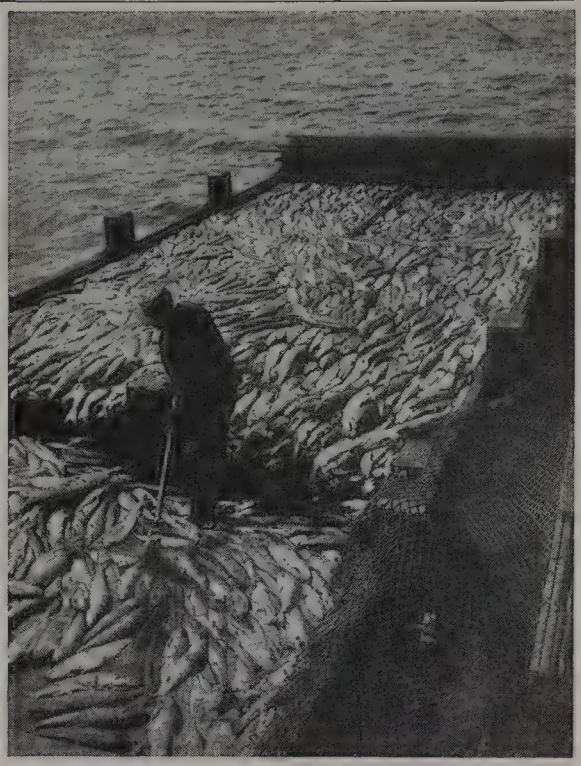
HISTORIC FISHERY DISPUTES AND AGREEMENTS

BY CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

International disputes about fisheries are merely one phase of the long series of controversies over the freedom of the seas that have disturbed the peace of the world for hundreds of years. That the seas are free and the property of nobody was a maxim of Roman law. In the Middle Ages, however, and down to a comparatively recent time, it was common enough for a powerful maritime nation to claim sovereignty over great tracts of ocean. The republic of Venice was once the recognized mistress of the Adriatic; Genoa controlled the Ligurian Sea; and in 1493 Pope Alexander VI made his famous award of newly discovered lands to Spain and Portugal, which eventually led the former country to assert her jurisdiction over the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean, and the latter to claim the ownership of the Indian Ocean. Denmark for centuries claimed control of the fisheries lying between her shores and Iceland. Britons still assert in song that "Britannia rules the waves," and when these words were penned by James Thomson in the first half of the eighteenth century they were not regarded as a figure of speech. As late as the days of the Stuarts, Dutch fishermen were obliged to secure a British license to ply their trade in the North Sea.

Because old-fashioned cannon could shoot about three miles, it became a principle of international law that a nation owns the sea adjacent to its coast to a distance of three miles, or one marine league, from the shore. But this principle has not yet been accepted by all countries, and it has been variously interpreted by those that accept it. Does the "three-mile limit" follow merely the general outline of a coast, or does it bend into the mouths of bays, inlets, and big rivers? Are there "closed seas," in which certain countries enjoy special privileges, as distinguished from the high seas, which are open to all? Are Bering Sea and the Sea of Japan closed or open? Such are some of the questions over which diplomats and international courts have wrangled.

The most famous fishery dispute in which the United States has been concerned was unique in the fact that it had nothing to do with the high seas, but with the use by American fishermen of waters unquestionably belonging, except for fishery purposes, to another nation. In colonial days New England fishermen resorted in great numbers to the fishing grounds along the Newfoundland coast, where, of course, they had the same rights as other British subjects. The retention of these rights after the Revolutionary War was secured by the determined efforts of the American commissioners who negotiated the treaty of peace in 1783. John Adams, one of the treaty makers, declared that New England had "spent more in blood and treasure than all the rest of the British



THE SILVER HORDE

It is such rich harvests of fish as this that have given rise to protracted international controversies

Empire" in securing these rights in the days when they were a bone of contention with France, and that he would not put his hand to any treaty that did not guarantee them. The result of this stand was that for some years after the Revolution Americans had exactly the same freedom as the British to fish along both the Newfoundland and the Canadian coasts, and also to dry and cure fish on shore at various specified points.

After the war of 1812 Great Britain claimed that these rights were abrogated because, according to international law, all treaty obligations terminate with a declaration of war. The Americans, on the other hand, contended that the fishing rights were received as a part of the partition of the British Empire in North America. This contention is an interesting example of the fine distinctions with which diplomacy has to deal.

A seemingly harmonious arrangement agreed upon in 1818 merely inaugurated a new era of squabbles lasting more than ninety years. Not only were the United States and British governments at odds, but the colonial authorities in Canada and Newfoundland at times adopted different and mutually antagonistic policies with regard to American fishing rights, and, to make matters worse, the French had a long-standing quarrel with the British about fishing on the so-called "French shore" of Newfoundland, in which Americans became involved. In one case the United States had to pay a large sum of money to offset supposed advantages gained by American over Canadian fishermen.

Finally, in 1910, the Newfoundland fishery dispute was submitted to the Tribunal of The Hague. Hundreds of documents were presented in evidence, some of them dating back to the seventeenth century. The court virtually reëstablished the treaty of 1818, but cleared up doubtful points, and decided, among other things, that a bay was not to be regarded as part of the high seas unless it was more than ten miles wide at its mouth.

Our other famous fishery dispute with Great Britain was not about fish. We speak of seal "fisheries," as we do of whale "fisheries," in defiance of zoölogical classification. The most important fur-seal fishery in the world is that of Bering Sea, and the principal seal herd makes its home on the Pribilof Islands, which this country acquired from Russia along with Alaska. An American company enjoyed a monopoly of taking seals in these islands, and incidentally the United States Government derived a revenue from the business which in twenty years amounted to twice the sum paid to Russia for all her American possessions. In the course of time the industry was almost ruined by the depredations of foreign sealers, chiefly Canadians, who began killing seals in great numbers during their annual migration or while feeding in the water. Though these acts occurred beyond the three-mile limit of territorial waters surrounding the islands, the United States declared them illegal, on the ground that Bering Sea was not part of the Pacific Ocean, but a "closed sea," under American jurisdiction. The matter was submitted to arbitration in 1893. The international tribunal decided against the United States, but at the same time recommended certain measures to protect the seals. Finally, in 1911, a treaty signed by the United States, Great Britain, Japan, and Russia put a stop to "pelagic sealing" (the killing of seals in the water) for a period of fifteen years. An exception was, however, made in favor of the aborigines, who may thus kill seals for their own use.

The North Sea fisheries, the most productive fishing grounds in the whole world, have been under international control since 1882. The fishing vessels, of many nationalities, are all numbered and marked, and a code of police regulations is enforced by warships of the various European countries concerned.

FOUR-MINUTE ESSAYS by DR. FRANK CRANE

THE MAN WITH A MILLION FRIENDS

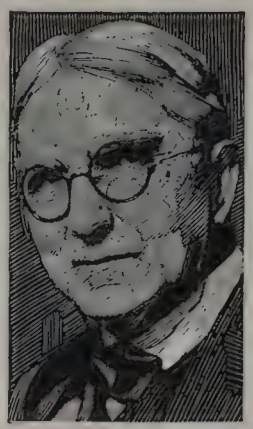
Dr. Frank Crane was not known outside of a small circle of friends ten years ago when he began writing for one daily newspaper.

To-day 50 of the great metropolitan papers publish his daily messages which are read by millions of men and women who are doing the world's work.

In a decade he has won a million friends through his helpful philosophy.

Here are 400 of his Four-Minute Essays—his masterpieces—selected by Dr. Crane himself. Ten beautiful volumes, each small enough to be carried in your pocket and read on the train or in the car—in any place and at any time when you have four minutes to spare.

These are the cream of Dr. Crane's inspirational Essays of courage, good cheer and friendliness which will help you find joy in the commonplace things of life and open for you the doors to the great minds of all times.



Dr. Frank Crane

Semi-Flexible Leather, handsomely embossed and modeled in colors, gold tops—Each book 5⅜ x 3⅞ x ⅝ in.

A FEW TITLES

Dad
Joy of Work
Our Enemies
Efficiency
To France
The Fat Man
Brains
The Only Way
Self-Cure
Vision
Money Makers
Socrates
A Dull Day
Fool's Gold
Human Flies
Yeast of '76
You
Ideal Woman
Second Wind
Salesmanship
Elbert Hubbard
Hunting a Job
Friend Bed
If I Were God
The Musical City
The Unconquerable
and 374 More

FREE If You Act Now 4 Volumes of . . ROOSEVELT His Life Meaning And Messages

To introduce this new edition of the Four-Minute Essays, we will present to each purchaser, free, a 4-volume set of "The Life Meaning and Messages" of Theodore Roosevelt. These books reveal the true Roosevelt in his many-sided life and work. In them the secrets of his marvelous power over men are explained, so that those who wish to employ this power may use the same means of gaining it. These volumes and the Four-Minute Essays present a rare combination.

SHIPPED ON APPROVAL. SEND NO MONEY

We ship the Essays on 10 days' approval, charges paid. If you keep them you send us $1 in 10 days and make 7 monthly payments of $2 each, $15 in all. Please mail coupon to-day that you may be early enough to get both sets of books for the price of the Essays alone.

CURRENT OPINION, NEW YORK CITY

Current Opinion, 48 & 50 West 47th St., New York

Please send me prepaid Dr. Crane's Four-Minute Essays, 10 vols., leather binding. I will either return the books in 10 days or send you $1 as first payment and $2 a month for 7 months. If I keep the Essays you are to send me 4 vols. of Roosevelt—"His Life Meaning and Messages" without additional charge.

Name.....

Address.....M-7-23

STEVENSON AND THE "DEAD MAN'S CHEST"

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Perhaps no quatrain ever written has cast a more curious spell on our generation than these four lines in "Treasure Island." This "piece of rhythmic deviltry" has aroused the greatest amount of speculation and controversy. Many supposed it to be an old chantey, or sailor song, and let it go at that, while inquisitive ones ransacked book-shops and libraries to track down possible additional verses. The newspapers have been deluged with debates as to its origin. Finally it was given out by Lloyd Osborne, stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson, that the lines were original with the author of "Treasure Island."

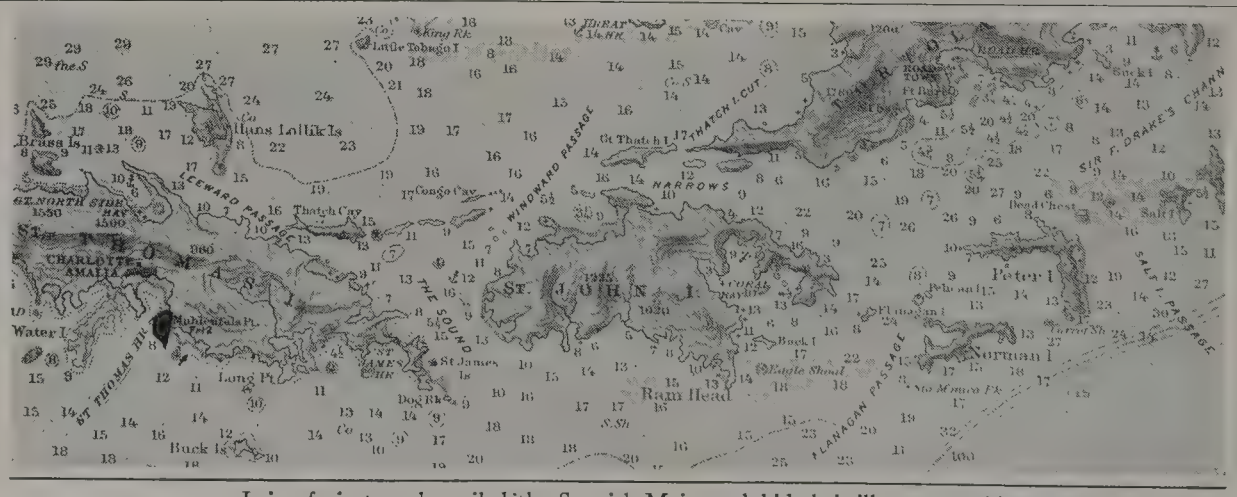
If Stevenson had lived, popular clamor doubtless would have compelled him to extend the fragment, but most literary critics agree that he could hardly have improved upon the complete version called "Derelict," supplied by Young E. Allison of Louisville, Kentucky. First printed in the Louisville "Courier-Journal," it has been published all over the English-speaking world.

In 1880 Stevenson wrote to Henley: "If this ["Treasure Island"] don't fetch the kids, why they have gone rotten since my day. Will you be surprised to learn that it is about buccaneers, that it begins in the 'Admiral Benbow' public house on Devon Coast, that it is all about a map, and a treasure, and a derelict ship, and a fine old Squire Trelawney, and a sea cook with one leg, and a sea song with the chorus Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum—(at the third ho, you heave at the capstan bars), which is a real buccaneer's song only known to the crew of the late Captain Flint? Two chapters are written and have been tried on Lloyd with great success; the trouble is to work it off without oaths. Buccaneers without oaths, bricks without straw."

The inspiration for the lines was a mere name, "The Dead Man's Chest," which Stevenson's eye lighted on in Charles Kingsley's "At Last," a volume of travel in the West Indies: "We were away in a gray, shoreless world of waters looking out for Virgin Gorda, the first of those numberless isles which Columbus, so goes the tale, discovered on St. Ursula's day and named after the saint and her eleven thousand virgins. Unfortunately, English buccaneers have since then given to most of them less poetic names, the Dutchman's Cap, Dead Man's Chest, Rum Island, and so forth."

The fact that Stevenson did not capitalize the name seems sufficient proof that he did not refer to the island or know about it. But it is a curious coincidence that the second line of the song should contain the phrase "bottle of rum," as natives of the Virgin Islands commonly call Rum Island by this name.

Sherril Schell.



ROMANTIC WATERS

Lair of pirates who sailed the Spanish Main and hid their ill-gotten gold on shores remote from highroads of travel. The map shows the principal islands of the Virgin group, acquired by the United States in 1917. East of St. John, at the mouth of Sir Francis Drake's Channel, lies the box-shaped rock designated on the map as Dead Chest, but described by travelers as "Dead Man's Chest." Charles Kingsley's reference to this one-time haunt of English buccaneers caught the imagination of "R. L. S." and suggested to him the famous quatrain known and quoted the world over by readers of "Treasure Island"

MY LIFE AND WORK WITH FRUITS AND FLOWERS

BY LUTHER BURBANK

LATE-BEARING CHERRIES

Bred by Burbank to improve the fruit and prolong the cherry season. The photograph shows them actual size

THE story of the man who has made Nature improve and increase her products; who has wedded fruit to fruit and flower to flower, and brought from their union an offspring larger and finer than their forebears—the personal story of Nature's Miracle Man.

LUTHER BURBANK IN HIS GARDEN

Where, surrounded by plants and flowers, he has worked on an average of ten hours a day for the last forty years

The MENTOR

Vol. 11
No. 7

SERIAL
NO. 246

AUGUST, 1923

Wide World Photo

CALIFORNIA HONORS BURBANK

Commemorating Burbank's service to the world, this group is to be erected in the new Burbank Memorial Park, Santa Rosa

MY LIFE AND WORK

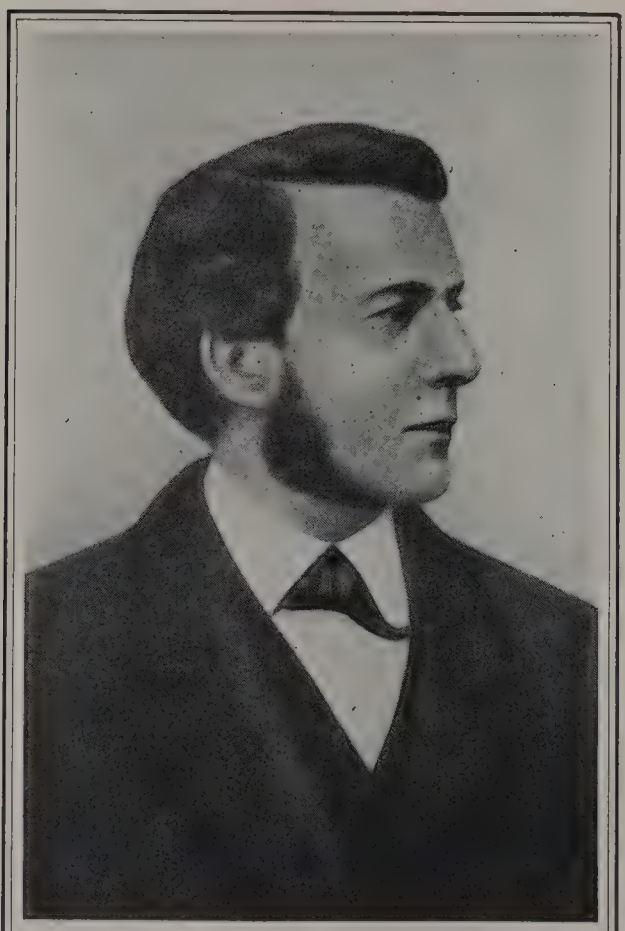
With Fruits and Flowers

BY LUTHER BURBANK

The story of how I worked out the great underlying principle of plant-breeding is, perhaps, best told in its natural sequence. It begins on my father's farm, three miles north of Lancaster, Massachusetts, where I was born, March 7, 1849. My father was a farmer and a manufacturer. From my mother I inherited a passionate love of flowers, which manifested itself early in life. Behind both of my parents was a line of healthy, industrious, happy, prosperous, respected, self-supporting citizens to whom, I believe, I owe the ability to work ten hours a day, which I have averaged for each calendar day for more than sixty years. I had the usual New England childhood. After leaving the district school, I attended the Lancaster Academy. Two years' wood-turning and pattern-making at a Worcester factory, and supplementary lessons in drawing from Professor George C. Gladwyn, long connected with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, quickened my observation and gave me facility in making accurate measurements, which later proved valuable in my work with plants. I had a knack for contriving things mechanical, and might have continued as a mechanic, but the sawdust of the factory impaired my health, and it was decided that I should become a physician instead. I had completed a year's study in medicine when my father died, an event which was responsible for my undertaking what proved to be my life work. I was twenty-one years old before I entered specifically on the work, although, of course, I had been trained in all the tasks of the farmer, gardener, and fruit grower on my father's farm. Yet it is not certain that I should have been led to put this knowledge to practical use at this time had it not been for the stimulation and fresh enthusiasm that came from reading Darwin's "Animals and Plants Under Domestication." It aroused my imagination,

gave me an insight into the world of plant life, and developed within me an insistent desire to go into the field and find the answer to the problems that the book only suggested. In particular it showed me the plants of the field in a new light. Meantime I had to make a living, so I purchased a seventeen-acre tract of land in the village of Lunenburg, and began to raise garden vegetables and seeds for the market.

While engaged in this work, I made some experiments with corn and beans. I was able to produce an earlier and better corn, and some interesting cross-bred beans. Every plant in the garden and every shrub and tree and herb in field or woods was examined with new interest, always with first thought as to its tendency to variation. Where I had casually noticed before that individual flowers of a species differed in details as to form or color or productivity, accurate notes were now made of such variations, and the query was raised as to whether they gave suggestion of the possibility of developing new races under cultivation. It was at this point that the first conspicuous success in the development of a new race of plants was achieved—the Burbank potato. The story of this achievement sheds light on one of the important aspects of plant-breeding, and has attracted world-wide attention.



"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN!"
Burbank at the age of twenty-seven, when he heeded Greeley's advice, sold his farm in Massachusetts, and with ten Burbank potatoes started for California

Away back in the history of the potato, on the bleak Chilean mountainsides, where it had to depend almost wholly upon its seeds instead of tubers for reproduction, every healthy potato plant bore a great number of seed balls, and this is the case, even in these times, in the high Andean region. But years of cultivation have removed from the potato the necessity of bearing seeds for the preservation of the race. The potato plant now has little use for the seed upon which its ancestors depended. The average potato grower, knowing that next year's crop depends only on this year's tubers—and being anxious, alas, to keep his crop at a fixed standard rather than to improve it,—might see the occasional seed ball without knowing its meaning or realizing its possibilities.

I had been raising potato seedlings for amusement at Lancaster, but all of them had so generally re-

Photo Brown Bros.

THE NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEAD ✣ ✣

Where Luther Burbank was born on March 7, 1849, and where he spent the early years of his life. Here his mother instilled the love for flowers which was one of the most potent influences of his life

sembled the parent plants that I had given up the effort to produce anything of special value from any of the common varieties.

No one, up to the present time, so far as I know, has ever seen a seed ball on an Early Rose potato, except myself, and for years I had a standing offer of five dollars a fruit for anyone who would furnish me another from the thousands of acres which were raised of this variety at that time.

This seed ball attracted my attention from knowing that the Early Rose did not bear seeds, and it was watched patiently from the time it first formed until it was nearly ripe.

When one day I went to examine it, it had disappeared, and every effort to find it for a time failed. But at last it was discovered a short distance from the plant, where perhaps some passing animal had brushed it from the vine.

In May, 1872, I held in my hand one seed, ten of which were not as large as an ordinary pin head. From this tiny seed the "Burbank" potato came. More than six hundred million bushels of this potato have been raised during the last forty-nine years—enough to make up a solid train of potatoes to reach 14,500 miles, or more than halfway around the world.

From the seed ball were produced twenty-three new potato plants. Each of these plants yielded its own variations, its own interpretation of long-forgotten heredity and numerous natural crossings. One, a beautiful, long, red potato, decayed almost as soon as dug; another was red-skinned with white eyes; another white with red eyes; two were white, and several had eyes so deep that they were unfit for use. All varied widely. These twenty-three

BURBANK'S FIRST CALIFORNIA HOME

Which he rented, together with the few acres surrounding it, soon after arriving at Santa Rosa. Burbank worked at carpentry during the days and spent the long evenings gardening. The cottage is now used as a seed house on his farm

variations, in fact, may have represented as many different stages in the history of the potato family; and, having no present-day environment to hold them in balance, all were more or less unlike any potato which had ever been cultivated. Among the number, though, was one variety better than the rest—and better than any potato which had ever been seen. This variety was named the "Burbank" by J. J. H. Gregory, a seedsman of eastern Massachusetts, to whom it was sold for $150. By planting this new potato in the customary manner it was "fixed" as a new variety. To-day, when more pounds of potatoes are grown than any other food crop, the increase made in a single year's crop—the increase gained without any corresponding increase in capital invested or cost of production—amounts to an astounding sum in the millions.

I had not proceeded far in my experiments before it was clear that such further experiments as were contemplated could not be carried out to best advantage in the climate of New England. My thoughts turned to California, where two of my half brothers had gone many years before. What was reported of the climate of the Pacific coast region suggested this as the location where my experiments might best be carried out.

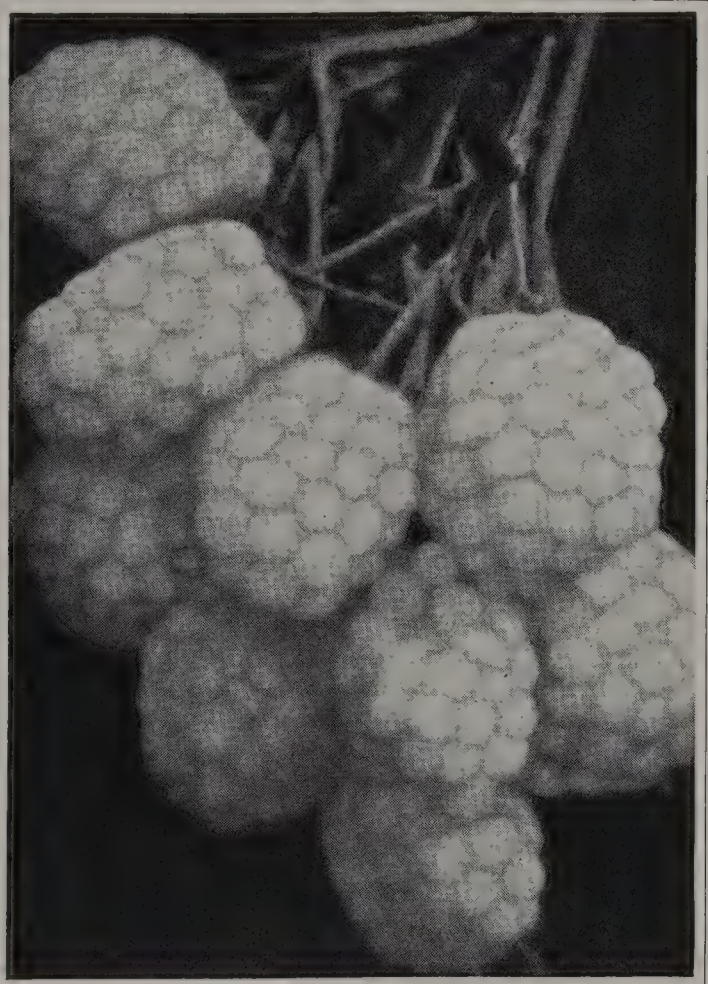
Within sixty days of the time when the definite decision to go to California was reached, I had sold my personal property and closed out my business in Lunenburg. With a little capital and ten Burbank potatoes, which Mr. Gregory had allowed me to retain, I set out on the then nine-day journey to the Pacific coast. Letters of the period are filled with enthusiasm over the marvels of the new land. "Santa Rosa is situated," I wrote to my mother, "in a marvelously fertile valley containing one hundred square miles. The climate is perfect, the air is so sweet that it is a pleasure to drink it in; the sunshine is pure and soft."

After a time I was in position to hire a few acres, and then, although working at carpentry during the day, I was able to devote the long summer evenings to preparation of a small nursery. The ten Burbank potatoes were planted on my brother's place; and the entire product of the first season was

saved and planted, so that by the end of the second season the stock of potatoes was large enough to offer for sale. The sale of the Burbank potato helped out a little, but did not at first bring a large return. The people were accustomed to a red potato; a white one, even though larger, smoother, and more productive, and of better quality, did not seem at first a tangible substitute. But in course of time the Burbank potato made its way and became the leading potato of the Pacific coast.

I began my nursery business at Santa Rosa by raising such fruits and vegetables as gave promise of being immediately acceptable to the people of the vicinity. At that time the possibility of California as a fruit center was for the most part vaguely realized, and it was first necessary to educate Californians themselves to a recognition of the fact that in the soil and climate of their state were potentialities of greater wealth than had ever been stored in the now almost depleted gold mines. This and other conditions explain the difficulties I had in establishing myself as a nurseryman in Santa Rosa in 1877. The total sales of my first year amounted to $15.20. The next year the return was $84. In 1881 it was over a thousand dollars, and within ten years the quality of the trees and the reliability of the stock in general of the Burbank Nursery had become so widely known that I was selling more than $16,000 worth of stock a year.

In the course of time more land was needed, and the four-acre place in the heart of Santa Rosa was purchased. This was in future to be my home and the seat of many of my most important experiments. This place was then a neglected, run-down plot which had been on the market for many years. The land was about as poor as could be found anywhere. Many attempts had been made to cultivate it, but a crop had not been grown on it for a long time, if ever. Such a plot did not seem to offer great in-



WHITE BLACKBERRIES

One of the many seemingly impossible achievements of the Plant Wizard, attained after long and tedious experiments. This delicious product, "black" in variety, is pure white in color. The season of its ripening has also been controlled by its creator

ducements for a nurseryman, but I had in mind a plan to transform it. This was done by properly draining the land and conditioning it with sand and fertilizer.

By 1884 I was thoroughly established with a nursery business that gave me a sure income of ten thousand dollars or more a year, and nothing more was required than to continue along lines of this established work to insure a life of relative ease and financial prosperity. But nothing was further from my thoughts than the permanent following of the routine business of the nurseryman. At no stage of the work in California had I given up the expectation of devoting the best years of my life to plant experimentation and the development of new races of useful fruits and vegetables, and of beautiful flowers. And now the time seemed to have arrived when the long-deferred project could be put into execution.

In 1884 I received my first consignment of Japanese fruits; and the next year I was able to buy the Gold Ridge farm at Sebastopol, seven miles from Santa Rosa, in a region that was better adapted to certain of my projected experiments. This eighteen-acre place was devoted solely to experimental purposes, and its purchase may be said to mark the commencement of my life's work, although I kept the nursery business for several years more.

The nursery at Santa Rosa was well stocked for my purposes. The 1887 catalogue listed orchard fruits in great variety; small fruits of the choicest types; nuts of several species; garden vegetables; a long list of deciduous ornamental trees and shrubs, and an even longer list of evergreens; vines and trailing shrubs in interesting variety; and elaborate series of roses, hedge plants, bulbous plants, and bedding plants.

Photo Brown Bros.

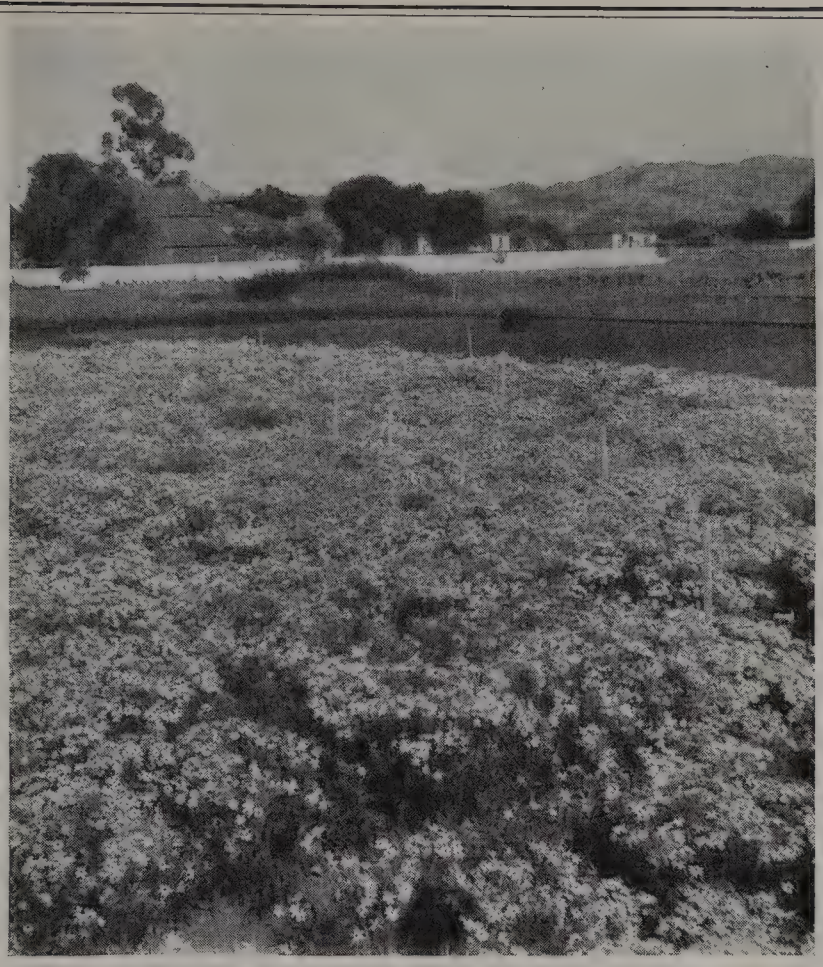
TWO OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST PLANT BREEDERS

Hugo de Vries, world-famous for his experiments in plant evolution, twice journeyed from his home in Holland to visit the Santa Rosa nurseries. The eminent botanist declared Burbank to be one of the geniuses of the age, and a benefactor of all mankind

The year following, grafts of twelve varieties of New Zealand apples were imported. And from this time forward I constantly received seeds, bulbs, and scions of rare and interesting plants from all parts of the world. Explorers, missionaries, teachers, travelers, botanists, sailors, and others by thousands have placed at my disposal seeds, plants, and bulbs with never a thought of personal reward. The native Indians of North and South America have been pressed into this service; they of all others know where the best wild plants and flowers are to be found.

My first efforts were directed toward

improvement of fruits and flowers, particularly the orchard fruits that were then being planted in California. But before going farther in my story it is necessary that we know something more of the underlying principle of plant-breeding; how it is possible to combine a plum and an apricot; how a walnut is made to thin its shell, a cactus to shed its spines.



AN EVERLASTING FLOWER—THE AUSTRALIAN STAR PLANT

Seeds of this flower were received from a West Australian collector. Originally it was small and white, by selection it was made large and pink. An order for ten million sprays of this flower from a Parisian milliner was refused by Mr. Burbank because he was too busy on other matters to undertake the contract

Every plant, animal, and planet occupies its place in the order of nature by the action of two forces—inherent constitutional life force with all its acquired habits, the sum of which is heredity; and the numerous complicated external forces, or environment. To guide the interaction of these two forces, both of which are only different expressions of the one eternal force, is the sole object of the breeder of plants or animals.

When we look about us on the plants inhabiting the earth with ourselves, and watch a species day by day, or year by year, we are unable to see any change in some of them. During a lifetime, and in some cases, perhaps, the full breadth of human history, no remarkable change seems to have occurred. And yet there are to-day few, if any, plant species that have not undergone great, and to a certain extent constant, change—the invisible change often appearing abruptly without apparent cause.

The life forces of the plant, in endeavoring to harmonize and adapt the action of its acquired tendencies to its surroundings, may, through many generations, slowly adapt itself to the necessities of existence, yet these same accrued forces may also produce sudden and, to one not acquainted with its past history, most surprising and unaccountable changes of character.

Natural and artificial crossing and hybridization are without doubt

THE NEW AMARYLLIS AND ITS PARENTS

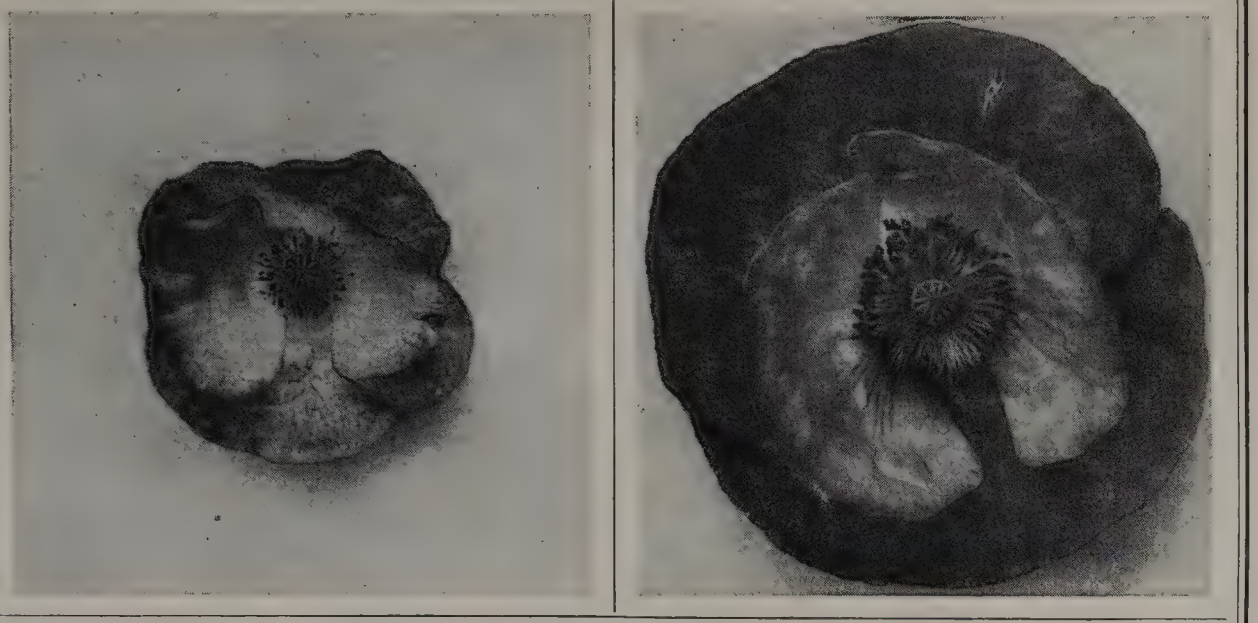
among the principal remote causes of nearly all otherwise perplexing or unaccountable sports and strange modifications, and also of many now well-established species. Variations, without immediate antecedent crossing, occur always and everywhere from a combination of past crossings and environments. This is because potential adaptations often exist through generations without becoming actual, and when we fully grasp these facts there is nothing so very mysterious in the sudden appearance of curious varieties. Still further intelligent crossing produces more immediate results, and of great and far-reaching value, not to the plant in its unremitting struggle with the ordinary natural forces, but to man, by conserving and guiding its life forces to supply him with food, clothing, and innumerable other luxuries and necessities.

The evolution and variation of plants are simply means which they employ as species, in adjusting themselves to external conditions. Each plant must adapt itself to its own particular environment, with as little demand upon its forces as possible, and still keep up in the race for betterment.

Plant-breeding is the *intelligent application of the forces of the human mind in guiding the inherent life forces into useful directions by crossing to make variations and new combinations of these forces*, and sometimes by radically changing environments, both of which produce somewhat similar results.

THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH FIELD DAISY

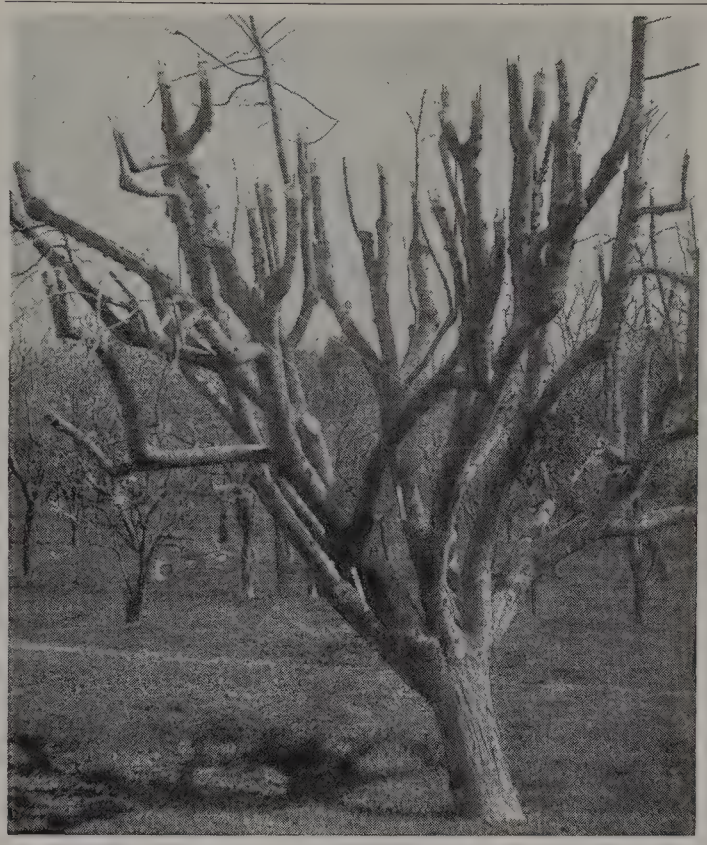
No plants better illustrate the influence of environment than those of the desert; they are all either bitter, poisonous, or spiny. The cactus is a plant which, although there may not be a drop



WHAT BURBANK DID TO THE POPPY

of rain for a year, two years, or even ten, still contrives to get enough moisture out of the deep soil and out of the air to build up a structure which by weight is ninety-two per cent water—a plant which contrives to absorb from the scorching desert, and protect from the withering sun, enough moisture to make it nearly as nutritious as beefsteak, vegetables, or pasture grass. And here it is, ruined for every useful purpose to man by the spiny armor which places its store of nutriment and moisture beyond reach. What other reasons could there be for those spines than that they are nature's provisions for self-defense? Here is the sagebrush, with a bitterness as irritant almost as the sting of a bee, the euphorbia, poisonous as a snake, for self-protection from an enemy which seeks to destroy. The apple, cherry, peach, and plum trees in our orchards bear luscious fruit in abundance; the roses, geraniums, and lilies surrounding our dwellings seem to compete to see which can give us the greatest delight. But is it not because we have selected, fostered, nurtured, and cared for them? Is it not because we have made it easy for them to live and thrive? The bitterness, poison, and spines of the desert plants have been acquired. They have not been

THE DAISY UNDER BURBANK'S MAGIC TOUCH



HOW A TREE IS GRAFTED

The crown or bark graft can only be used late in the season, when the bark slips. For this graft the stock is sawed off and incision made to include the bark only. The sprout—cut only on one side—is inserted and a waxed bandage is applied. As many as five hundred varieties have been grafted and grown on one tree at Santa Rosa

cherished and protected, and when the region in which they lived became arid, when the other plants succumbed to the aridity, and animals depended more and more upon the surviving plants for food, these plants were forced to adopt defensive measures to exist.

Now, it is notable that cactus plants from protected localities, and those of the less edible variety, give evidence by the fewness of their spines that their family struggle has been less intense than the struggle of the cactus that found itself in the desert.

Taking advantage of the cactus' adaptability, by planting millions of seeds, and selecting and crossing those plants with a tendency toward spinelessness and the other qualities I sought, in sixteen years I was able to produce a spineless cactus; and this, in short, is the secret of creating and developing new plant forms.

Hundreds of cases of plant adaptability could be cited: the group of pines growing in the geyser section of California, which only open their cones and scatter their seeds when a fire sweeps them, having been forced to this course by volcanic fires of the past; the pitcher plant of the Sierras that catches frogs, mice, and other small animals which it swallows and digests to supplement its ordinary source of nourishment; the arum lily, which emits an offensive smell to attract the carrion flies which carry its pollen from flower to flower; the devil's claw, which hooks its prongs into the leg of a passing animal in order that its seeds may be distributed.

By discovering the stored-up heredities of plants, selecting those suited to his purpose, and changing the environment to encourage the development of the traits he desires in his finished product, the plant breeder produces new plants. The actual crossing is accomplished by hand-pollenization, grafting, or budding. Thus a process that would take nature centuries of evolution to accomplish may be done in a comparatively few years by man.

Let us take as a specimen of this work the methods employed in the pro-

duction of a new cherry. Let us say that we wish to produce a large, sweet cherry which will ripen early and bear long, taking into account that appearance is also a factor. The first step would be to gather in our elements, to pick out a large, beautiful cherry which, after the manner of many large, beautiful fruits, may be more or less insipid in taste; then to select another cherry, size and appearance inconsequential, which has the delightful flavor we desire. Let us take not one of each of these types, but a number of them, and then, when they have bloomed, let us, by hand, cross them back and forth, making in all, we will say, five hundred crosses, each tied with string of a certain color for the purpose of identification. The petals of the blossoms which we have crossed will fall away; long stems bearing green cherries will begin to take their place; and finally the twigs we have marked with strings will reward us with their ripened fruit. The meat of the five hundred cherries which we have crossed will taste the same, and be the same, as though we had let the bees attend to pollenization; the cherries that result will not be different in flavor or appearance from the other cherries of the tree. But inside the stony seed of each of those cherries we shall find an indelible living record of what has been done. We plant our five hundred cherry seeds and keep them in a shallow box until they have sprouted, and then transplant them till they attain a six- or eight-inch growth.

So far, let us see how we have shortened nature's processes. In the first

TURNING STONES INTO LOAVES

After fifteen years' effort, Burbank transformed the cactus from a useless desert plant into a spineless food for cattle. In connection with this part of his work, Burbank writes: "For five years the cactus-blooming season was a period of torment to me. Time and again I wished I had never touched the cactus to attempt to remove its spines. Looking back, I feel that I would not have courage to renew the experiments. The little spicules would find lodgment in my skin, and shaving was the only way I could rid myself of them"

"THE STANDARD"—
✣ BEST OF ✣
BURBANK'S PRUNES

From a photograph of the fruit made actual size, showing a "freestone" twice the weight of the average French prune and measuring six inches around. In the opinion of botanists and skilled growers, Burbank's work with prunes has been his greatest contribution to horticulture

place we have brought together a large, insipid cherry and a homely, small, sweet one, brought them from points, perhaps, two thousand miles apart. In the natural course, those two cherries would have spread; they would, eventually, have come together possibly; but we have brought them together without delay. Perhaps in this we have saved a thousand years. In bringing our two kinds of cherries together we have brought not one of each type, but dozens, or hundreds, each selected for its size, or appearance, or some probable quality which it contains within. In this simple selection of individual species we have saved other thousands of years.

With unerring accuracy we have seen that the pollen of the two kinds has been interchanged, so that the five hundred or so resulting seeds will represent the two heredities we wish to combine—and only these. Who can estimate how long it might have taken the bees and the winds, working even in neighboring trees, to effect specific crosses with the certainty which we have assured?

Now, with new heredities bundled up in our five hundred cherry stones, we plant them under every favoring condition in our shallow box, and, unless accident or mishap intervenes, we get new cherry trees from all, or, at worst, lose but a few. And now, with our sprouted cherry seedlings six or eight inches in height, we come to one of the most important short cuts of all—quick

fruiting, so that there may be quick selection. By grafting the smaller branches, fruit production is hastened from two to seven years. Our cherry seedlings are therefore grafted to a mature tree, and in two years they bear. The fruit is plucked, laid out, and tested by sight and taste for the qualities we set out to secure. Perhaps of the five hundred cherries spread before us none may come up to our standard; or perhaps one or two approximating it may show signs of further improvement which ought to be made. Eliminate the rest, and start afresh with these two—beginning at the very beginning with them again— grow more seedlings, produce quick fruit through grafting, and select again.

Every little while I have, as the neighbors choose to call it, a $10,000 bonfire. In such a bonfire there might be 499 cherry plants out of the five hundred we have just made; there might be 99,999 rosebushes which had been brought to blooming in order to find the hundred thousandth which was not burned; there would be 1,500 gladiolus bulbs with market value of a half a dollar apiece, put in the fire after the one, or two, or the dozen best among them had been selected; there would be twenty thousand cactus seedlings, representing three to five years of care and watchfulness, but useless now, their duty done. It is better to run the risk of losing a perfected product, through the destruction of the elements that went into it, than to issue forth to the world a lot of second bests which have within them the power of self-perpetuation and multiplication, and which, if we do not destroy them now, will clutter the earth with inferiority or mediocrity.

When one considers that the cherry experiment is but one of a thousand

P. & A. Photo

A PROPHET HONORED IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

Luther Burbank and his wife reviewing a parade in his honor during the Burbank Jubilee at Santa Rosa, California, May, 1923. The citizens for miles around gathered to do honor to the man who had done so much to increase the wealth and fame of his adopted state

going on at the same time, and the manipulation of millions of seedlings involved, some idea of the scope of operations on the Burbank farms is gained.

The story of what has been done with flowers is a story in itself. Of the many new varieties created some of the best known are: the Burbank rose, the Giant Amaryllis, the Double-Petaled Amaryllis, the Shirley Poppy, the Blue Poppy, the Giant Shasta Daisy in its many forms.

No less important economically than the results with fruit experimentation have been the results of experiments with nut trees. We have chestnut *bushes* which bear nuts of the finest quality. Some of these chestnuts bear six months from planting the seed. We have found a way to make the walnut tree grow four times as fast as usual and yet produce wood that is of the best cabinet-maker's quality.

My studies have included the giant sequoia, largest of trees, down through the lumber and fruit trees, bushes, shrubs, vines, and plants, to the humblest garden herb, and the possibilities of plant development thus revealed are tremendous. They point the way to better grains, nuts, fruits, and vegetables, all in new forms, sizes, colors, and flavors, with more nutriment and less waste, with every poisonous and injurious element eliminated, and with the power to resist sun, wind, rain, frost, and destructive fungous and insect pests. Every one of these and ten thousand more are within the reach of the most ordinary skill in plant-breeding.

In reviewing the years, let me say in conclusion that, up until 1893, when my catalogue listed eighteen groups of new hybrid plants,the attitude of botanists and horticulturists generally had been one of profound skepticism as to the possibility of developing modified races by cross-breeding, or, indeed, by any means whatever in a limited period of time. But by selection and cross-breeding a troublesome weed has been made a beautiful flower; the plum educated to give up its stone; the cactus to shed its spine; the prune to become larger and sweeter; the walnut to thin its shell and grow richer meats; the rhubarb to produce in winter; and the calla lily to give out fragrance. These are but a few of the obvious accomplishments of my life's work as a breeder and developer of new forms of plant life. Some of the immediate and practical results are striking: whole communities have been built up by fruits that were made to improve themselves on my experimental farms at Sebastopol and Santa Rosa, California, as in the case of Vacaville, California, one of the great fruit-shipping centers; the size and value of the nation's potato crop has been materially increased; and a forage crop that permits stock-raising in arid and infertile regions has been introduced.

Striking as are these practical results of my work with plants—and there are many more equally impressive—they are of secondary importance to the establishment and demonstration of the principle responsible for them: *that by scientific selection new and valuable species of plants may be created in a brief term of years.*

THE ENCHANTED ISLE
LAFAYETTE NATIONAL PARK

BY RONNE C. SHELSE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT W. GLEASON AND OTHERS. PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE BUREAU OF NATIONAL PARKS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FROM THIS GREAT HEIGHT ONE LOOKS DOWN OVER LOFTY PEAKS AND SURVEYS THE BLUE SEA

FOR generations Mount Desert and Bar Harbor have been known exclusively as summer resorts, famous for the wealth and fashion represented there and the social distinction of their residents. To-day, Mount Desert Island is a national park, a beautiful public playground; the latest gift of land from Uncle Sam to all the people. ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

EAGLES, EMBLEM OF THE NATION, NESTING HIGH ABOVE THE CLIFFS AND FORESTS OF THE PARK

LAFAYETTE NATIONAL PARK

BY RONNE C. SHELSÉ

YEARS before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock, Samuel Champlain, on a tour of exploration for Sieur de Monts, founder of Acadia, sailed his little craft into Frenchman's Bay and landed not far from the present site of Bar Harbor on Mount Desert Island, a mile off the Maine coast. To-day a great tract on this island so splendidly endowed with Nature's attractions has been converted by Uncle Sam into a playground for the American people. Lafayette National Park is the first and only government reserve to be set aside east of the Mississippi for the benefit and enjoyment of the public. Created by act of Congress approved February 26, 1919, it embodies in its name the deep sympathy of the American people for the cause of France in the World War and their abiding memory of past help and friendship.

The story of its creation is a lasting tribute to the generosity and perseverance of a few summer residents on the island who incorporated as the Hancock Trustees of Public Reservations and, after years of hard work in securing conveyances of titles, etc., finally gave to the Federal Government—gave without other consideration than that of public-spirited liberality—some 12,000 acres unsurpassed in natural beauty and rich in human interest. The leaders in this magnificent

THE GREAT HARBOR OF MOUNT DESERT FROM CADILLAC MOUNTAIN

philanthropy were Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, and George B. Dorr, Boston clubman; but such men as Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, and Messrs. John S. Kennedy, David B. Ogden, John I. Kane, and Henry Lane Eno, of New York City, also took an active interest. They saw the need, while there was yet time, of conserving some pleasant, wholesome breathing place for the inhabitants of the overcrowded Eastern cities. But, more than that, they sensed the need for preserving in its openness and unspoiled beauty a place where Nature and her creatures could be observed under conditions without parallel on the Atlantic coast.

SITE OF ST. SAUVEUR MISSION COLONY
Founded in 1613. A spring of pure water is covered twice a day by the tide

Lafayette Park, being a gift of private citizens to the United States, is different from all the other recreational places of the people, which were formed from lands already owned by the nation. That, however, is but one of its many claims to distinction. Within the confines of this reservation, surrounded by the sea, is a combination of natural features unknown to the other areas set aside for the use of the masses. Higher mountain peaks there are, to be sure, and bigger trees and deeper lakes, but nowhere among our national playgrounds is there to be found a more exquisite blending of Nature's gifts. Symbolic of its earlier associations in French and American history, the central range of granite mountains stands in a mighty line as the valiant soldiers of Lafayette stood. Huguenot Head, Champlain, The Flying Squadron, and other peaks in this bold range rise up, tandem fashion, for a distance of from ten to twelve miles across the island's length, offering magnificent views of both land and sea. From the higher summits one can look out over forty miles or more of water to the horizon, or deep down on the tree tops in the glacier-scoured valleys below.

One enters Mount Desert by way of the splendid bridge which connects it with the mainland, and drives or walks over miles and miles of perfect highways—fine macadam roads, smooth and clean, or equally good dirt roads, practically free from dust. Down Schooner Head and along the Ocean Drive one skirts the sea from the eastern boundary of the park, past Seal Harbor, to Northeast Harbor, a distance of about fifteen miles of alluring scenery. This is a favorite trip of those that come to the reservation in automobiles.

No hotel or other concessions are maintained in Lafayette Park, but just outside the boundaries there are plenty of hostelries of all kinds where excellent accommodations are offered. And if the motorist will have none of these, but prefers to live the whole time in the open, he can pitch his tent in one of the many delightful spots in or just outside the park limits, and know the full measure of outdoor content. Headquarters fixed, he proceeds to explore the wonder isle. Cadillac Mountain, nearly 1,600 feet high, tempts the ambitious climber, but for real thrills he will turn to Precipice Path, and scale the vertical front of Champlain Mountain by means of iron rings driven into the solid granite. The top of this peak is considerably over a thousand feet high. All about are hills of varying heights to suit the inclinations of any vacationist. The Flying Squadron, 1,268 feet above sea level, ranks next to Cadillac; Pemetic Mountain follows close behind with

LAFAYETTE NATIONAL PARK OFFERS MOTOR VACATIONISTS A HAPPY CAMPING GROUND

1,262 feet; and thus they stand in the scale of figures: The Beehive, The Bubbles, Norumbega, Acadia Mountain, St. Sauveur, each as interesting as the other and all together possessing a rare combination.

Bound on all sides by the "vasty deep," Mount Desert Island is cut nearly in half by Somes Sound coursing in from the Atlantic. This narrow inlet of the sea is the nearest thing in the United States to the famous Norwegian fiords. And between the forest-clad hills are high-lying lakes and ponds, among the larger of which are Eagle Lake and Jordan Pond, Echo Lake and Long Pond. Sailing or boating is always in order, and fishing, too, for those that love the sport. Visitors to the park are bound down by no finicky regulations. All that a beneficent government asks is that they observe the same rules of conduct that they would on an estate of their own. The camps must be kept neat and orderly and campers must be extra careful of their fires, for this constitutes one of the park's greatest perils. Hunting is positively forbidden, and rightly so, for the preserve is a sanctuary of wild life, both plant and animal, and has its own biological laboratory for the advancement of science. Lying in the coast migration route and being the meeting place of feathered tribes, it is a famous bird reserve. Edward Howe Forbush, Massachusetts State ornithologist, has told an appealing story of how, when America was first discovered, the Maine coast was the habitat of myriads of land and water birds; of how the coast was swept as by a destructive storm by the continual hunting and shooting of birds and the plundering of their nests for food and commercial purposes until only a pitiable remnant of bird life remained; and of how finally the tide was turned by the passage of the national law for the protection of migratory birds and the establishment of Lafayette Park as a refuge for both birds that breed locally and those that travel long distances with the changing seasons.

Mount Desert is singularly rich as a botanical region. Around the bases of the great hills and down to the water's edge grows the dense forest of hemlock, spruce, and pine mingled with hardwood trees, exhibiting in its best form the life of the Canadian zone. Wild flowers, strikingly beautiful and abundant in season, add a touch of matchless color to this fairyland of nature.

THE NARROWS VIEWED FROM CADILLAC MOUNTAIN

Courtesy Geo. B. Dorr and "Natural History"

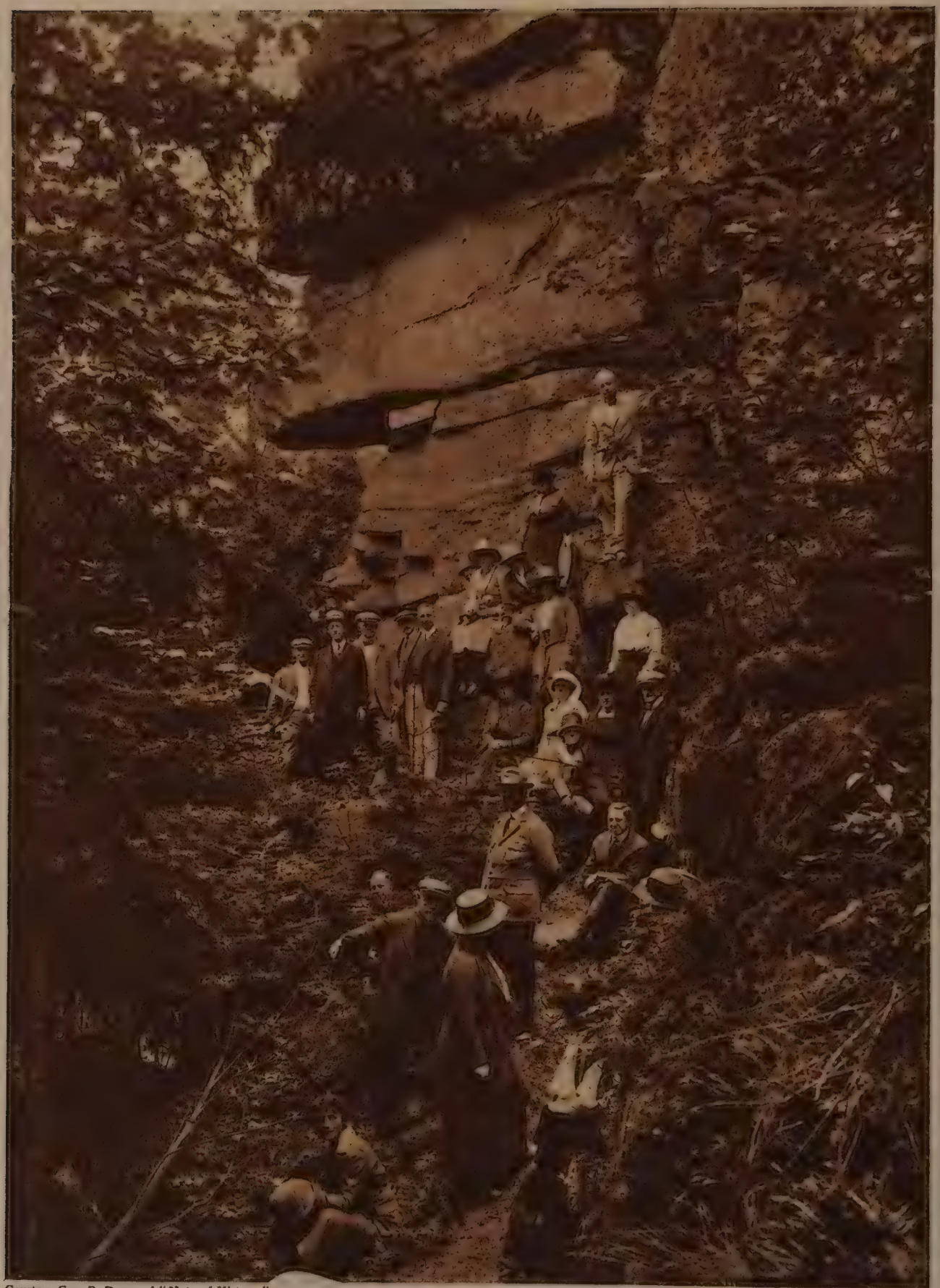
PAST THESE ISLANDS SAILED CHAMPLAIN INTO THE HARBOR OF FRENCHMAN'S BAY

The view is taken from Champlain Mountain, one of the "wild and lonely peaks" that suggested to the discoverer the name *Isles des Monts Déserts*

THE ENTRANCE TO SOMES SOUND VIEWED FROM BLUE MOUNTAIN

On the edge of this picturesque body of water occurred the first conflict between the French and the English for the control of North America

CHAMPLAIN ANCHORED OFF THE COAST OF MOUNT DESERT ISLAND IN 1604



Courtesy Geo. B. Dorr and "Natural History"

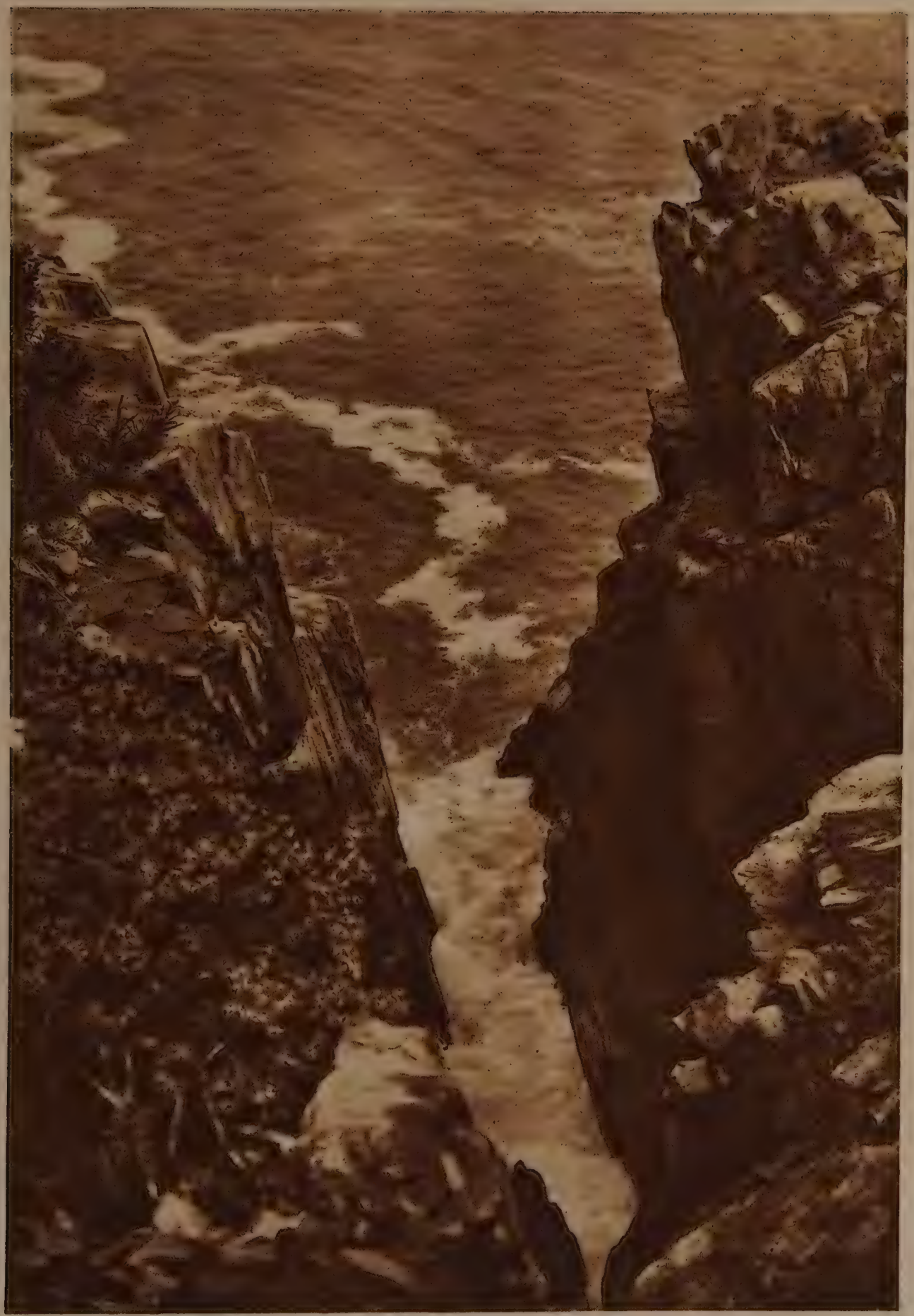
THE GRIM CHALLENGE OF CADILLAC CLIFF MET ON A MIDSUMMER DAY BY THE APPALACHIAN MOUNTAIN CLUB

An organization of hardy climbers who early showed the way to seekers for health and pleasure in the East's one and only national playground

HERE, TOO, THE TRAVELER LOOKS DOWN OVER THE TREE TOPS AND THE VALLEYS

A RARE VISTA OF SOMES SOUND FROM A CLEFT IN THE ROCKY COAST

This is the only glacial fiord on the eastern coast of the United States



THUNDER HOLE ON THE OCEAN DRIVE

A WOODLAND PATH BY THE SPRING THAT BEARS THE NAME OF SIEUR DE MONTS, FOUNDER OF ACADIA AND COMMANDER OF EARLY VOYAGES TO AMERICA

A STONE PATHWAY ON "THE FLYING SQUADRON," ONE OF THE PARK'S BOLDEST PEAKS

SCENES LIKE THIS ARE UNKNOWN IN OTHER UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT PARKS

SOMES SOUND IS A BOATING PARADISE FOR SUMMER VISITORS

SAILS ON FRENCHMAN'S BAY ARE REMINDERS OF THE FIRST COMERS, WHO TOUCHED THESE ISLAND SHORES OVER THREE CENTURIES AGO

THE SIEUR DE MONTS SPRING IN A SETTING OF IDYLLIC BEAUTY

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE RAIN TREE

The story of the rain tree crops up every year or so in the newspapers, and occasionally gains a foothold in more weighty publications—such as consular reports. There are several versions of the story, but they all agree in describing a vegetable marvel which sheds a copious supply of water from its leaves, even in the driest weather. As a rule, the writers urge the introduction of this tree in arid regions, such as our Southwestern States, in order to make the desert blossom as the rose. In Australia, nurserymen have actually sold a so-called rain tree on a large scale, claiming that it would help to solve the irrigation problem of that country.

Some descriptions of the tree are quite circumstantial with regard to its rain-producing qualities. Thus one typical newspaper article says:

"The tree grows readily in any soil, reaching a large size, and has a luxuriant foliage, with a remarkable power of collecting and condensing atmospheric moisture. Its capacity, moreover, is increased by the usual heat of a drought. The water falls from the leaves and oozes from the trunk, and forms veritable rivers, which can be led in irrigating canals to any point desired. A single tree is estimated to average nine gallons of rain a day. Making liberal allowance for evaporation, a square-mile grove of the trees would supply for distribution about 100,000 gallons of water daily."

What is the truth about this alleged marvel?

The name "rain tree" has been given to a beautiful and very common tree of tropical America. The name is probably due to the fact that the tree has the habit of closing its leaflets before and during rains, and not to any tendency to shed water from the leaves.

In humid tropical jungles, especially at night, many trees and other plants draw up from the soil more water than can be evaporated at the surface of the leaves and branches. Hence some of it collects in liquid form, and trickles to the ground. In a dry climate this never happens, because all the moisture pumped up from the soil passes off as vapor into the thirsty air.

Some rain-tree stories undoubtedly owe their origin to the activities of plant lice, scale insects, and the like, which occasionally produce veritable showers of "honeydew" beneath the trees on which they assemble. This curious process may sometimes be witnessed beneath the shade trees of our American city streets.

The original rain-tree story, as found in the narratives of early voyagers back as far as the fifteenth century, located the tree in the island of Ferro, one of the Canaries. This island has no springs and a scanty rainfall, but, according to the story, derived an ample supply of fresh water from a single tree. The accompanying picture, adapted from one published in 1748, shows the rain tree in full operation.

From E. T. Charton's "Voyageurs anciens et modernes," Paris, 1863

THE RAIN TREE OF THE ISLAND OF FERRO

The rain tree of the island of Ferro is not necessarily mythical. The island is mountainous, rising in the interior to a height of nearly 5,000 feet. According to a recent article by Dr. G. V. Perez, the uplands are frequently enveloped in drifting clouds, which deposit a great deal of their moisture on the trees and other vegetation. This moisture drips to the ground in a steady stream. The natives say that the famous rain tree that once supplied the whole island was blown down in a storm, but there are still trees in the Canaries that "rain" in the manner just described.

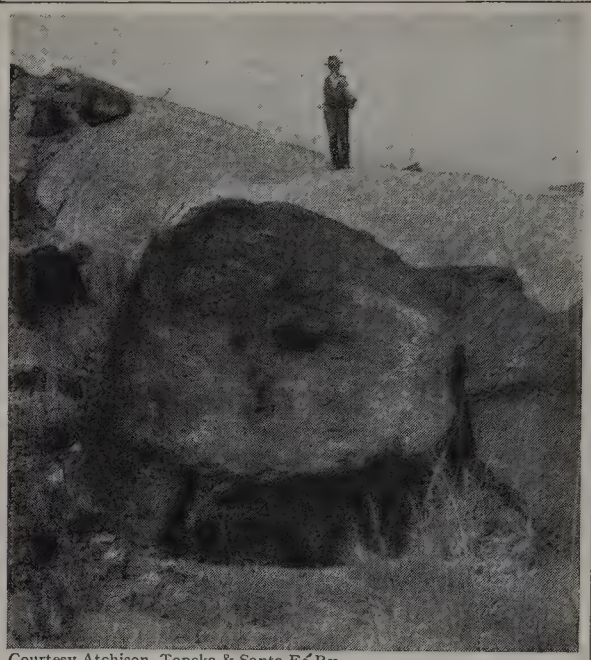
It is interesting to note that in Madagascar, a country of little rain, there is a so-called "traveler's tree" whose huge thick leaves form reservoirs that hold a quart or more of palatable water. *Erskine Lee.*

TREES OF SOLID STONE

BY C. F. TALMAN

What is your mental picture of a petrified forest? When you hear the word "petrified" you think of the wonders wrought of old by the Gorgon's head, and your idea of a petrified forest may be almost as far from the truth as the description attributed to Captain Jim Hance of "a forest of petrified trees, with petrified birds flying through petrified air, singing petrified songs."

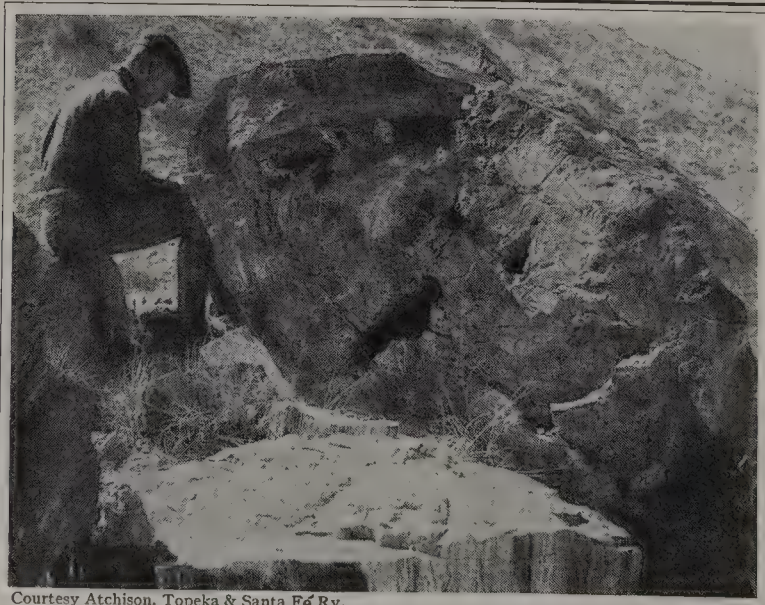
The petrified forest of Arizona is more like an immense logging camp than a forest. The trunks lie prostrate and shattered upon the ground, like the shafts of innumerable temples ruined by a stupendous earthquake. Geology tells the story of this forest: how the trees once grew beside an inland sea where now is the gorgeous Painted Desert; how the fallen and water-logged trunks were buried beneath the sediment of the sea bottom; how, with the slow sinking of the land through long ages, more and more mud and sand was laid upon them and slowly hardened into rock thousands of feet deep. Meanwhile, the wood decayed and was gradually replaced, cell by cell and fiber by fiber, with mineral deposits from the water, and the whole consolidated under the enormous pressure of the rocks. Thus was the miracle wrought of changing the woody tissues not merely into stone but into multicolored gems—chalcedony, opal, and agate—so hard that it takes diamond dust to cut the logs to-day, and an excellent quality of emery is made from them. Later the slow seesaw of the ages carried the land upward, and then the rain, the wind, and the frosts of winter began to eat away the coverlet of rock, until at last the trees were laid bare. This process of erosion, which wears away the softer rocks but leaves the hard petrified trunks intact, is still going on. Nobody knows how much of the forest is *still underground.*



Courtesy Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Ry.

SECTIONS OF TRUNKS IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST

These smooth breaks evidently occurred after the forest turned into stone. Ordinary wood could not be broken in this way



Courtesy Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Ry.

A SCENE IN THE THIRD FOREST

The Third or Rainbow Forest is the largest individual group of petrified trees in the Reserve

The Petrified Forest Monument includes five separate tracts, or forests, all accessible from the railroad station of Adamana, the name of which perpetuates the fame of a pioneer rancher of the neighborhood, Adam Hanna. In the First Forest the principal curiosity is the Natural Bridge, consisting of a great petrified trunk of jasper and agate spanning a canyon sixty feet wide. The Second Forest, two or three miles farther south, contains some of the largest and best-preserved trees, including the Twin Sisters, lying side by side. The Third Forest, also known

as the Rainbow Forest, on account of its marvelous coloring, lies thirteen miles southwest of Adamana. The Blue Forest is the smallest of the five. It is east of Adamana, and was discovered by the late John Muir. The Sigillaria Forest, to the north, is interesting not only for its fossil trees but also on account of commanding splendid views of the Painted Desert.

Apart from their scientific interest, these relics of primeval vegetation fascinate the visitor, because of their profusion of gorgeous color. One rhapsodist has described the Petrified Forest as "the most brilliant aggregation of jewels on the globe," and the myriads of glittering chips that strew the ground of the forest have been compared to fossil butterflies. The beauty as well as the hardness of the fossil wood attracted the attention of the Indians in prehistoric times. Logs of this material were used in building ancient houses, the remains of which are still to be seen in the forest. "It is probable," says Dr. Walter Hough, of the Smithsonian Institution, "that prehistoric builders never chose more beautiful stones for their habitations than the trunks of these trees which flourished ages before man appeared on earth."

From the same material the Indians fashioned hammers, arrowheads, and knives, and as these were used in barter with the surrounding tribes they are found to-day in Indian ruins hundreds of miles away from the forest. Under the names of "wood agate" and "wood opal," the fossil wood has been cut and polished to make floor tiling, mantels, clock cases, and table tops. A factory was also established at Adamana for grinding up the wood to make emery. At the same time relic-hunters were carrying away beautiful fragments, and, worst of all, many of the logs were blasted for the sake of getting the quartz crystals embedded in them.

These acts aroused violent protests on the part of the people of Arizona, and the agitation resulted in the forest being set aside in 1906 as a national park under the control of the Federal Government.

Courtesy Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry.

GIANT LOGS OF CHALCEDONY IN THE NORTH FOREST

A GLITTERING BRIDGE OF MANY COLORS

This agatized log, a hundred feet long, connects two mesas, or plateaus, that border the First Forest

PLANTS THAT FEED ON INSECTS

BY MAY TEVIS

Anyone that has ever known the delight of tending a garden, or has even cherished a single geranium on the ledge of a window, knows all too well that insects eat plants! Indeed, there is a constant war going on between the insect world and the members of the vegetable kingdom. On the part of the plants this war is chiefly defensive, carried on under the protection of armor in the form of scales, spines, and thorns, or by the secretion of offensive or poisonous substances.

But there are certain plants that go a step further and carry the war into the country of the enemy. They not only defy insects but lure them, trap them, and eat them! Unbelievable as it may appear, there are a large number of plants in various parts of the world with an appetite for animal food—an appetite which they gratify by catching, killing, and digesting insects and other small creatures. This startling habit is not confined to a single family or order of plants. On the contrary, it is found among widely different orders, chief of which are the sundews, the pitcher plants —"true" and "false"—and the bladder worts. Different as these plants are in their form, growth, and structure, they have certain things in common besides their habit of catching insects and "eating them alive." To begin with, they are all found in swampy or marshy ground, or in water. Because such localities are poor in nitrogen, these water plants have formed the habit of catching their nitrogen literally on the wing, in the form of living prey.

Various are the methods by which victims are lured and trapped. Some plants secrete an acid fluid containing a ferment which is either very similar to pepsin or identical with it; in other words, they may be considered to possess a sort of gastric juice.

The sundews derive their poetic name from the glittering drops of liquid with which they deck themselves to attract their unhappy victims. The drops consist of a substance which holds insects as firmly as if they were imbedded in glue.

The common sundew, which is found plentifully in the marshy lands of New Jersey, is also a familiar British plant, and it was a specimen of this which led Charles Darwin to begin the curious experiments afterward embodied by him in his delightful volume "Insectivorous Plants." This plant has a rosette of round leaves at the base; from the center of this rosette a graceful flower stalk springs. The whole top of the leaf is covered with hairs which bear glands, and it is the latter that secrete the dew which gives the plant its name. These hairs are often called tentacles, due to their power of motion. When a vagrant fly happens to touch one or more of the tentacles it is arrested by the sticky liquid, and its struggles to free itself bring it in contact with other tentacles. These at once begin to curve inward; the more violently the victim struggles, the greater the stimulation of the relentless tentacles and their glands, until the doomed creature is held as helpless as if in a spider web. Often, too, the whole leaf curves upward so as to form a little cup; into it the glands pour out the digestive fluid. The leaf and its tentacles remain curved until the living food thus captured has been digested and its nutritious juices absorbed to feed the plant.

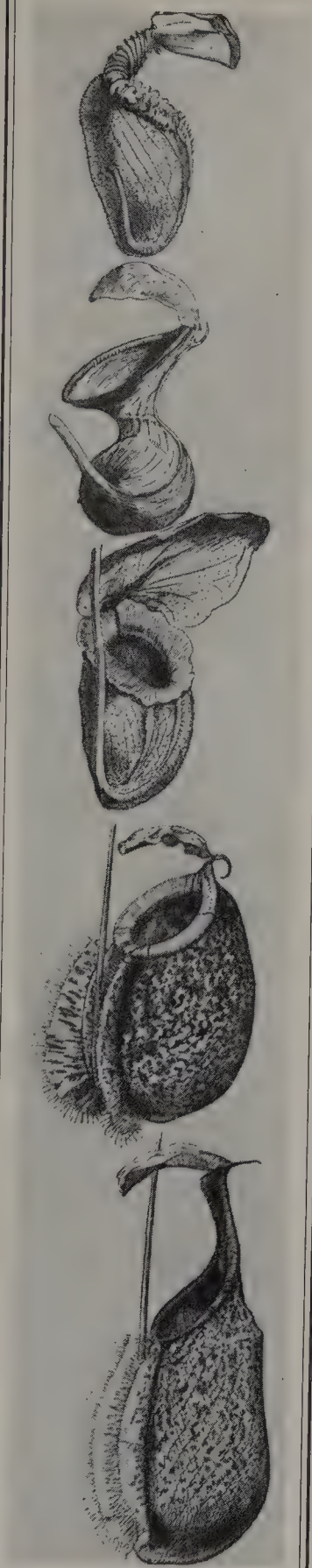
TWO DISTINCT SPECIES OF INSECT-EATING PLANTS

The one on the left is an East Indian pitcher plant, while the one on the right is a Venus's flytrap. The former traps its victims in the pitcher, while the latter closes like the leaves of a book, and imprisons its prey between its sides

Darwin proved that the plant was really fed by this process. He covered two sets of plants with gauze to prevent their catching flies; then fed one set abundantly, while he gave the other no food except what its roots

took up from the soil. The first set became strong, green, and flourishing, while the second set pined, dwindled, and faded. Finding that the sundew reacted toward this living food just as the stomachs of carnivorous animals do toward meat and other foods containing protein, Darwin offered the little plant a rich variety of other foods containing nitrogen, as well as various non-nutritious substances, such as bits of glass, wood, thread, and hair. While the plant would react to the latter, it would soon let them go, on finding they were not good to eat, and after that it refused to contract upon touching them. Such dainties, however, as drops of milk, or the juice of raw meat, or bits of hard-boiled egg, it greedily devoured. The sundew also appeared to like certain cooked vegetables, particularly boiled cabbage. We have Darwin's word for it!

Bladder worts have narrow needle-like leaves and no roots. They float about near the surface of the water in ponds and ditches, and seem to prefer the stagnant water found in such places. Each leaf bears one or more small hollow vesicles, or bladders. The bladders are filled with water, and generally contain bubbles of air. At the end they bear six or seven long pointed bristles. Beneath the bristles lies the entrance to the bladder, which is closed with a valve that opens inward like the lid of an eel-pot. Many a tiny aquatic creature, swinging gayly and unsuspectingly along, pokes its nose against the colorless elastic valve and swims into the green bladder, only to find itself imprisoned in a living tomb. After repeated experiments, Darwin concluded that the worts did not digest the prey thus captured, but merely absorbed needed nitrogen from the decayed bodies of the victims.



FIVE OTHER KINDS OF INSECT TRAPS

Quite as fascinating in their habits, and even more picturesque of aspect than the insect traps already described, are the pitcher plants. As their name implies, all species of this family are provided with hollow receptacles of curious shape. Some resemble delicately modeled urns or goblets. Others follow the graceful flaring lines of horns or trumpets. Most curious of all are those that look almost exactly like a syrup pitcher, lid and all. Those pitchers that have lids belong to the Nepenthes family, of which there are thirty species growing in Australia, Borneo, and adjacent islands. The side-saddle flower is common in the swamps of our Eastern States. The liquid in the trumpet-shaped pitcher, with its lovely spreading lip, appears to have no digestive power; it merely traps the insects.

Whatever the shape of the receptacles, they are all modified leaves, and all of them bait their trap with bright colors and with a richly spread piece of nectar from their honey glands. The cups or pitchers are usually half full of liquid. In some cases this is a true digestive fluid, like the gastric juice of animals, being a dilute acid containing pepsin, in which the prey is digested.

Another ingenious feature found in the pitcher plant is that a portion of the smooth waxy wall above the fatal liquid is so slippery as to offer no foothold to the struggling captives when they attempt to escape. Just above this area is a region covered with hairs or bristles, extremely easy to crawl down, as many an insect has found to its sorrow, but offering a bristling hedge of bayonets to bar the way when it tries to get out.

IZAAK WALTON

Patron Saint of Anglers

BY A. A. HOPKINS

"Among all your quaint readings, did you ever light upon Walton's 'Compleat Angler?'" asked Charles Lamb of his friend Coleridge. "It breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart; it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianize every discordant angry passion; pray make yourself acquainted with it." Doctor Samuel Johnson said he considered "the preservation and elucidation of Walton a pious work."

Within the past year excuse of a most engaging character has arisen for reviving discussion of the life and work of the "Father of Angling." The authorities of Stafford, England, where Walton was born August 9, 1593, desired to have a memorial to him, and chose the Izaak Walton cottage at Shallowford on Trent. Walton left the cottage at his death to the corporation of Stafford. As the years passed, the little house became dilapidated and it was necessary to rally friends to save it. At one time it was reported that the cottage had been purchased by Americans, and would be brought to the United States, but this was a misstatement. The seventeenth-century dwelling will remain among its native fields, a piscatorial shrine at which the anglers of the world will foregather. Funds to maintain the cottage as an object of pilgrimage for devotees of the rod and line have been generously contributed by friends of the late Julien T. Davies, a New York lawyer who did much to dignify the sport of angling.

Little is known of the early life and education of "Honest Izaak," but there is a record of his having been an ironmonger. He lived in Chancery Lane, London, and later in Fleet Street, and waxed fairly prosperous, so that he was able to retire in 1643. It is thought that he spent much of his time in the cottage and wrote there many of his essays. He died at the age of ninety, and now lies buried in the south transept of Winchester Cathedral.

Walton's literary output was extensive, but only one book has survived the centuries—the incomparable "Compleat Angler." No work by an English author except "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe" has been so frequently reprinted, generation after generation. Over a hundred editions were issued in the nineteenth century alone.

Concerning the practicality of this ingenuous guide to angling, a writer of our own day observes "that the ordinary Philistine angler, to whom all that pretty warbling talk of birds and honeysuckle hedges has no appeal in comparison with a creel full of speckled trout, thinks but small beer of poor Izaak's antiquated angling methods. But who minds that? Angling was simply an excuse for Walton's artless garrulity, a peg on which to hang his ever-fragrant discourse of stream and meadow. He followed angling not so much to fill his basket as to refresh his spirit and store his memory with the sweetness of country sights and sounds."

Walton himself begged readers to take notice that in writing his discourse he had made himself "a recreation of a recreation," and, so that it should not read "dull and tediously, had in several places mixed some innocent, harmless mirth. And I am the willinger to justify the pleasant part," he avers, "because, though I can be serious at seasonable times, yet the whole discourse is a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a-fishing."

"The Compleat Angler" wreathes a halo of fine literature above a gentle sport; in it nature and art are reconciled in choice simplicity and haunting cadences.

Wide World Photo

IZAAK WALTON'S COTTAGE

Object of pilgrimage for devotees of the rod and line

THE DRAMATIC STORY OF COTTON

By RICHARD HOADLEY TINGLEY

The cotton industry is probably the greatest single industry in the world, if the cultivation, manufacture, commerce, and uses of all of its products are considered. It is one of the oldest, for, outside of food, history chronicles few of greater antiquity. The cotton of to-day is the same cotton mentioned in Hindu history two thousand years before the Christian era; the cotton plant is the same shrub referred to in the Sacred Institutes of the Manu, in which the inhabitants of India reverently extolled the mystic plant that supplied their clothing.

There are approximately two billion inhabitants in the world, and every one of them wears cotton, in some form, every day from the time he is born to the day of his death—and he carries it with him to the grave. This brief statement to qualify cotton as being one of the most essential commodities produced from the soil.

THE "VEGETABLE LAMB"

Sir John Mandeville, a world traveler of the fourteenth century who wrote interesting, if not accurate, accounts of his travels, said of the cotton plant which he found in India: "Within is a little beast of flesh, bone, and blood. And men eat both the fruit and the beast. Of the fruit I have eaten, although it were wonderful"

Up to the early part of the last century, when America took the lead, India had been the world's chief source of cotton; to-day India ranks second.

Six or seven centuries before Christ, the Hindus had attained great proficiency in the art of spinning, weaving, and printing cotton. Some of their fabrics were so exquisitely fine that they have been compared with gossamer web. They were highly prized, and available only for the princes and nobles of the land; the coarser weaves served as clothing for the common people.

Following the trail from India to Europe, blazed by Alexander the Great, commerce has since continued to flow back and forth between these two continents. By no means the least valuable of the commodities that moved in the stately caravans over hundreds of miles of intervening desert and plain were the beautiful fabrics of cotton.

Profane and Biblical history is replete with references to cotton and cotton fabrics. Nearcus, one of Alexander's generals, records that "a shirt or tunic, reaching to the middle of the leg, a sheet folded around the shoulders, and a turban rolled about the head" was the costume of India—an almost exact counterpart of the dress of the natives of that country to-day. The Book of Esther describes the feast of Ahasuerus, whose royal banquet halls were adorned with "white, green, and blue hangings"—cotton fabrics from India. It is clear that the conventional dress of the Biblical Jews was of cotton, and that cotton was as indispensable to the Chinese of the time of Confucius as now.

Although there are now many modern cotton mills in India, her glory and prestige in the manufacture of the finer fabrics of ancient days have gone. Nevertheless, in the interior, the village artisan is at work spinning and weaving, using the same methods employed by his ancestors of thousands of years ago. In fineness of fabric, however, he cannot now compete with American mills. It was during the Dark Ages that a most extraordinary myth built itself around the origin and growth of cotton, and for centuries clung with remarkable tenacity. The origin of this myth may be traced to Alexander's soldiers, who referred to cotton as a "vegetable wool," the fleece of a lamb which grew on a bush or tree. Theophrastus perpetrated the myth in his botany. Herodotus, the "Father of History," fell into the popular misbelief. Thus the fable of the "vegetable lamb" was spread over the world. The name

THE SOUTH'S FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD

Three hundred years ago a few cotton seeds were brought to America from Egypt, India, and Malta. They have multiplied until they now produce over five billion pounds of cotton each year

of this fabulous animal finally became fixed as the "Scythian Lamb," and subsequently as the "Tatary Lamb." Writers as late as the seventeenth century averred that they had actually seen this wonderful lamb in Russia, growing out of a tree, reaching down from its elevated position to feed upon the grass growing beneath it. Sir John Mandeville, that indefatigable traveler and not too accurate writer, vividly describes the "Vegetable Lamb" which he had actually seen and eaten while on his journeyings in strange lands. Mandeville lived in the fourteenth century. He was a peer of the realm and a man of education and standing. What he wrote in his "Voiage and Travaile" was eagerly read and accepted. It is said that his book had a larger circulation and survived longer than any other publication of that period.

The history of cotton in Europe is a history of hundreds of years of struggle for place alongside its ancient rivals, flax and wool. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, says Scherer, "wool was king just as surely as cotton was king in America south of the Mason and Dixon Line in the nineteenth century." The Alexandrian caravan route had given way to the newly discovered water route to India, and large quantities of muslins, chintzes, and calicoes began to flood Europe. Woolen and linen manufacturers and workers feared for their industry, and their influence was strong enough to obtain edicts against the manufacture of cotton goods in many countries, and embargoes against the importation of the fabrics from the East. Trade wars were always waging, the balance being sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other.

But cotton would not down. Despite edicts, embargoes, and acts of Parliament, cotton was, year by year, establishing a firmer foothold in Europe, particularly in England. An industrial revolution greatly aiding the cause of cotton was on the way. Europe's individual workers who made their homes workshops were to be transformed into the forerunners of the factory workers we know to-day. George Eliot's "Silas Marner" describes the conditions under which the industrial weaver toiled at his home, and the transformation which took place within the life of Marner after the introduction of machinery and centralization of manufacture. Kay, Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, and Watt came in quick succession to complete the revolution, and the moving cause in this history-making epoch was cotton. It not only furnished impetus to the cotton industry, but, also sympathetically, it stimulated industry of all kinds. Woolen manufactures, instead of suffering by the advent of cotton, as had been predicted, shared in the general prosperity that followed.

Although cotton is indigenous to American soil, and grows wild as Columbus found it in the Caribbean Islands, the product of our Cotton Belt is almost entirely the result of

THE NATION'S BILLION-DOLLAR CROP

The world's average yearly cotton crop is approximately twenty million bales, or ten billion pounds. The United States supplies considerably over half of this amount, the value of which varies from a billion and a half dollars to four billion dollars, depending on the market value of cotton

cultivation from seeds imported from the West Indies, Egypt, India, and Malta. It was fully three hundred years after the time of Columbus before cotton became a commercial factor on this side of the Atlantic. In the meantime the American colonists were dependent upon Europe, and upon India, through Europe, for their cotton goods. On a very small scale cotton was cultivated in Virginia, Maryland, South Carolina, and even as far north as Delaware. Great Britain had placed an embargo on the exportation of cotton-mill machinery, and the colonists had yet to learn the export value of their product, which had barely reached 138,000 pounds in 1792. This was the year before Eli Whitney revolutionized the industry by the invention of the cotton gin. Cotton at once assumed a leading position, and held the center of the industrial stage in the South from that time till the outcome of the Civil War. During these seventy years it is safe to say that cotton exercised a more potent influence in the making of the commercial, economic, and political history of the United States than any other factor.

But though England might prevent the exportation of her cotton-manufacturing machinery, she could not place an embargo upon the exportation of the brains of her mechanics. It was in this way that Samuel Slater, the "Father of American Manufacture," brought in his head models of the Arkwright and other machinery to this country and set up the first successful cotton factory in the United States at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, where it still stands. Slater's mill was ready for operation about the time that Whitney's invention had begun to produce a flood of "vegetable wool" from the South—a flood that has never ceased to flow from that direction to the North and to Europe.

It was cotton that was the foundation of the slave system of the South, which nearly disrupted a nation. It was the scarcity of cotton in England that brought untold distress and misery to the operatives of the mills of Manchester and Lancashire during the American Civil War, when the cotton ports of the South were blockaded by the gunboats of the North. Cotton still exerts a leading influence upon the politico-economic question that is perennially with us. Cotton has been called the greatest single factor that has influenced the politics of this country in the last century.

For many years America held a place in the center of the stage, but a little insect, coming over the border from Mexico, has found its way into our cotton fields and raised havoc. No part of the world has yet been discovered where cotton of the peculiar fiber of that grown in our great Cotton Belt can be grown. Unless something radical is done toward eliminating the pest, it may soon be necessary to write another chapter in the story of cotton.

THE EARTH GIVES UP ITS BIGGEST BEAST

BY JOHN SEYMOUR

A world's record in the discovery of mighty beasts has been established in Mongolia by the Andrews expedition, sent out in 1921 under the auspices of the American Musuem of Natural History, New York.

Fossil remains of the largest land animal the planet has ever borne—a colossal *Baluchitherium*—was found on the northeast slope of the Altai Mountains, 450 miles southeast of the ruined city of Karakorum, formerly center of the medieval empire of Genghis Khan, the Mongol chieftain.

The discoverer of the monster skeleton was Walter Granger, a member of the expedition. The *Baluchitherium grangeri* has been named in his honor. Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, the distinguished president of the American Museum of Natural History, estimates that the beast was something like twenty-four feet long and twelve feet tall in life. It belonged to the same family as our modern mammals, the horse, the tapir, and the rhinoceros. Contrasted with the white rhinoceros, its nearest and largest living relative, its size is as a cat compared with a kitten. Its enormous size and thick tough hide probably made it immune to the attacks of all enemies, even the saber-toothed tiger, extant at the same time.

The specimen recently arrived in the United States is sufficiently complete to establish both the size and the nature of the animal, since it includes not only the skull but some of the vertebræ and the bones of the leg and foot. The skull itself was broken into hundreds of pieces, but by the patient care of the museum experts many of these have already been fitted together.

The *Baluchitherium* is supposed to have lived on vegetation of one sort or another, and its huge teeth were able to crush with the power of a modern steam-driven machine. The fact that the monster was herbivorous indicates that the barren plains and deserts of Mongolia were once covered with a thick and luxuriant plant life, such as the rhinoceros now feeds upon in the dense jungles of Africa. This, however, was some two million years ago, plenty of time for those changes to have taken place which are evident in the present character of the land.

The expedition that discovered the Biggest Beast went by train northward from Pekin, China, and continued by motor-car into Mongolia. A camp of five weeks was made in a beautiful valley crowned by the Altai Mountains. This rich valley yielded not only the famous Baluchitherium skull which has caused so much excitement in the world of science, but many other fossils, including a sensational new species of Dinosaur, of which a complete skeleton was found, remains of the rhinoceros, and bones of the wapiti, also known in the northwestern part of our own continent, where it is sometimes called the American elk.

THE KING OF BEASTS

This record mammoth was found in Mongolia by an expedition sent out under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History. The drawing shows its size in comparison with its next largest living relative, the white rhinoceros

WALT WHITMAN
THE POET OF DEMOCRACY

BY CLEVELAND RODGERS

From a bronze plaque by R. Tait McKenzie

THE day was when men tried to ignore Whitman. Emerson saw him aright and hailed him as a seer, but many called him a "ruffian rhymester." He shocked the literary sensibilities of his time—and the flutter of the proprieties persisted for years. To-day he stands among the representative poets of America. He sang, without reserve, the Song of the Natural Man, and he celebrated the Spirit of Democracy in trumpet tones. Toward the whole world he sounded his salute. He waved a signal torch to all mankind. His torch is now held high by many hands.

A SHRINE OF SHRINES FOR WHITMAN LOVERS
THE HOUSE OF HIS BIRTH, WEST HILLS, LONG ISLAND

"On the broad and beautiful farmlands" of his fathers, at West Hills, near Huntington, Long Island, Walt Whitman was born a century and four years ago. His father, a wood-cutter and carpenter, brought the buxom daughter of a Dutch-American neighbor as a bride to this comfortable clapboarded farmhouse in 1816. Near by is the original Whitman homestead, settled in 1660 by a New England ancestor. Not many miles away rolls the sea, whose "mystic surf-beat" always had power to soothe and inspire Whitman, man and poet. When he was four years old the family moved to Brooklyn, but he often returned to his childhood haunt, and visited at his grandfather's home. Especially he loved to wander in the shade of the black-walnut grove that crowned High Hill

THE MENTOR

Vol. 11. No. 8 ✣ SEPTEMBER, 1923 ✣ Serial No. 247

WALT WHITMAN POET OF DEMOCRACY

BY CLEVELAND RODGERS

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE "BROOKLYN EAGLE;" AUTHOR OF "WALT WHITMAN'S LIFE AND WORK"

Walt Whitman's admonition to Horace Traubel, "Do not attempt to explain me; I cannot explain myself," has been generally ignored. Yet Whitman remains a mystery. No other great American poet is so lacking in popular appreciation, and there is no other great American poet about whom so much buncombe has been written. Some misguided enthusiasts have praised the very faults of the poet, while other writers have misinterpreted Whitman as many commentators have Shakespeare, by reading into his text much that Whitman never intended and probably would have scorned. He has suffered both from admirers and from those that despised him. While he lived he was simultaneously worshiped and reviled. He was called genius and imbecile, prophet and charlatan; his work was extolled as an inspired revelation and as strenuously denounced as inane drivel—or worse.

Whitman called himself the "Poet of Democracy." His message was for the masses of the people. It has not yet been delivered to them. Professorial dissectors have mulled over it in their studies; wild-eyed radicals have seized upon parts of it and tried to make it serve their anarchistic purposes; the half-baked intelligentsia and free-verse poets have used the Whitman trademark on spurious goods; immature, prurient minds sometimes dip into "Children of Adam;" beyond that Walt Whitman is hardly more than a name.

Surely it is time for this to end! Whitman should be rescued from the cliques and coteries and given his rightful place in American literature. His message should be handed on to the multitudes for whom it was written. This is all the more urgent since the message has more force to-day than ever before. In fact, the real America, the real world democracy, visioned by Whitman, is only now emerging.

Why should Walt Whitman be anything of a mystery? He was one of the simplest of men. Simplicity was the keynote of his existence. A physician who attended him during his tragic years of affliction in Camden said that Whitman was the most natural, normal man he had ever examined. John Burroughs, who knew something of animals, as well as of men, and was one of

From a daguerreotype made at the age of sixty

LOUISA VAN VELSOR WHITMAN

Mother of Walt. "He never speaks of her," said his friend John Burroughs, "without love and passion flooding his face." "An ample woman," she bore nine children. Many sturdy traits were reflected in her illustrious son

Whitman's intimates, gave like testimony. His life was almost an open book, and there is nothing particularly baffling in his writings. Yet the fact persists that this dynamic figure in American letters is to-day almost as much of a question mark as he was when "Leaves of Grass" first appeared in 1855.

This was the beginning of the contagion of confusion over Whitman. Emerson, head and front of our literature and culture, instantly hailed the obscure Brooklyn printer-poet as a genius. A few other critics and "high-brows" followed Emerson, but in the main the "literary crowd" took another line. Of the two forces, the latter was the stronger, and for years Whitman and his book were condemned by the dominant element in American literary circles.

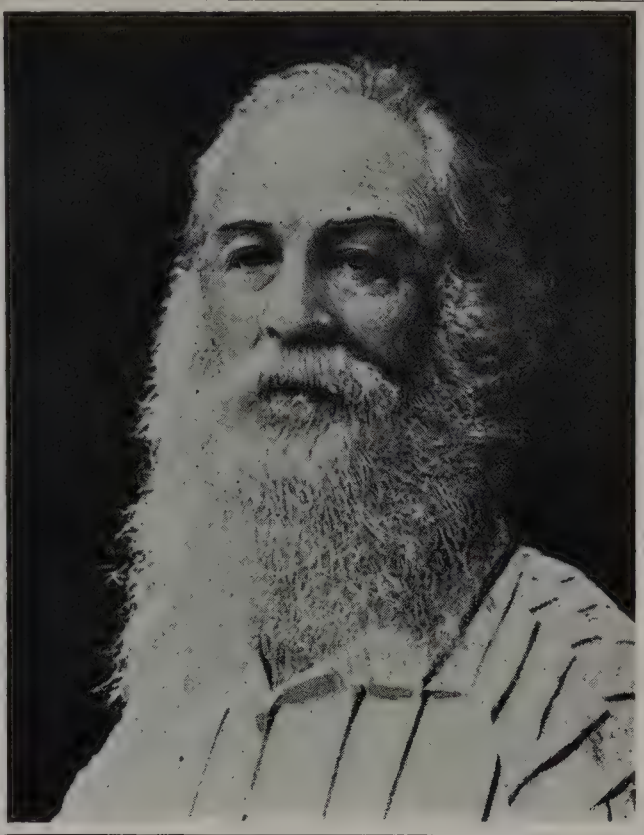
This attitude was gradually modified, and by the time he died the "Good Gray Poet" had become accepted and was internationally famous. As E. C. Stedman remarks, he is now "in very good society and has been so for a long while." But the battle over his work had been fought on a field apart, and largely by partisans for whom Whitman felt no special concern. He was without literary pretensions and actually disliked so-called "literary" people. In a way he disliked literature itself when it was taken to mean something separate and apart from the life of ordinary humanity. Because of this unusual relationship, Whitman stands unique among literary figures.

THE CARPENTER'S COTTAGE

In Brooklyn, where Whitman lived when working on "Leaves of Grass," his first book of poems

Whitman should be con-

sidered primarily in his relation to the time in which he lived. He was born on May 31, 1819. The date is important because it was early enough for Whitman to reach maturity before the critical historical decades of the last century. It was close enough to the Revolutionary era for him to snatch some of its fire, to be used in illuminating the next great period in our national history. Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the fact that Whitman, as well as Lincoln, was born at the right time. Because of that they became vital links in the development of American democracy.



WHITMAN THE WOUND DRESSER

A striking portrait made during his service as a volunteer nurse in the Civil War. When doctors despaired of a patient, frequently they would say, "Turn him over to Whitman. Perhaps he will save him." He counted those three years the most profound lesson of his life

Walter Whitman, as he was known as a boy and young man, came of good stock, blending English, Dutch, and Welsh blood. He was one of several children, and his family, while poor, was not direfully so. Walt secured sufficient elementary schooling to enable him to teach school, but he began work as a boy of eleven, and left home at an early age to make his own way. This, too, is perhaps significant. It threw him upon his own mental and material resources, and encouraged initiative and independent thinking. Before he was twenty Whitman had been a printer, school teacher, writer, and editor of a country newspaper. His adolescence was somewhat crowded with activity, and his mind matured rapidly—perhaps too rapidly, for at one stage he was a moody, rather morbid dreamer, much given to introspection and unwholesome speculation. His early writings also reveal something of his deeply religious, mystical nature.

A dominant factor in those formative years was his intense patriotism. He took an unusual interest in public affairs. From boyhood, almost, Whitman seems to have been keenly alive to the great public questions of the day. The fact is not generally known, but for ten or twelve years of his life Walt Whitman was absorbed in politics. He was a politician in every sense of the word, and any estimate of his later life and work that leaves this out of account fails to give a comprehensive picture of the man, or to explain his motives during the decisive periods in his career.

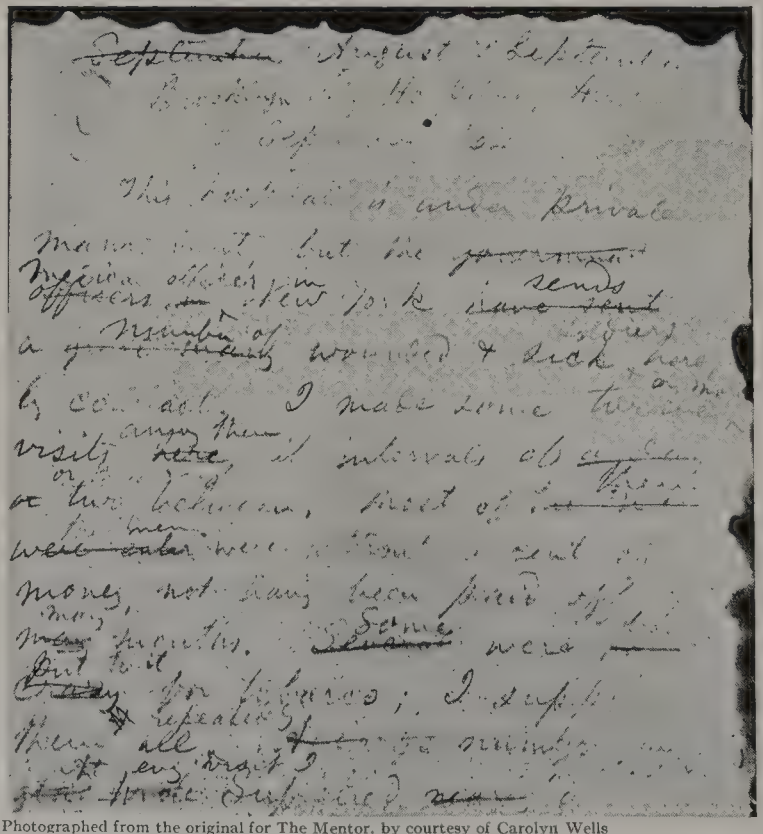
The young Whitman was an intense patriot. He had been inspired by the

stories of the Revolution which came to him first hand from veterans who had taken the "saintly Washington" by the hand. His religious nature caused him to exalt the heroes of those days into veritable gods. Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette (who held the boy in his arms while on a visit to Brooklyn) were idols whom he worshiped with almost fanatical reverence.

From Jefferson, Whitman received his doctrine of political democracy. Andrew Jackson he regarded as the inheritor of Jefferson's mantle. When Jackson's mantle passed to the shoulders of Martin Van Buren, Whitman accepted the new leader of democracy without question. And for Whitman acceptance meant dedicating himself to the cause of the leader. By this process he was led into active participation in practical politics in 1840.

Politics had a different meaning in those days. The Democratic-Republican Party was new. The Whigs were just forming their organization. Many vital issues were being hotly debated, and the great moral question of slavery was being brought forward. The leading poets and preachers, as well as the great lawyers and scholars, were all intense partisans. Newspapers were merely political organs, and editors were primarily politicians.

Whitman was a radical of radicals. He threw himself into the "Loco-Foco," or Democratic-Republican, movement with the ardor of a crusader. He attacked Whiggery in all its forms, and with his pen and on the stump denounced special privilege, monopoly, and everything that failed to measure up to the radical conception of the Jeffersonian principles of equality.



Photographed from the original for The Mentor, by courtesy of Carolyn Wells

A PAGE FROM A WAR NOTEBOOK

One of a dozen that Whitman filled with notes at the bedside of patients from every part of the continent—records of names, invalid wants, accounts of battles. "I never knew what young Americans were," he wrote, "till I had been in the hospitals." Here the great poet of the people said he "discovered America"

During the Harrison-Van Buren campaign of 1840 Whitman electioneered in Queens County, Long Island, where he had been teaching school. Shortly afterward he went to New York, where he became a full-fledged politician. He joined Tammany Hall and soon established a reputation as a political writer and speaker. He held several positions on different

HIS FRIENDS ✣ ✣
BOUGHT HIM A HORSE
AND BUGGY ✣ ✣

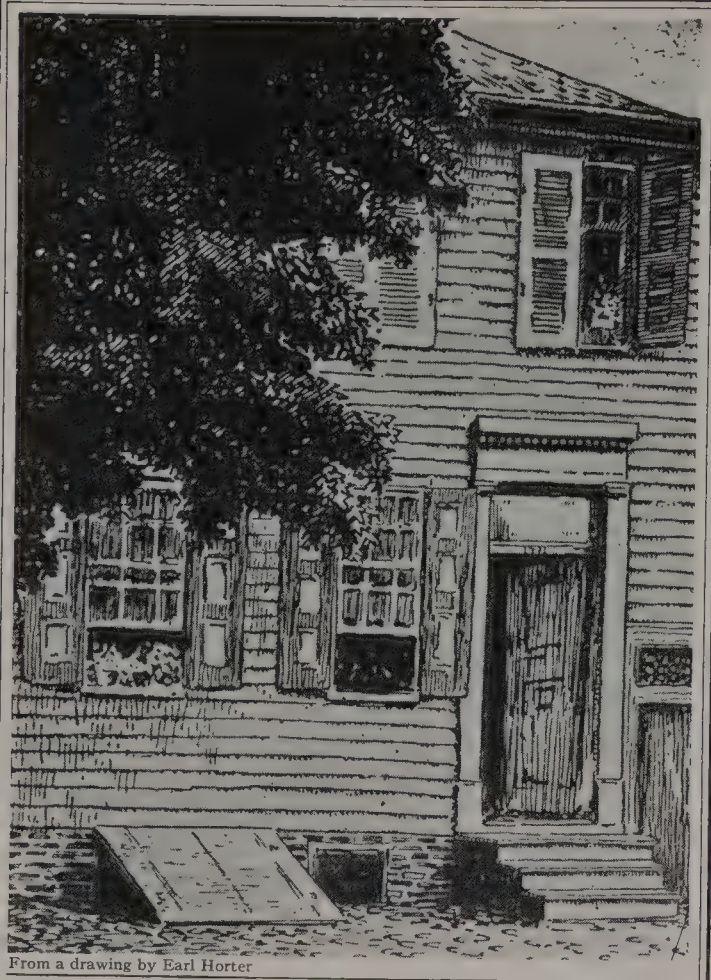
To give him an opportunity to enjoy the open air, thirty-two friends, including Whittier, Mark Twain, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edwin Booth, and Charles Dudley Warner, subscribed $10 each toward the gift. For three years, 1885 to 1888, the poet used to go out every day, sometimes alone, sometimes with his little friend Bill Duckett, driving at a brisk pace and saluting all he met. Finally he was unable to go any longer, and sold the horse and buggy

newspapers, and finally became editor of the "Brooklyn Eagle" in 1846.

This was the most important job Whitman ever held. The "Eagle" was the organ of the Brooklyn Loco-Focos, and as its editor Whitman played a leading part in local politics. He was secretary of the Kings County organization, and otherwise served the party. The story of Whitman's life at this time and the climax that developed in 1848 are interesting and important. It was the turning point in his career, and goes far toward explaining the mystery of Whitman's transformation from a mediocre prose writer into a poet of outstanding force and originality.

For two years Whitman enjoyed the utmost freedom as editor of the "Eagle." Then came a rude awakening. The Mexican War brought up the question of the extension of slavery in the new territory. The Democratic-Republican Party divided on this issue, and Whitman, refusing to compromise with his principles, lost his position. He left Brooklyn and took a job in New Orleans, where he remained only a few weeks. On his return to Brooklyn he became editor of the "Freeman," a newspaper started by the Free Soil Democrats, who supported Martin Van Buren. As everyone knows, the Free Soilers were badly beaten.

This was the end of Whitman's activity in politics, although he never lost interest in the great issues that remained unsettled. What had happened was



From a drawing by Earl Horter

THE MICKLE STREET HOUSE, CAMDEN

Whitman at the age of sixty-five became the delighted possessor of a two-story "shanty" of his own. George W. Childs, the Philadelphia philanthropist, lent him the money, which he repaid little by little. Here came friends humble and great to pay him homage. In the back yard of the modest premises he sat for many of the portraits made of him in later life. The house has been bought by the city of Camden as a permanent memorial. Whitman died here in March, 1892

simply that he became convinced that his dominant ideas could not be realized through politics. He had gone through the game and had come out completely disillusioned. His experience served to drive him back upon his inner self, and to force him to cast about for some other way in which to express his ideas and his personality.

As a result, the politician turned poet. It should be emphasized, however, that Whitman merely changed his form of expression. The ideas and convictions he had held remained firmly fixed in his mind, and his poetry, from beginning to end, is dominated by a political and sociological background. Furthermore, the deep reformatory religious note that pervaded his political utterances became stronger as the poet found himself freer and working in a more suitable medium.

Although the passion for politics was paramount during the first ten years of Whitman's manhood, it was by no means his only interest. As a boy he had resolved to become a writer, and he neglected no opportunity to equip himself for his life work. Before composing "Leaves of Grass" he had experimented with nearly every form of writing. He tried and abandoned conventional forms of verse, wrote essays and numerous short stories, as well as one long temperance novel. As a journalist he wrote news articles, travel sketches, editorials, book criticisms, dramatic reviews, music notices, and even blazed the way for modern columnists by turning paragrapher on occasions. He was also the author of a history of Brooklyn that received newspaper publication.

By way of preparing himself for literary endeavor, Whitman read extensively. His early writings show an easy familiarity with the classics, and we have from his own pen voluminous reviews and estimates of his contemporaries. Furthermore, Whitman knew personally many of the leading writers

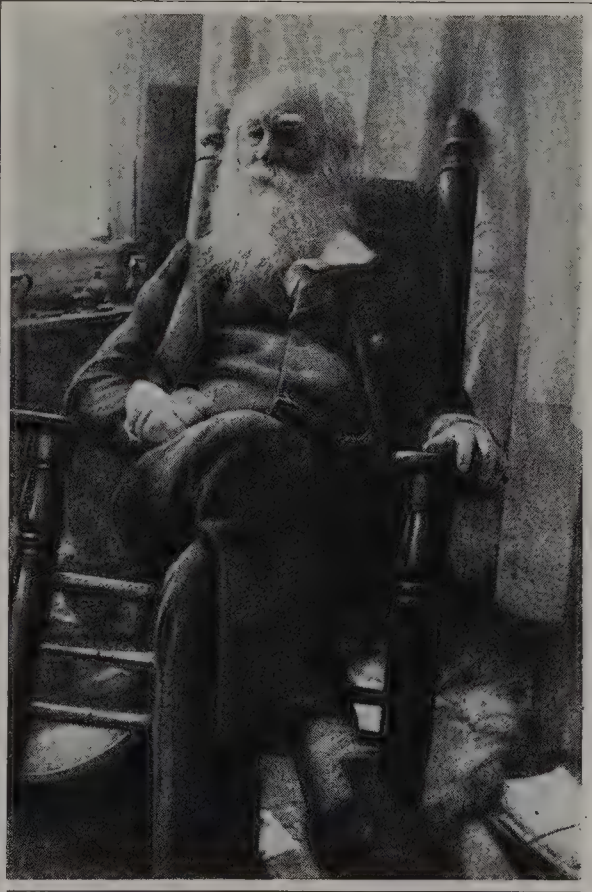
and editors of the day. He contributed to some twenty-five newspapers and magazines, and there is no reason why, with the start he had secured, he could not have attained success by following a more conventional course.

That he did not follow such a course must be attributed to those inherent qualities which make Whitman unique. As we have seen, he did not sound his "barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world" because he was a barbarian and could do nothing but yawp. He learned to conform to conventional standards before he began "yawping." This seems to be important. It proves that his subsequent departures from convention were deliberate and carefully considered. Whitman's peculiar achievement was in making his book the complete expression of his personality:

> This is no book;
> Who touches this, touches a man.

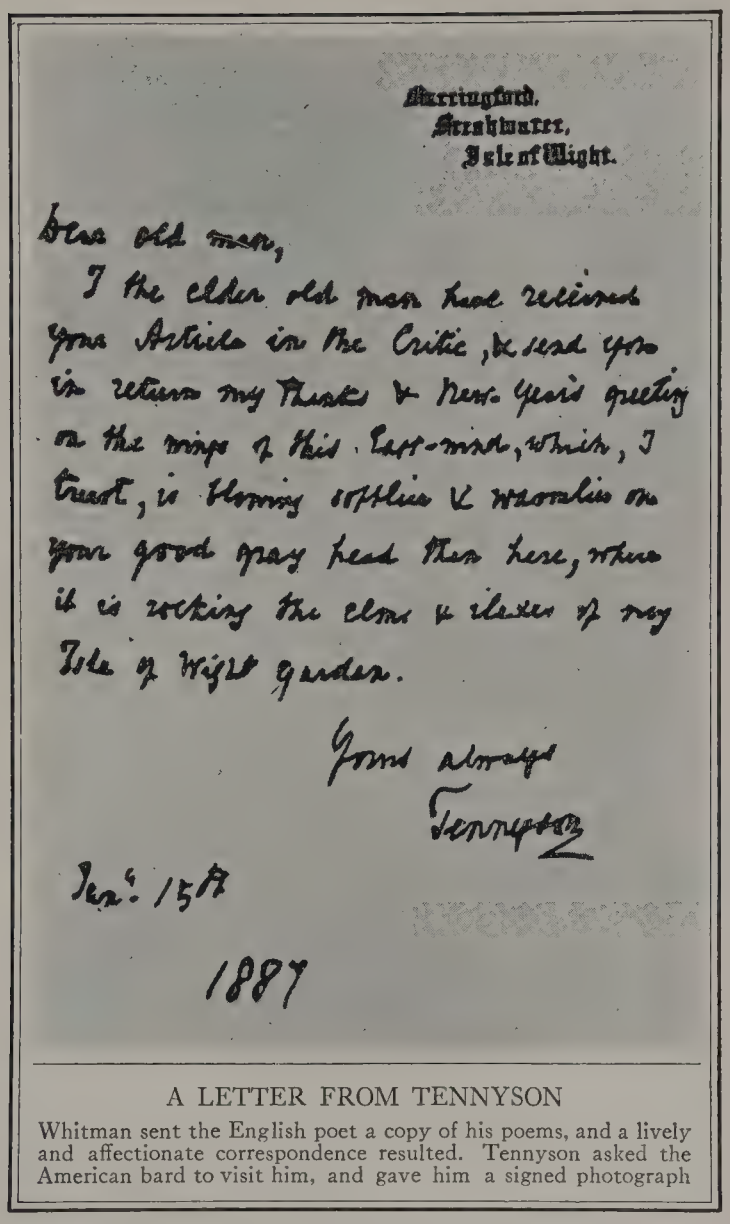
He went about his task of making such a book by identifying himself with everything about him. The external world he considered always in its relation to himself. Every expression was fused with *personalism*. It is only natural that this should cause superficial readers to set Whitman down as a colossal egoist. Professor Stuart P. Sherman has recently disposed of such caviling: Whitman, Professor Sherman says, "has been described as a noisy braggart about himself and his country; but he is complacent with hope, not fulfillment. What he is bragging about is God; that power, not ourselves, working through man and nature and mysteriously bringing vast designs to pass in spite of all that the almost infinite wickedness and ignorance of man can do to thwart Him."

Walt would perhaps subscribe to most of this, but he would doubtless amplify the definitions. Few writers have been more religious than Whitman, but his creed was his own. Democracy was his religion. In his creed, faith in the powers of the common man took the place of faith in the unknown. Democracy he regarded as something primarily of the spirit. It was his conviction that while government in a democ-



THE POET AT HOME

"There's a touch of oak about us both," he wrote of the sturdy armchair given him as a Christmas present. As strength declined, the patriarch passed most of his time near the window of his little house, "dressed in loose gray, cuffs of his shirt rolled back, disclosing his strong workman's hands always clean, lying on the arm of the chair or holding pencil and paper"



Haslemere.
Shrubbery,
Isle of Wight.

Dear old man,

I the elder old man have received your Article in the Critic, & send you in return my Thanks & New Years greeting on the wings of this East-wind, which, I trust, is blowing ozone & roses on your good gray head there here, where it is rocking the elms & cleaves of my Isle of Wight garden.

Yours always
Tennyson

Jan: 15th

1887

A LETTER FROM TENNYSON

Whitman sent the English poet a copy of his poems, and a lively and affectionate correspondence resulted. Tennyson asked the American bard to visit him, and gave him a signed photograph

racy could not be linked with a single creed, it could not permanently be dissociated from things of the spirit. He believed that the more we exalt the state by making it the expression of the popular will the more necessary it is that what we call government shall correspond to the best in man.

This philosophy he evolved as the result of his experience in politics. When the poet in him revolted against the more sordid side of politics he turned to poetry, not with the idea of accomplishing through that means that which it is beyond the scope of politics to accomplish, but as the best way of expressing his ideas and himself. He saw, much more clearly than any of his contemporaries, the limitations of what we call political democracy. At the same time he sensed the fallacies in most of the doctrines of the extreme radicals. He realized that equality is only possible on the spiritual plane.

There is no place in Whitman's creed for the popular notions of present-day radicals. No man could have been more intensely patriotic than he. He was first of all an American. He was the first real American propagandist. He was convinced that it was his duty to sell America to his compatriots, who seemed to be ignorant or blind to the tremendous wealth all about them. He wrote elaborate catalogues, setting forth in glamorous phrases the illimitable glories of the Republic. He is our most grandiloquent exponent of spreadeagleism. Yet Walt Whitman stands first among the poets of internationalism. No other approaches him in universality or in breadth of humanitarianism.

Another apparent contradiction is his simultaneous glorification of individualism and the "divine average." In the Whitman conception of society there are no classes and no "mob." He never lost sight of the individuals that form the crowd. To Whitman, democracy meant the fullest possible develop-

ment of the individual. That was its primary purpose. He visioned a world peopled with whole races of superior individuals. This he believed could be brought about by exalting the inherent nobility and infinite capacity of the common man. Government was to play a part in bringing about this result, but politics he regarded merely as the ways and means of getting things done. Government was the machine. Democracy was the spirit of the transaction that made it purposeful.

From a portrait by John W. Alexander in the Metropolian Museum of Art, New York

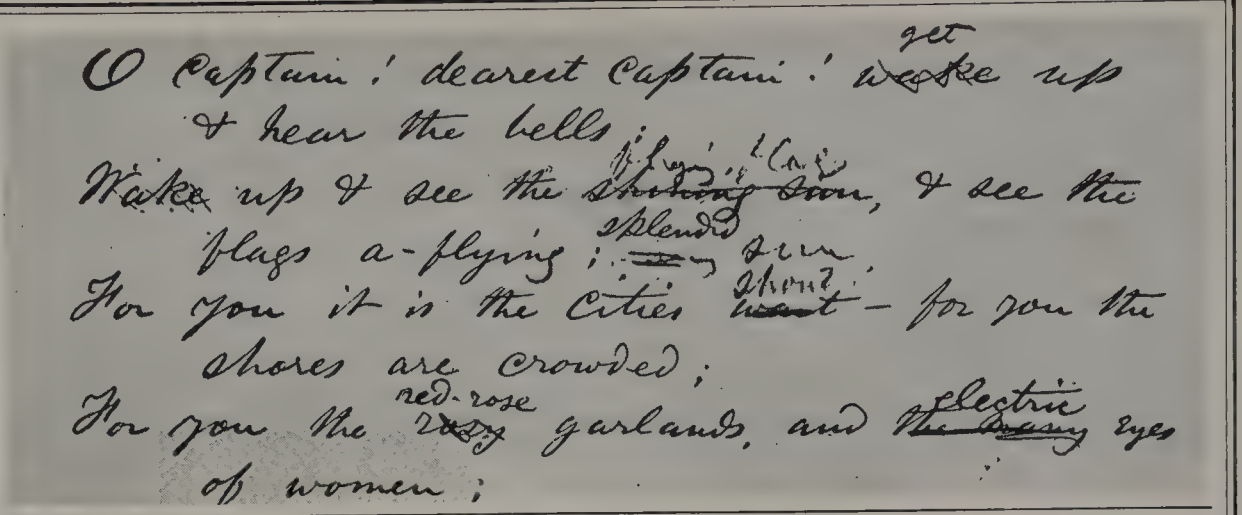
THE SAGE OF CAMDEN

One who saw him at this period of his life described his magnetic presence, his head proudly set, his ruddy face and snowy beard, and the general impression "of the man's simple majesty, such as might be produced by an immense handsome tree"

That Whitman was keenly alive to the limitations of government long before he wrote "Leaves of Grass" is proved by his early writings. To him government was, or should be, a simple process. The true office of government, as stated by him in editorials in the "Eagle" in 1846, "is simply to preserve the rights of each citizen from spoliation; when it attempts to go beyond this, it is intrusive and does more harm than good." The great evil, as he saw it, was in the mania for management, the idea that everything can be regulated and made straight by statute. He repudiated the notion that virtue can be achieved by legislation, and insisted that while government can do little positive good it may easily do an "immense deal of harm."

Those who think of Walt Whitman merely as an excessively exuberant celebrator of democracy should read his prose. There have been few developments and tendencies in democratic government that he did not foresee long before the experiments were tried. "Democratic Vistas" is one of the most profound and keenly analytical dissertations on the subject to be found in the whole literature of political economy. This establishes quite definitely that Whitman was not a mere dreamer and theorist. He was an informed critic and a realist, but he did not permit his faith in democracy to be destroyed or his enthusiasm dampened by the failure of all manner of political expedients during the process of democracy's evolution.

Whitman's striking personality is explained in part by the simple fact that



O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle thrills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

THE SECOND STANZA OF WHITMAN'S MOST POPULAR POEM, "O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!"

As he wrote it first and as it finally appeared. A deathless chant to the memory of Lincoln, "the mighty Westerner," for whom he felt an admiration amounting to worship. In this "psalm of the dead" the poet expressed the grief of a nation: "he was the heart of America in tears, gathered at the grave of her great son"

he practiced what he preached. He proclaimed the need of the largest possible measure of freedom for the individual. Personally he achieved almost complete freedom. He early emancipated himself from all manner of restraints and hampering influence. He was too impervious, his ego far too robust, to be cribbed and confined by what passed for conventions in those formative years of American society. By the time his conception of "Leaves of Grass" had become fixed in his mind he was complete master of his environment, and he refused to be governed by artificial forms of any kind. He proclaimed himself a man and, recognizing that he held within himself all the bad as well as the good latent in the species, he was simultaneously *the supreme egoist and the most humble of persons.*

Whitman's freedom from conventional restraints has, of course, subjected him to severe criticism. Some of the facts concerning his private life, his love affairs, and his indifference to accepted moral codes, are indefensible from the conventional viewpoint, but genius has always claimed and received more freedom than is generally accorded ordinary individuals. Whitman's chief offending—if it be an offense—was in putting into his book the frankest possible record of his physical and emotional experiences. A storm of criticism has been raging over certain parts of "Leaves of Grass" ever since the first publication. In recent years the storm has abated somewhat.

In judging this aspect of Whitman's life and work it should be remembered that he was writing a book that was to represent all phases of life and experience, and that he did not resort to extreme realism in treating sex in order to create a sensation.

Feeling as he did, having in mind the daring project of putting into a book all he felt and divined, and having first learned to conform to literary standards only to abandon them, it is not surprising that his writing should take on the rangeful freedom of the Whitman personality. What he had to say was something that had never before been said. It was so profoundly personal and so completely the expression of an individual that he naturally evolved an individual form, as striking in literature as the Whitman personality was impressive in life.

This is perhaps the greatest fault or drawback of "Leaves of Grass." The form renders the Whitman message unintelligible to those who come by knowledge of literature over familiar paths. Other poets may be learned piecemeal. Walt Whitman and "Leaves of Grass" are one and inseparable, and must be taken as a whole to be comprehensible. The only way around is for his message to be delivered by others. This is being done gradually. Whitman to-day is a great reservoir of inspiration for the poets and writers that have come after him. In this way he is serving succeeding generations as all the great poets and sages serve.

But this is not really satisfying, and a greater effort should be made to spread his message, which has tremendous political and social import to-day.

THE LITTERED CHAMBER OF HIS LAST YEARS

A visitor who made a pilgrimage to the Mickle Street house remarked the uncarpeted floor of Whitman's room where he worked and received friends, the cheap and rickety furniture, old-fashioned stove, flowers in the window, a canary in a cage, books and proofs piled in confusion; on the walls a few fine engravings, a photograph of parents and sisters, and of "another—not a sister"

THE TOMB IN HARLEIGH CEMETERY

For years Whitman the pagan had longed for "a home in the forest." A year before his death, he chose the site for his burial place near Camden, and there he rests at peace in the beloved arms of the one he called the "Dark Mother"

Whitman was a great pivot and force in our national evolution. He came upon the scene in time to gather up the torch that had been kindled in Revolutionary days, and he made a heroic effort to pass it on to the new generations of Americans. He stands with Lincoln as the exponent and prophet of the greater democracy.

Whitman, looking back, saw how far the Republic had come. He looked around and ahead and saw where the nation could go if it went along. He wove his dreams into a magnificent and moving pageant of words. He made himself the first authentic voice of America and democracy's great prophet.

But a shadow appeared on the horizon. The black blot of slavery blurred the picture. The great problem for Whitman, as for the nation, was how to remove that blot without bringing on the unspeakable disaster of disunion.

What could Whitman do? What did he do? His attitude toward the war of secession was not unlike that of a loving parent compelled to watch two sons engaged in mortal combat. Loving both, abhorring strife, he could not take sides, or love one side and hate the other. Instead, he threw himself into the cataclysm, not as a combatant, but as a volunteer nurse, anxious to administer to the sufferers on both sides. And he fell a martyr to his self-sacrifices, for during that service he contracted the afflictions that made him an invalid for the rest of his life.

Broken in health, but with his mind unimpaired, he spent the declining years of his life in a little house on Mickle Street, in Camden, New Jersey. With the passing of years even the severest of his critics became more tolerant. Noted personages from all over the world came to see him. He continued to work, and brought out new editions of his book. His vision of the coming of a better world order are for the future, and must so remain until we fight our way to the distant frontiers of freedom where Walt Whitman planted his flag.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

TO REAL PLACES ASSOCIATED WITH AMERICAN FICTION

OTSEGO LAKE, COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK

A circuit of twenty miles around the head of the lake and back to Cooperstown embraces all the scenes associated with "The Deerslayer," including Council Rock, the site of Hutter's Castle, and also several scenes in "The Pioneers." Cooper himself lived and died on the shores of the Indians' "Glimmerglass." He gives a description of the lake in "The Deerslayer": "Clearing away for his companion (Harry March), they broke suddenly into the brilliant light of the sun, on a low gravelly point that was washed by water on quite half its outline. An exclamation of surprise broke from the lips of Deerslayer. On a level with the point lay a broad sheet of water . . . its margin irregular, being indented by bays. On all sides, wherever they turned their gaze, nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven, and the dense setting of woods. 'This is grand!—'tis solemn!—'tis an edication to look upon!' "

THE MENTOR *takes pleasure in conducting its readers upon a unique pilgrimage. With the coöperation of authors and publishers it has assembled a series of pictures showing actual backgrounds of scenes famous in American fiction. Some of the photographs have never before been published. Several have been made specially for The Mentor. The illustrations are confined to books whose titles have become household words and are known around the globe. Passing from one to another, old memories will be renewed and acquaintance reëstablished with familiar and well-loved characters*

From a photograph taken for The Mentor by Sherrill Schell

"THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES," SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

"Half way down a by-street of one of our New England towns stands a rusty wooden house, with seven acutely peaked gables facing toward various points of the compass, and a huge, clustered chimney in the midst. . . . The aspect of the venerable mansion has always affected me like a human countenance, bearing the traces not merely of outward storm and sunshine, but expressive also of the long lapse of mortal life, and the accompanying vicissitudes that have passed within." In this manner Hawthorne begins the opening chapter of the romance of the Old Pyncheon Family of Salem, which supposedly took place in "The House of Seven Gables," a dwelling of quaint exterior, grown "black in the prevalent east wind"

From a photograph made for The Mentor, February, 1923

THE WHITTIER HOMESTEAD, SNOWBOUND

Whittier had a peculiar fondness for writing about actual places. Frequently he mused on the associations of his boyhood—the homestead where he was born, the school he attended, the rivers and hills of the countryside. The ancestral farm of the Whittiers lies on the main road between Amesbury and Haverhill, Massachusetts. One steps directly from the dooryard into "the old rude-furnished room" from whose unfading memories "Snowbound" was fashioned. Whittier was born in the corner room on the first floor, to the left of the visitor as he enters the main door. Beneath "the sagging beams" of the living-room the future poet, his sisters, and his brother made a fireside crescent and listened to winter tales spun by their elders. In and near Amesbury are many other reminders of Whittier—the Captain's Well, the Meeting House, the Chain Bridge over the Merrimac. Up the Massachusetts coast beyond Newburyport the spot has been identified where the three friends, one of whom was the poet, pitched the Tent on the Beach

Courtesy Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE PARLOR OF THE WAYSIDE INN, SUDBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

Shortly after the publication of a series of poems under the title "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Longfellow wrote to a correspondent in England: "The Wayside Inn has more foundation in fact than you may suppose. The town of Sudbury is about twenty miles from Cambridge. Some two hundred years ago, an English family by the name of Howe built there a country house. Losing their fortune, the Howes became innkeepers; and for a century the Red Horse Inn has flourished, going down from father to son. All this will account for the landlord's coat-of-arms and his being a justice of the peace. All the characters are real. The musician is Ole Bull." In the parlor of the Wayside Inn (the reproduction shows the innkeeper's coat-of-arms above the mantel) the Landlord, the Student, the Musician, the Poet, the Spaniard, gathered and told their several tales. The first, narrated by Squire Howe himself, was "Paul Revere's Ride." A bust of Paul Revere appears on the table in the photograph. In July, 1923, Henry Ford bought the Wayside Inn with the intention of maintaining it as a colonial museum open to the public. For the first time in more than two hundred and fifty years it is to be closed as a hotel

From a photograph made for The Mentor

THE HAUNT OF THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN

The graveyard of the old Dutch Church, Tarrytown, New York, is described by Washington Irving at the beginning of the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." "On the Tappan Zee, there lies a small market town or rural port known by the name of Tarry Town. Not far from this village there is a little valley which is one of the quietest spots in the world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose." The enchanted region of Sleepy Hollow is haunted by the apparition of a figure on horseback who in a mythical battle had lost his head. "Certain of the more authentic historians," continues the author, "allege that, the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow is owing to his being in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak." Just below the bridge flows the brook, and near the church bridge Ichabod Crane had his terrifying encounter with the Horseman

From a photograph made for The Mentor

THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER, NEW YORK

"When Richard Harding Davis used New York for his colors," says Booth Tarkington, "he made us *see*." No figure in Davis' stories became more popular than Cortlandt Van Bibber, the young aristocrat who in a cool, efficient, and high-bred way trailed romance about the streets of the metropolis. One hot day he arrived in the city from Newport, and at a restaurant near Washington Square came upon a runaway couple in a dire predicament. How he helped them out and got them safely married at the Little Church Around the Corner, under auspicious circumstances, is told in the story, "Van Bibber as Best Man." Other Van Bibber adventures had Fifth Avenue as background. To the Berkeley Flats, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street, he carried Madie Caruthers home to her father after "Her First Appearance"

From a photograph by Sherrill Schell

A SCENE FAMILIAR TO MILLIONS—TRINITY CHURCH AND WALL STREET, NEW YORK

The lower part of New York City has supplied vivid settings for many well-known novels of to-day and yesterday. In "The Bow of Orange Ribbon" Amelia E. Barr wrote of the Wall Street of the eighteenth century. Another book by the same author was called "Trinity Bells." Charles Dudley Warner's "Golden House" had Wall Street for its locale. Mrs. Wharton wrote the Street into "The Age of Innocence;" and innumerable others, including F. Marion Crawford, Robert Chambers, George Barr McCutcheon, Rupert Hughes, Arthur Train, and Meredith Nicholson, have incorporated Wall Street scenes in their stories of New York life. Indianapolis is the background of most of the episodes in Mr. Nicholson's late book, "Broken Barriers," but after long absence he brings his lovers together within the cool shadows of Trinity Church, while workers in the big office buildings of Wall Street and Broadway are passing through the sculptured doors to attend the noontide service

THE "FALLS OF MINNEHAHA," NEAR MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

During his wanderings as a youth in the land of the Dacotahs, Hiawatha had seen Minnehaha, the Arrow-maker's daughter and to the forest where she lived with her father he later returned to find her, "where the Falls of Minnehaha flash and gleam among the oak trees."

At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outran his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.

When Hiawatha had won "the daughter of the ancient Arrow-maker,"

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water,
Hand in hand they went together . . .
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
"Fare-thee-well, O Minnehaha."

Courtesy D. W. Griffith

"THE EVANGELINE OAK," ST. MARTIN, LOUISIANA

The betrothed Evangeline seeking her lost Gabriel "through weary years and over half an unknown world" came finally to the bayous and forests of Acadian Louisiana, to the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin on the banks of the Têche, and to the home of Basil that stood

> Near to the bank of the river, overshadowed by oaks, from whose branches
> Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted.
> . . . The house itself was of timbers
> Hewn from the cypress tree, and carefully fitted together.
> Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
> Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
> Haunt of the hummingbird and the bee.
> . . . Through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak trees,
> Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie . . .
> And she cried, O Gabriel! O my beloved!
> How often beneath this oak
> Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!

From a photograph made for The Mentor by R. D. Adams, Cortland, N. Y.

THE HOUSE WHERE "DAVID HARUM" LIVED

Behind is the barn where "old Jinny" was stabled; the bank was across the street. When Edward Westcott was a young man he often visited in Homer, Cortland County, New York, at the home of David Hannum, a shrewd, big-hearted banker and horse dealer. Homer, called "Homeville" in the story, is twenty minutes' ride from Cortland, the county seat. The jovial host had an inexhaustible fund of stories and anecdotes. "David Harum" was a lively portrait of David Hannum. Hannum died in 1892, but tales are still told about his wit as a trader and his native benevolence. Readers of the novel will remember that "David's house stood about one hundred feet back from the street. The main body of the house was of two stories with a mansard roof. On the south were two stories of the 'wing' in which were the 'settin'-room,' Aunt Polly's room, and, above, David's quarters." It will be recalled that, on Christmas Day, David and his sister gave young John Lenox a surprise by moving his belongings to their house from the "Eagle Hotel." The hotel is there still, though it does business under another name

Courtesy Alice Hegan Rice

THE ORIGINAL "MISS VINY" AND THE DENOMINATIONAL GARDEN

"'Are you Miss Viny?' asked Lovey Mary, glancing at the old-fashioned flower garden beyond . . . 'Miss Hazy sent me after some yellowroot.'" Lovey Mary went up the path between oleanders, asters, and phlox. This was the famous "Denominational Garden." "'I got every congregation heared of planted in it,'" Miss Viny said, and launched into an explanation involving the Baptist part of the garden, "'that wants lots of water,'" and the Methodist and Catholic and Quaker parts, and finally wound up by cutting for Lovey Mary "'a nice bo'quet to carry back to the Cabbage Patch'"

THIS IS THE CABBAGE PATCH WHERE "MRS. WIGGS" LIVED

For several years before Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice wrote her homely, humorous chronicle of the denizens of the "Cabbage Patch" she had kept daily notes of her work in this "ragged strata" of Louisville, Kentucky, society. A rare picture of the quarter, taken before improvements were made, shows it in winter time, and recalls the exciting episode of the "Annexation of Cuby," the dilapidated horse salvaged by the resourceful Wiggs family. When the snow had gone, "and the water was no longer frozen about the corner pump, the commons lost their hard brown look and a soft green tinge appeared instead"

Courtesy Albert Bigelow Paine and Harper & Brothers

"HUCK FINN" LIVED IN THE CORNER HOUSE

Huck Finn, Tom Sawyer's comrade, was drawn from life, Mark Twain said. "Tom Sawyer, also, but not from an individual —he is a combination of the characteristics of three boys whom I knew." The real Huck Finn was named Tom Blankenship. Twain just made him as he was, "a ruin of rags, a river rat, an irresponsible bit of human drift, absolutely unaccountable to any living soul." The Blankenships were known as disreputable ne'er-do-wells. The shanty where they lived in Hannibal, Missouri, was really an old barn, poor and ramshackle even when Mark Twain was a boy. The father, Ben Blankenship, was a drunken old man who lived by fishing and hunting. The cave where "Huck" and "Tom" sought the treasure is three miles from Hannibal

Courtesy Southern Pacific Company

CABIN OF "TENNESSEE'S PARTNER," NEAR GROVELAND, TUOLUMNE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

When Bret Harte was about twenty years of age he spent several months in the foothills of the California Sierras in pioneer mining communities. On the top of Marley's Hill the outlaw miner in "Tennessee's Partner" wa hung by indignant citizens. The photograph shows the cabin occupied by the original of the faithful "Partner," and beside it "the pines that trail their slender fingers over the roof." Following north from Groveland one comes to Jamestown, Tuttletown, Angel's Camp, to rude hamlets in Calaveras County, and to many other places of romantic interest for lovers of Bret Harte's matchless tales

Courtesy Zane Grey

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE ON "THE RAINBOW TRAIL"

The Rainbow Bridge is one of the most wonderful natural phenomena in the world. Beyond the Painted Desert of Arizona and Monument Valley (a region associated with "Riders of the Purple Sage" and "Wildfire") Mr. Grey rode with the Indian Nas Ta Bega and John Wetherill, discoverer of the bridge. There they camped and there the author got his inspiration for one of the best remembered scenes in his popular novel, "The Rainbow Trail." "Here at last, apparently, was the rainbow of Shefford's boyish dreams and of his manhood, no longer transparent and ethereal, but solidified, a thing of ages, sweeping up majestically from the red walls, its iris-hued arch against the blue sky. Nas Ta Bega led on down the ledge and Shefford plodded thoughtfully after him. Again the canyon opened to view. Nas Ta Bega said camp would be made at the bridge, which was now close. Just before they reached it the Navajo halted with one of his singular actions. Then he stood motionless. Shefford realized that Nas Ta Bega was saying his prayer to this great stone god"

Courtesy U. S. Forest Service and Union Pacific System

THE COUNTRY "THE VIRGINIAN" MADE FAMOUS

The Jackson's Hole country, Wyoming, south of Yellowstone National Park, is the locality where Owen Wister placed Sunk Creek Ranch and laid much of the story that brought him enduring fame and became the forerunner of a long list of Far West romances. It was under the shadow of the Bow Leg Mountains that The Virginian first met and served Molly Wood, the new school teacher from far-off Vermont. Riding his "Monte hawss" he fought and wooed among the Wyoming hills. The story mentions the rim of the basin where The Virginian and his companions stood and watched afar among the ragged Tetons for the horse thieves—the basin that lay before them "like a great cup of country—rocks, woods, opens, and streams. The tall peaks rose like spires around it, magnificent and bare in the last of the sun"

From a photograph by A. C. Vroman, Courtesy Los Angeles County Bureau of Visual Education

THE MASTER'S HOUSE ON THE CAMULOS RANCH, VENTURA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

When Helen Hunt Jackson went to southern California in 1882 to study the Mission Indians, researches led her to Camulos, a typical Spanish California plantation. During the short visit she made there she impressed upon her mind many incidents that were later brought into the story of "Ramona"—a purely fictitious story, but one enacted against real backgrounds. The Camulos House has become an object of literary pilgrimage. Readers of "Ramona" will recognize in the picture the shaded veranda where "Señora Moreno" walked, telling her beads, the upper porch where her son lay ill of a fever, and most romantic relic of all, the barred window at the end of the house toward which Alessandro so often turned yearning eyes. This was the room allotted by the author to the imaginary heroine in her well-beloved tale of old-time California

COURTYARD VIEWED FROM ROYAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS

"Turn into the quiet, narrow way which a lover of Creole antiquity, in fondness for a romantic past, is still prone to call the Rue Royale." George W. Cable, translator of the charm of old New Orleans, leads us down the faded thoroughfare, preliminary to an introduction to Madame Delphine. "Beauty lingers here. Sometimes you get sight of comfort, sometimes of opulence, through the unlatched wicket of some *porte-cochère*—red-painted brick pavement foliage of dark palm or pale banana. . . . Now, if you will go far enough down this old street, you will see . . . on the right-hand side, a small, low, brick house of a story and a half, set out upon the sidewalk as weather-beaten and mute as an aged beggar fallen asleep." Here lived "one Delphine Caraze, or, as she was commonly designated by the few who knew her, Madame Delphine." The actual house, as quaint in reality as it was in fiction, was torn down several years ago. Madame Delicieuse, Madame Lalaurie, Sieur George, names familiar to all readers of the Cable romances, also lived on Royal Street, and Tite Poulette's house was on a side street near by

From a copyright photograph taken about the time "Moby Dick" was written, reproduced by courtesy of the Whaling Film Corporation, New Bedford, Mass.

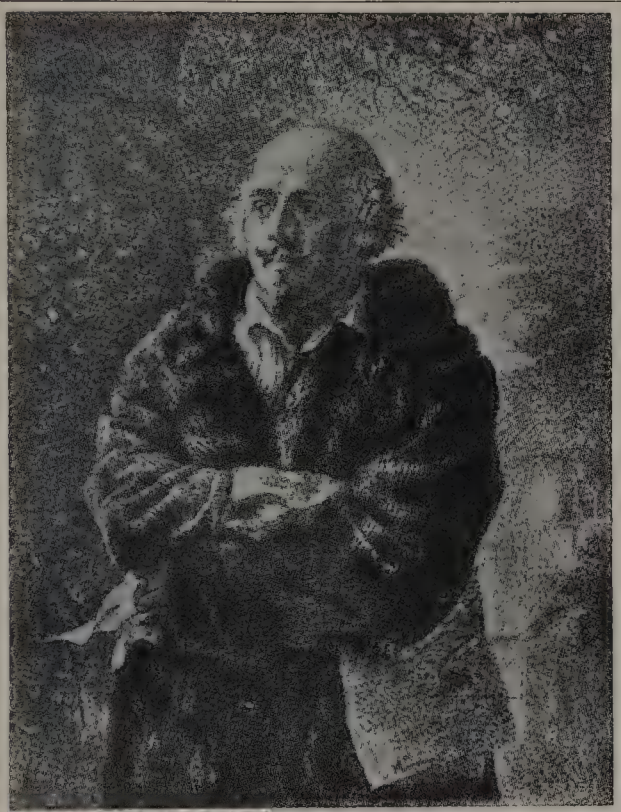
THE WATERFRONT AT NEW BEDFORD, AS SEEN BY "MOBY DICK"

"Moby Dick" was written in 1851 by Herman Melville, who dedicated it to Nathaniel Hawthorne. Within recent years there has been a revival of interest in this classic of the whaler's life. Moby Dick, an Ishmael bent on seeing "the watery part of the world." and, in particular, "the wild and distant seas where the whale rolled his island bulk," quitted New York and in due time arrived at New Bedford, port of the whaling fleet. He stayed at the Spouter Inn and paid a visit to the Whaleman's Chapel, a sort of Pantheon to lost sailors. The chapel was erected in 1832 and still stands. Moby Dick, on sailing for Nantucket, describes New Bedford rising in terraces of streets, and comments, "Mountains of casks were piled on her wharves, and side by side the world-wandering whale ships lay, silent and safely moored at last." The photograph shows the scene he looked at as the schooner *Moss* glided down the Acushnet River en route for Nantucket and unknown adventures

THIS IS A SHAKESPEARE YEAR

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

This is the three hundredth anniversary of the first publication of Shakespeare's collected plays. It is also the year in which two of those plays have had the longest consecutive run in their more than three centuries. This was in New York, a city scarcely beginning to exist when his plays had already lived a third of their lifetime, and in a continent just getting its first few settlers when he died. Since his death, the map of the world has been astoundingly enlarged and civilization has become an astoundingly different thing. The world has changed more radically since he wrote than in all recorded history before him. Yet he is the sole man of a period more than a century ago whose thoughts and words are the common property of all kinds of men to-day.



From a painting by Adolph von Menzel

SHAKESPEARE

Actor, producer, poet, and playwright

This is a curious matter. It is certainly not because Shakespeare is up to date either in his thoughts or his words. No genius that ever lived could speak to a future generation except in the voice of his own age, and every generation the world lives makes the older voices more and more unlike our own. Twelve generations ago, they believed that fairies and witches and ghosts and spells and good angels and bad angels were constantly interfering with and shaping man's life. They believed that mental diseases and many physical ones were caused by devils that must be beaten out of the body of the sufferer. People with such notions must have been very different from us, and Shakespeare seems to have been in all respects a man of his times. When we read his plays we find them full of these old-fashioned ideas. But people who read old books are willing to find them old-fashioned. On the other hand, people who go to the theater Anglo-Saxon people at least, will tolerate no other old-fashioned plays nowadays. How is it, then, that twelve generations after Shakespeare he still can crowd the theater, when Sheridan, who wrote his famous plays less than half that period ago, is only occasionally revived for a short run to select and well-read audiences?

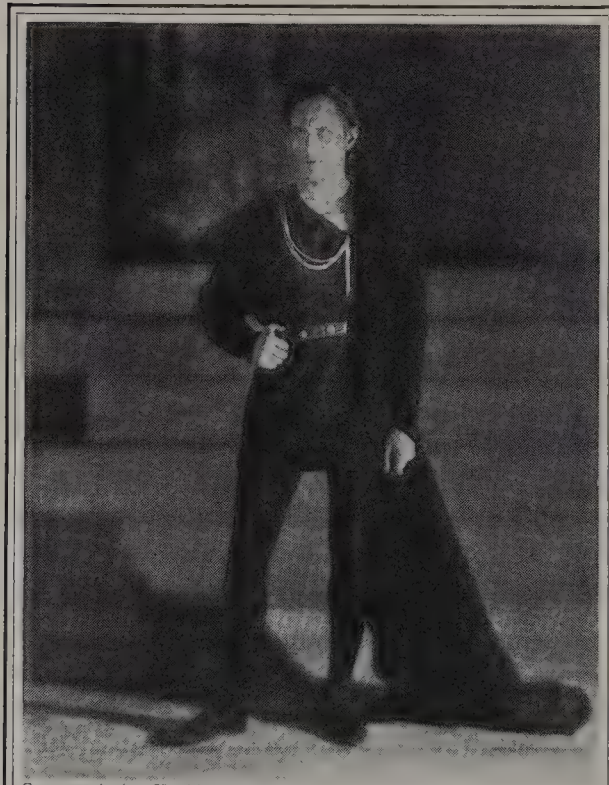
No writer grows old-fashioned so quickly as the one who writes for the stage. He writes for a contemporary fashion. He must seek the common level of the taste of his day. What he writes and how he writes it are dictated by the requirements of his audience. And Shakespeare's was, in one respect, as unlike ours as it well could be. This is the most scientific age in the world's history. We are, more than any other people who ever lived, inquiring into the natural and physical conditions of our lives. And just as the ideas about life held by former ages no longer suit us, so the pictures of life which former ages made in their works of art no longer meet our ideals. We want our stories and paintings and statues to agree with the natural and physical conditions of our lives. But we must remember that this is a very modern idea.

Think, for instance, of all the Biblical pictures of the great Italian painters just before Shakespeare's time. Here, a simple carpenter, Joseph, and his wife are fleeing with their infant from their native country and stop to rest by a roadside well. Yet the Italian painter dresses them in magnificent brocades such as might have graced the most pretentious palace in Rome itself, and gives to this roadside well in a desert country a wellhead

of carved marble and wrought-iron grille work such as might have adorned the costliest garden. The painter was not thinking of what was natural to the occasion but only of what was beautiful and would best exhibit how superbly he could paint. So it was with Shakespeare's stories for the theater. He did not ask himself, "Is this situation real?" but only, "Is it exciting? and will it give the actor a chance to do his best acting?" He knew what his audience wanted and must have.

A man in one of his stories might be shipwrecked on a strange coast and yet find everybody there speaking his own language. The audience was delighted to let him have all the benefits of being a foreigner and of being a native at the same time. For it gave a chance of exciting adventures, and if they got these they didn't care how absurd or how impossible was the pretext that provided them. There is scarcely a story that Shakespeare tells, aside from some of his English histories, in which the events are not, in one way or another, contrary to reason or to human nature as we know it.

Take the two plays which broke a record in the season 1922-1923: "Romeo and Juliet" is put forward as a story of life, and yet how could it ever have happened? There never was a potion capable of suspending animation for three days, and at no time in the world's history have people ever been buried as Juliet was. But without these two things there could be no story. As for "Hamlet," no modern playwright in the most blood-and-thunder melodrama an audience would stand for to-day would dare be so unreasonable and so violent. Here is a story where a ghost relates to his son at great length just how he had been murdered in life, and says that his son must avenge him; in order to do so, the son thinks it will be a good idea to pretend to be mad; during the course of the plot the heroine really goes mad and drowns herself; when she is buried, the hero and her brother leap into the open grave and fight upon her body; at the end, every important person but one has been killed and the stage is strewn with corpses. Yet these two plays, the one so unreasonable and the other so childishly violent that no contemporary playwright would dare to handle their stories, have run longer than several plays of the New York season that were laughed off the stage for a tenth of their unreasonableness.



Courtesy Arthur Hopkins

JOHN BARRYMORE AS HAMLET

Mr. Barrymore's run of one hundred and one consecutive performances of "Hamlet" established a new record for the play. Edwin Booth's historic achievement in the late sixties was one hundred consecutive performances of "Hamlet"

Each of them, indeed, seems to be the darling ambition of every actress and actor. No sooner do young stars acquire an assured following upon the stage than they seek to lead it to one of the Shakespeare plays, although their audiences had grown to idolize them in a very different type of play. From the frothiest and flimsiest of modern sentimental comedies, Sothern switched to "Hamlet," of all plays in the world, where he has scarcely a fleeting moment to command laughter. It was the same with John Barrymore. As for Juliet, popular as Jane Cowl was, theatrical wiseacres said her popularity would not bring her special audience to a piece so unlike any she had played; and if they came, they would never be satisfied with one that did not keep her in the center of the stage every moment. More striking than any of these stars was the case of Maude Adams. With Barrie, the most popular of all modern dramatists, writing for her exclusively plays that fitted her whimsical and wistful personality like a glove—still she also turned to Juliet, written over three centuries ago *for a boy actor.*

It is not surprising that actors should want to play Shakespeare. He provides them with excellent acting parts, and an opportunity for a breadth and sweep in the use of their personal powers which would be quite out of

place in a modern play. But even the favorite actor of the day cannot force his admirers to go to see him in a play that is not liked. Why will people still go to hear Shakespeare's plays? Outgrown as they might be by the modern audience, they are still more outgrown by the modern theater.

A playwright must write for his theater as well as for the taste of his time. Shakespeare wrote for a platform extending out into the midst of the auditorium, whereas our stage recedes from it and is shut off by a curtain. His platform was, for the most part, never made to look like anything, whereas we transform our stage into a locality. His plays were given in the afternoon and his roofless theater was lit only by the sun—the only way they had to make the platform dark for a night scene was to bring torches upon it. All of these differences made play-writing vastly another thing in his time from what it is now, but this last made the greatest difference of all. Since there could be no concentration of light upon the platform, Shakespeare could not entrust to the facial expression of the actors the emotions they were supposed to be feeling. He had to paint these emotions in words just as he had to paint the scenery in words. But though we greatly gain from this when we read the plays (and that is the reason, indeed, that his are more *read* than any modern plays), we greatly lose by this when we see them acted. If you see upon an actor's face what he feels, a detailed recital in words of his emotion is not only superfluous but a destructive waste of time that hurts the situation. The actors are forced to stand around waiting while each one expresses his feelings. The greatest effect of a Shakespeare performance in his own day, this detailed description of emotion, is its greatest weakness in ours. In our desire to be lifelike we want as few words as possible in the highly emotional moments of our plays, and when the tension is greatest, we are best pleased with only a gesture or a movement. Yet, though by reason of all these physical changes in our theater, much of Shakespeare when acted seems to us unnatural or tedious, still the fact remains that this old-fashioned playwright is acted to-day more than anybody else in the world.

No other playwright has been able to surmount these differences, of the age, of the audience, and of the theater! Why then Shakespeare and none of the others? And why Shakespeare when we have many excellent modern playwrights? It can only be because we find ourselves more interested and more moved by him than by our contemporaries, with their more reasonable stories and their more modern methods of telling them. Shakespeare has bridged the three centuries of change for us by sheer genius—*by the reality of his people, by the truth of his emotion, by the witchery of his words.*

JANE COWL AS JULIET

Miss Cowl played the part of the favorite Shakespeare heroine one hundred and sixty-five consecutive times in New York, and later undertook a transcontinental tour in the same part

His people—and they form the best-known gallery in the world—seem more real to us than the people of any other play stories. They even seem more real to us than the people in most novels, where the author has much more opportunity to make his characters seem real. We speak of Shakespeare people as though they had been alive. They are far more alive to us than the figures of history, for instance, although we know that

they once lived. Their reality can even stand the strain of their existence in stories which never could have happened. Juliet is real, although there never was any potion for her to take. Hamlet is real, although his father's ghost could never be.

Second, Shakespeare shows his genius by the truth and breadth of his emotion. The genuineness of this emotion will even stand the strain of its being delivered as speech, something which never could have happened. But we know what our emotions are, although we cannot voice them so exhaustively. And although it is unnatural for people to do this—when Shakespeare makes his characters do this unnatural thing we say to ourselves: "Why, that is the way I have felt, that is the way I would have spoken had the words been given me!" On every page of the unreasonable stories of Juliet and Hamlet, people who are forced by the plot to behave in an incredible manner and forced by the methods of Shakespeare's platform to paint their emotions in a way quite impossible to an emotional state, give utterance to the feelings that you and I and all people have in a way that makes it seem the most natural as well as the most adequate expression that can be given to these feelings. So well and so much did Shakespeare do this that we quote from him in our daily conversation more than from anyone else in the world. A man who had never read "Hamlet" went to see it acted. "Why," said he, "the fellow who wrote that play has simply strung together a lot of familiar quotations!" You must grant when you go to the opera that you have entered a world where people sing instead of talk. You must grant when you enter Shakespeare's world that all the people in it are never so mastered by their emotions but they can perfectly describe them. The world itself is one that never existed, but the emotions are real for all that.

Third, Shakespeare had not only that sympathetic imagination which allowed him to put himself in another person's shoes and give perfect expression to the feelings which move all kinds of people, but he had another sort of imagination. He had, to a greater degree than any other writer that ever lived, that poetic imagination which enables one to paint in a few words large pictures for the mind. They are pictures which stir us to thought we cannot quite get hold of. He had the *magic phrase*. You cannot comprehend this by the intelligence alone, nor was it meant to be so comprehended. It was intended only to suggest, and the suggestions it gives you are what fill in the meaning. Let us take for illustration something Macbeth says when he is trying to reason with himself against killing Duncan:

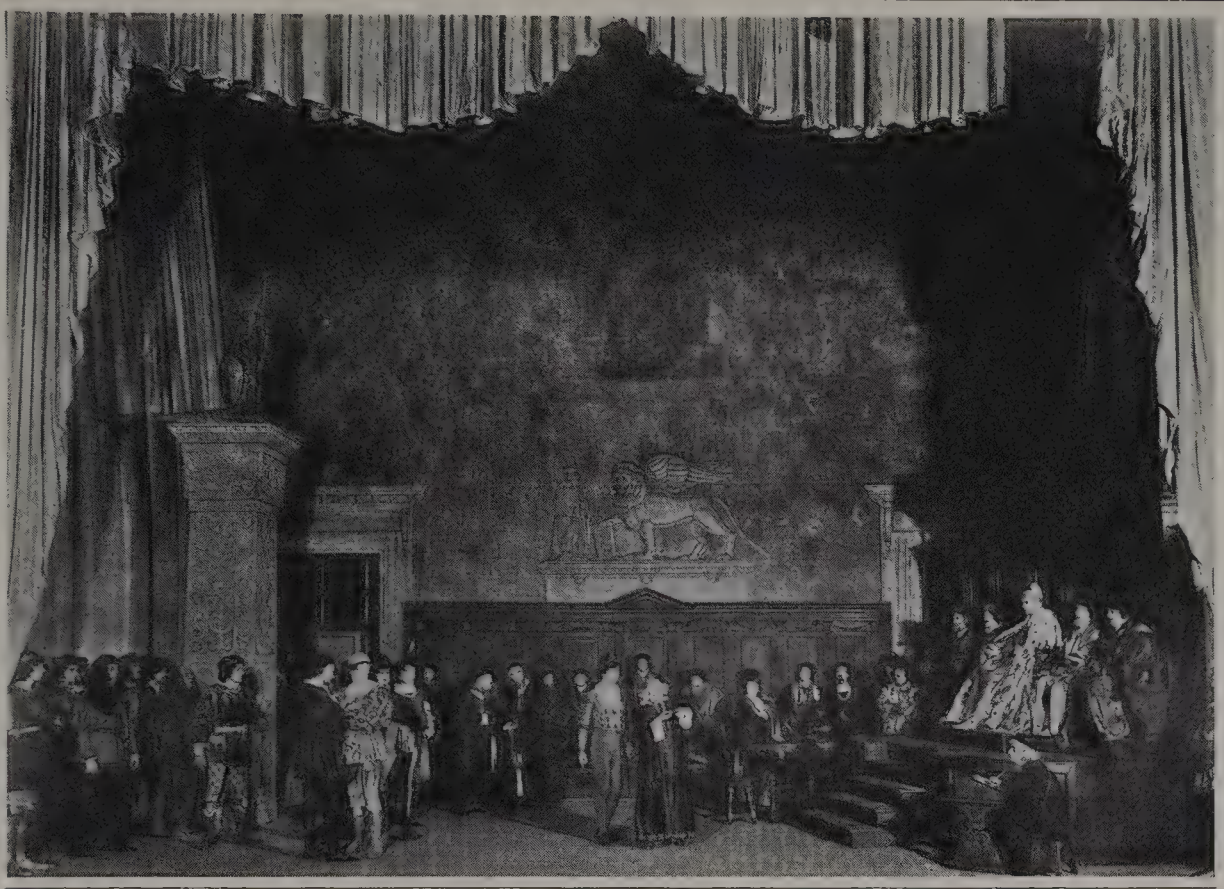
> And pity, like a naked new-born babe
> Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim hors'd
> Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
> Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye
> That tears shall drown the wind.

When the intelligence tries to fasten a precise meaning upon this passage, it fails. But the emotion has no difficulty in making it precise. No one *knows* exactly what it means, but everyone *feels* exactly what it means. The reason people are bewitched with these high-sounding phrases of Shakespeare when they would be annoyed at any other phrases that have no precise mental meaning, is because the mind does not need to translate them. By images they speak to something more fundamental than the intelligence—not to the mind that converts impressions into thoughts, but to the mind behind this one that sends the impressions along as raw material into a workshop. That is the mind

Courtesy David Belasco

DAVID WARFIELD AS SHYLOCK

Under the direction of David Belasco, Mr. Warfield has crowned a varied and picturesque stage career with an original interpretation of Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice"



A PRESENT-DAY SHAKESPEARE SETTING ✣ ✣ ✣ A sumptuous Broadway performance of "The Merchant of Venice." The trial scene of the fourth act of the play

that reveals its presence to all of us every day when we find ourselves saying, "I can't think of the word I want." But the *idea* is just as well embodied to ourselves as if we could think of it. To this mind it is that the magic phrase of Shakespeare speaks.

Some people think that this emotional magic of his is the supreme expression of his genius. Perhaps they are right. For, after all, the highest praise of Shakespeare is not that people still want to see his old-fashioned plays in a theater that has outgrown them, or that actors want to act them more than the plays of any modern playwright: it is that we ourselves, readers at home, should *want to recite him.* This cannot be because of the reality of his characters or their perfect expression of emotion. We sometimes see both of these in novels we are reading without any such instantaneous feeling that we must speak aloud the words we see before us. But Shakespeare constantly electrifies us into speaking aloud his magic lines. They demand our uttering them. It is because, since their precise meaning lies in *our* emotion rather than in *their* words, we unconsciously feel that they are incomplete without *us*, that they are as much *ours* as Shakespeare's. He has, in them, dramatized us, and we must play our part.

It is really at home, then, rather than even in the theater which has outgrown him, that Shakespeare makes his greatest triumph. He converts his readers into actors. This is probably the reason people go on reading him in increasing numbers every year. For, after all, the thing we care about chiefly in the theater is that the actors should have good acting parts. There, the personality of the actors, the charm of color and lighting and costume, are calculated to blind our eyes to much in Shakespeare that we see all too plainly at home. It is at home rather than in the theater that we see the full extent of the unreasonableness of his stories and the unnaturalness of his language. And yet here, without any of the glamour of the theater to help him out, he still gives us a compelling sense of the reality of the situation and the people in it. Of Shakespeare it may be said that he has done the impossible. He has bequeathed us a set of unbelievable stories told so humanly and so movingly and so beautifully that we all believe them still. He is the only teller of these incredible old tales who seems to tell the truth.

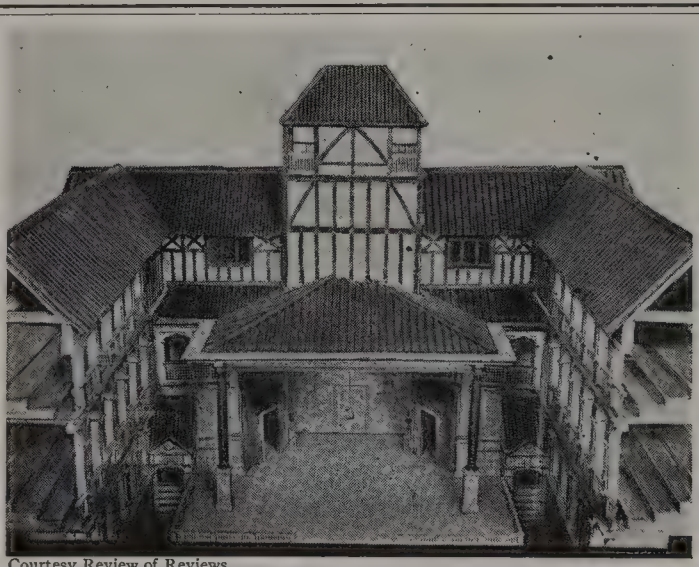
GOING TO A SHOW IN 1623

BY J. PENNINGTON

A little knot of men gathered outside the theater read with interest the bill that had just been posted:

The Most Excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Jewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh; and the obtayning of Portia by the choyse of three chests.

Having read this thrilling announcement, members of the group hurried home to their families and made arrangements to attend the afternoon performance. About two o'clock a banner would be run up from the staff over the theater and at three o'clock three trumpet calls would proclaim to all the world that "the Most Excellent Historie" was about to be shown. But most of the patrons would be at the theater by noon, to secure a good place, and to enjoy the music, which played for about two hours before the play began.



Courtesy Review of Reviews

MODEL OF FORTUNE THEATER

Reconstructed from original building specifications in Dulwich College, England. The stage is exactly the same size as that of the old Globe Theater

May I, dear reader, on slight acquaintance, invite you to go to a show with me in 1623?

Entering the door a little after noon, we drop our shillings in the box and find ourselves in an auditorium with little resemblance to the theater of 1923. The orchestra floor is the pit, where the groundlings stand (there are no seats). The side walls have three galleries, the lowest one railed off into boxes. The stage is not confined behind a proscenium arch but extends well out into the pit, and this particular theater has neither curtain nor footlights. Back of it is a structure that looks like a three-story house; also the inner stage; the balcony which plays such an important part in productions that have no scenery; and the tiring, or dressing, rooms. The orchestra is already in place in the little gallery beside the stage.

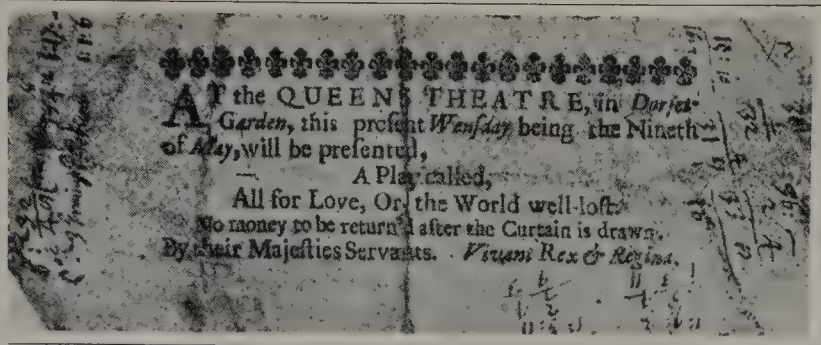
We make our way through the jostling crowd of groundlings and take our places in a box. We are scarcely seated when a gatherer comes to collect the extra three shillings per person which we must pay for the privilege of occupying the best seats. This "gatherer" is also a stage hand, who snuffs the candles between the acts, hangs out the placards, and otherwise acts as a member of the crew.

The stage is peopled even now, two hours before the play. No, not with actors, but with men of fashion, who have purchased seats upon the stage and have brought the ladies of their choice. The latter are seated upon three-legged stools. The gallants sit or lie in the rushes that cover the boards, sometimes with their heads in their ladies' laps. They fan themselves, accept pipes of perfumed tobacco from their pages, and lounge gracefully, hoping that the eyes of the audience are upon them, for they have bought these seats not so much to observe the players as to be the better observed themselves. The groundlings neither miss this by-play nor hesitate to express themselves frankly upon it. Some are playing cards; some eat nuts; some nibble at apples and throw the cores about. They romp, flirt, riot, ogle the ladies, and make a terrible din.

The ladies in the galleries and boxes are most elegantly clad. Their farthingales puff out like dainty balloons; their ruffs frame faces extravagantly painted; their hair is dyed, curled, and frizzed, and festooned with jewels and ribbons. Their stiffened doublets are so tight that they can scarcely breathe.

The orchestra begins to play. This is the "first music" and it will be followed by the second music and then the third music, or curtain tune, which ushers in the play. The musicians will also play between the acts and

for the "jig," or rough farce, that follows the regular performance. We shall not stay for this jig, for, truth to tell, it would shock you, I am sure. The play itself is often so broad that the pretty ladies in the boxes hurriedly don their masks or retreat behind their gorgeous fans.


AT the QUEENS THEATRE, in Dorset-Garden, this present Wensday being the Nineth of May, will be presented,
A Play called,
All for Love, Or the World well-lost.
No money to be return'd after the Curtain is drawn.
By their Majesties Servants. Vivant Rex & Regina.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY THEATER POSTER

As the curtain music begins, several persons leave the theater. There are curious rules about admissions and refunds. If a spectator leaves before the play begins, his admission fee is refunded. If one enters during an act and leaves before it is over (even if it is one minute before) his admission is returned to him. Those who come in after the third act pay only half price. Ingenious and penniless young men often manage in this way to see an entire play for a few pennies.

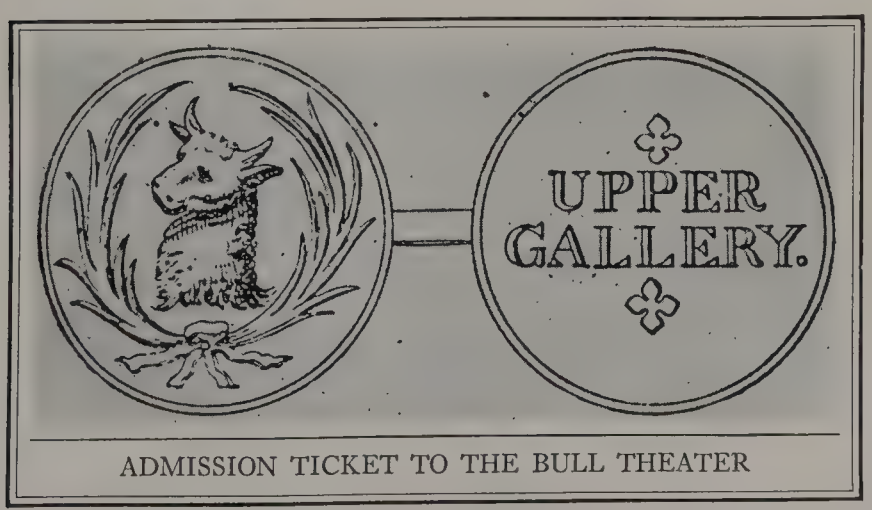
The triple flourish of trumpets announces the entrance of the actors. Their costumes are the ordinary ones of the day. Portia will probably wear the cast-off garments of some fine lady; and Shylock may appear in the old coronation robes of the king: for kings, queens, and noble folk give their discarded finery to their favorite players. Women who play queens and Roman matrons always wear black velvet. Maidens wear white. In tragedies the stage is hung in black; the hero wears fur and the heroine diamonds and gloves. Murderers have whitened faces and black periwigs. These are not so much matters of costume as of tradition, and to assist the audience in identifying the characters. Before a character is to be slain a tireman rushes out and spreads a cloth to save the costume from soiling. As the play progresses, others appear with placards announcing: "This is a courtroom," or "A street in Venice." These are the only clues to the changes of scene. A few properties are used in some plays—an altar to represent a church; benches, tables, and flagons to suggest an alehouse; and an arbor to indicate that the scene passes in a garden.

In the middle of the last act there is a great noise in the pit, and amid cries of "Pickpocket! Pickpocket!" a man is hustled upon the stage and tied to a post. Then from all parts of the pit a rain of nutshells, half-eaten apples, and empty ale bottles falls upon him. The actors stop in their lines and join the crowds about the wretch, and are very merry at his expense; for so long as the groundlings pelt *him* they are not so likely to hurl missiles at actors of whom they disapprove.

At the end of each act a tireman snuffs the candles in chandeliers which hang from the ceiling.

If a play runs for nine performances it is a success and goes into repertory. Will Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" has played many times and always draws a crowd.

At last this rendition of the "excellent historie" is over. You were shocked, you say, at the way the gallants on the stage moved about during the performance, even walking in front of the actors? I'll tell you a story. Once when this occurred the manager (was it Shakespeare himself?) remonstrated with an offender, begging him not to cross in front of an actor. Promptly the gallant knocked the manager down. In the fight that followed, the players overcame the gallant and his friends; but the latter returned with a horde of companions and almost wrecked the theater. So you can understand why managers no longer interfere with the gallants in the year 1623.



ADMISSION TICKET TO THE BULL THEATER

HOW SHAKESPEARE'S THEATER LOOKED

BY M. B. LEVICK

The year 1923 is the tercentenary of the publication of the most famous playbook ever issued—the First Folio Shakespeare, containing all the plays of the poet-dramatist.

When the youth from Stratford first reached London and became a member of the company at the Globe Theater, the drama had just blazed into popularity in England. Noblemen favored by Queen Elizabeth had their own companies of boy actors or men who performed in the courtyards of inns before an audience standing in the balconies about the court. In 1576 James Burbage, reputed fellow townsman of Shakespeare, built the first London theater. Circular, open to the sky save for the gallery roofs, it was an inn courtyard without the inn, and for years it stood as a model. In 1577 the Curtain was erected near by. Other theaters followed: the Rose, the Swan, the Red Bull, the Cockpit, and the Belle Sauvage—all patterned and named after inns. They stood in the fields outside the city proper, for the most part: the lord mayor might have a Puritan bias, or within the city walls an epidemic might close showhouses for a season. At Shakespeare's death in 1616, five or six theaters were in constant use, public and private.

Private theaters were smaller, more comfortable, had a roof, and seats for all; their prices were higher, but whoever had the price and the wish might enter. They drew a different public; noblemen held keys to their boxes and sat upon the stage. The big houses, like the Globe, with open tops, were used in summer; the private theaters in winter. The public theaters usually gave performances by daylight. The Globe was built in 1597. Wood was the material then, with brick foundations. Shakespeare was manager there, as well as actor and playwright. The sign of the Globe was an Atlas; its motto, "All the world's a stage." In 1613, during a performance of a play based on Henry VIII (perhaps Shakespeare's), the building burned down, but it was rebuilt at once at a cost of £1,400. No interest in this second house, however, is mentioned in Shakespeare's will. The theater was finally torn down in 1644, when the Puritans suppressed amusements.

From a model in the Columbia University Dramatic Museum

THE GLOBE THEATER

Famous for its association with Shakespeare. Built of wood, with lath and plaster between the main framework. After the first theater of this name burned, a second was erected with the same general architectural lines

Incidentally, it is conjectured that in the Globe fire some of Shakespeare's manuscripts were lost. Perhaps but for them the First Folio would have been even a thicker volume than it is.

The period of Shakespeare's life saw the establishment of the theater building as we know it to-day. When he was born the drama had scarcely emerged completely from the period of miracle plays and mysteries and moralities, which players presented in churches or on wooden platforms at market places. Shakespeare's father, as bailiff of Stratford, in 1569 allowed players to perform in that town for the first time. Before Shakespeare's retirement the English world had the intimate theater, the auditorium entirely enclosed, the performances given by artificial light. Since that day gas has supplanted the candle and given way to electricity; we have seen mechanical elaboration and then a reversion to simplicity, but in its essence the playhouse is to-day what it was when Shakespeare made his last exit.

THE "NEW PRISONS," ROME—A Grim Reminder of "The Ring and the Book"

IN AN obscure street of old Rome there stands a reminder of an episode which forms the basis of one of Robert Browning's masterpieces, "The Ring and the Book." The tragedy enacted two hundred and twenty-five years ago involved Count Guido Franceschini, a penniless nobleman; his child wife, Pompilia, her sufferings, her flight, her arrest, and brave death.

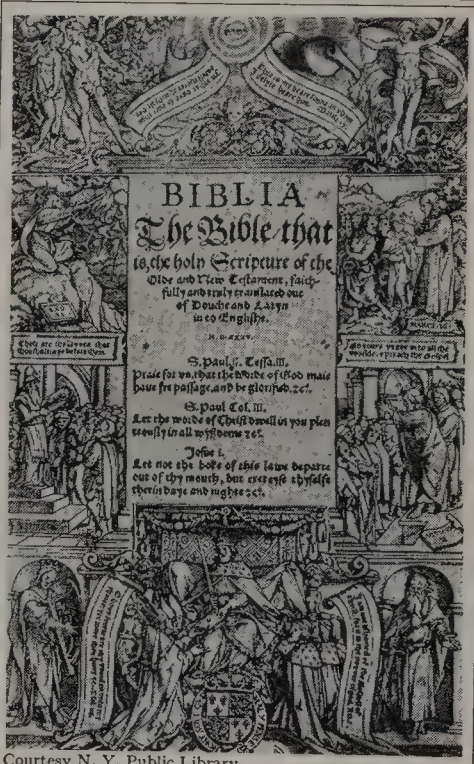
Franceschini determined to be revenged upon his wife and her parents because of her escape from his house. With four hired bandits he stole into the city, assassinated the two old people, and fatally wounded Pompilia. The street was in an uproar; under cover of the confusion the five assassins gained the gate and set off toward the Tuscan frontier. Guido's plans went awry, however, and he was arrested with his companions at daylight, fourteen miles from Rome. The photograph shows the great prison where they were taken January 3, 1698. Their cells were in the addition at the top of the building. They were executed on a public square a mile or so away. The prison, built in 1655, now houses a school for prison wardens.

THE WORLD'S BEST SELLER

By DR. WILLIAM NEELY ROSS

What is the world's "best seller" to-day? It is not the latest novel. It is a volume that has had a total sale, up to date, not measured in millions but in *billions*. Booksellers are well aware that when a publisher begins to *give away* copies of a book, its publication ceases to be commercially profitable. Yet here is a volume, given away every year to the extent of hundreds of thousands, and yet *salable by the million*. In 1921 twenty-five million copies were issued. Forty-seven copies were distributed every minute of every hour, day, and night throughout the year!

The Bible has always been a "best seller." The first complete book to be printed after the invention of movable types was the Latin Bible—the "Vulgate"—issued in two volumes by Gutenberg and Fust at Mainz in 1454. It is commonly known as the "Mazarin Bible," for a copy was discovered in the library of Cardinal Mazarin of France. This edition is one of the most precious possessions of book collectors. After 1454 Latin Bibles poured forth profusely from the press. During the first half century of printing, 124 editions were published.



Courtesy N. Y. Public Library

TITLE PAGE COVERDALE BIBLE

The first of all printed English Bibles, prepared by Miles Coverdale, afterward Bishop of Exeter. Printed in Zurich in 1535

The story of the transmission of the Bible from early ages reads like a romance. The manuscript versions were doubtless multiplied by copies made privately by slaves, professional scribes, and monks. During the Dark and Middle Ages, the task was confined almost exclusively to the monasteries.

A manuscript in book form is called a "Codex." The oldest Bible manuscript known is the *Codex Sinaiticus*. The German scholar Tischendorf visited the monastery at the base of Mount Sinai in 1844. In the ancient library he noticed in a waste basket a sheaf of leaves covered with ancient Greek characters, which were being used to light the fire. What was his surprise to find that they were a portion of the Greek Old Testament, the most ancient manuscript he had ever seen. After many efforts he finally secured possession of the manuscript and placed it in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg.

Codex Sinaiticus consists of 346½ leaves of vellum, made of the finest antelope skins. The leaves are 13½ inches wide by 15 inches long and have four columns of 48 lines. The Codex is assigned to the middle of the fourth century and contains the whole New Testament, most of the Old Testament, and some of the Apocryphal books.

Codex Vaticanus, the next oldest, preserved in the Vatican Library, was brought to Rome by Pope Nicholas V in 1448. It was probably written in the latter half of the fourth century. The codex consists of about 700 leaves, 10 inches by 10½ inches, of fine vellum. The codex is nearly complete, lacking only the first 46 chapters of Genesis, Psalms 106-138, and that part of the New Testament which follows Hebrews 9.

Codex Alexandrinus was presented in 1627 to King Charles I of England, and is now in the British Museum. The style of writing causes it to be dated in the fifth century. This codex consists of 776 leaves, approximately 10 inches by 13 inches, carrying two columns to the page. It lacks only a few passages of the complete text of the Bible.

The modern text of the Bible is obtained by a collation of all manuscripts and is corrected by comparison with various versions of the Scriptures made before any of the existent codices, and with quotations in the writings of the early Christian fathers. The Latin Bible of the Roman Church is a revision made by Jerome and others of the Old Latin version, and is known as the Vulgate.

The first attempt to translate the Bible into English was made by John Wyclif. This version, a translation of the Vulgate, appeared in the year 1382, and was widely used

CARTOONS AND CARTOONISTS

THE STORY OF CARTOON MAKING FROM HOGARTH
DOWN TO THE PRESENT DAY, BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

DROPPING THE PILOT

This cartoon is one of the most famous in history. It was drawn by the great English cartoonist and illustrator, Sir John Tenniel, for years a leading artist on the staff of *Punch*. The cartoon was printed in *Punch* in 1890 and pictures the retirement of Bismarck from the Ship of State commanded by Wilhelm II, at that time the young Kaiser. The original sketch became the property of Bismarck

CARTOONS *have reflected and affected social conditions, and have materially influenced the course of political and national affairs. Cartoon making and cartoon influence began a century and a half ago. Here is the story of it by a modern master of the Cartoon Art*

Courtesy of Life Publishing Co.

HIS MOTHER: "*Here he is, sir.*" By Charles Dana Gibson

This is one of the best of Mr. Gibson's war cartoons. It was printed at the time when the United States joined the Allied forces, and it aroused at that time a great deal of enthusiastic comment. It was reproduced in large size as an army poster, and reprinted in newspapers all over the country. It was also used in connection with the souvenir of the war dinner of the Society of Illustrators. The ingenuity of foreign and American cartoonists for over eighty years has been expended upon creations and re-creations of the figure of Uncle Sam, "best among the symbols that represent nations . . . his greatest sons have lent him something of their outer features." Mr. Gibson throughout his long career as an artist has presented Uncle Sam in many moods—humorous, accusatory, benevolent. In the picture shown above it is the heart-stricken father of the country who accepts with sympathy and gratitude a mother's free gift of her son

The MENTOR

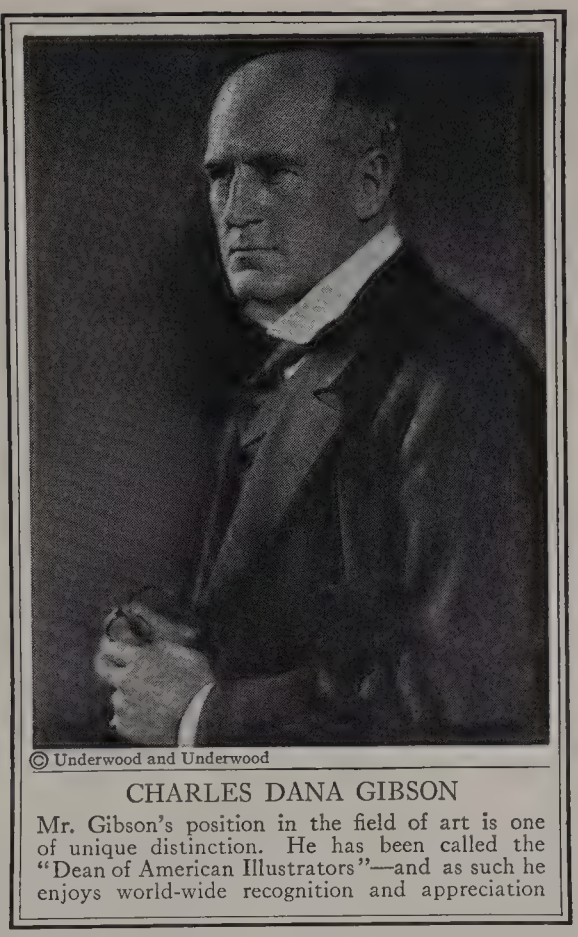
Vol. 11
No. 9

SERIAL
NO. 248

OCTOBER, 1923

CARTOONS AND CARTOONISTS

BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON



© Underwood and Underwood

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Mr. Gibson's position in the field of art is one of unique distinction. He has been called the "Dean of American Illustrators"—and as such he enjoys world-wide recognition and appreciation

In the late sixties Czar Tweed and his ring ruled New York. In his arrogance and sense of abiding security he defied public opinion. But the day came when a certain fear crept into his mind. "I don't care what they *print* about me," he said, "but can't you stop those terrible cartoons?" He referred to the pictures that, week after week, Thomas Nast had been hurling against the seemingly impregnable stronghold of corruption, causing it to crumble slowly but surely at the base, to sway and totter, whereas the most scornful *printed word* of attack had been merely the dashing of a handful of pebbles against a wall of steel. Even then Tweed did not guess how relentlessly those cartoons were to pursue. When they toppled him from his ignoble eminence and he fled by night, a fugitive from justice, it was not the end. Beyond the seas they followed him. In Spain he thought himself safe. But one day a Spaniard who had seen the Nast cartoons, without understanding their meaning, recognized the resemblance. "That man must be a famous American kidnaper," he told the nearest policeman. And Tweed was brought back for trial and punishment.

There, in epitome, is the power of the cartoon. With it Hogarth scourged and corrected many of the abuses of his age. With it the half-insane Gillray kept England in a fever heat of hatred against Napoleon. With it Philipon, with the famous "Pear," drove Louis Philippe from the French throne. With it Tenniel brought down the full flood of the British Lion's vengeance upon the Bengal Tiger, at the time of the Sepoy Rebellion. With it Leech made the whole world shudder when the Russian Czar died in February, 1855. With it Nast drew tens of thousands of volunteers to the flag and won Presi-

dent Lincoln's commendation of his pictures as "the best recruiting sergeants on the side of the Union."

With it, after Sedan, Daumier solidified the French Republic by pointing out the extent of the disaster which the Empire had wrought. With it, Du Maurier laughed the esthetes of mid-Victorian London into oblivion. Its power undiminished, it has served to mold the events of history within the memory of the present generation. Old is the saying that the pen is mightier than the sword. But in the nineteenth century the pencil was a swaying force—as it is in the present day.

While the impulse to satirize by picture is as old as man, and the excavations at Pompeii have revealed unflattering portraits of martinet centurions scratched on barrack walls by Roman soldiers of 79 A. D., until the era of the printing press the cartoonist was as one crying in a wilderness. In the modern sense, the cartoon originated in Holland, stimulated by the revolution of 1688. Thence it migrated to England, and there found a fertile and congenial soil. The most significant cartoons of the early eighteenth century were directed

CARTOONS OF AN EARLY DAY

A SCENE FROM HOGARTH'S "RAKE'S PROGRESS" DEPICTING THE RESULTS OF INTEMPERATE LIVING

During his lifetime William Hogarth, pioneer among caricaturists, was as famous for his "moralities" as for his portraits. "Half publicist, half artist," he painted with exaggerated strokes records of eighteenth-century life in England. His "pictur'd morals"—"The Harlot's Progress," "The Rake's Progress," "Marriage à la Mode," and other satires—had a large popular sale when issued as engravings

"THE BOTTLE," ONE OF EIGHT SCENES FROM CRUIKSHANK'S FAMOUS TEMPERANCE SERIES

Cruikshank often administered reproof in this way to intoxication and accompanying vices. His "Bottle" series was frequently dramatized in English theaters, and had great success as a publication. George Cruikshank was not only a distinguished cartoonist and illustrator, but a zealous reformer as well

against the "bubble mania," the speculative madness engineered by the South Sea Company in London and the notorious John Law in France. Cartoons such as the famous one picturing Fortune riding in a car driven by Folly, were displayed conspicuously in London shop windows, and had a vital influence on the art of Hogarth, who is accepted as having been the father of the modern cartoon. Hogarth's work has been done on the social rather than the political side. Pictorially, in such works as "Marriage à la Mode" and "The Rake's Progress," Hogarth did for his age what Fielding did in the novel. It was a robust, gross, outspoken age, loving broad jests. Thackeray summed it up when he wrote: "You could no more have understood the Englishman of one hundred years ago than you could understand the ancient Briton, who painted himself blue." The social aspects of that age kept Hogarth's pencil busy. For nearly half a century he held himself aloof from partisan politics, and then, in 1762, he published his well-known cartoon attacking the ex-minister, Pitt. In it all Europe is represented in flames, which, in spite of the efforts of Lord Bute and his Highlanders to extinguish them, are spreading to Great Britain. The faction thus attacked struck back hard and persistently. The persecution broke Hogarth's heart and caused his death in 1764.

The great figures following Hogarth in the making of the English cartoon

"DINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES" Typical of John Leech's gifts as a social satirist. A cartoon made for *Punch* when crinoline skirts were in vogue

were, first, Thomas Rowlandson, who devoted himself almost exclusively to social satire, and then the grim, powerful, malevolent, and half-demented James Gillray. Gillray's cartoons are great, primarily, because of the lasting impression they make. Often they suggest a nightmare, peopled by the malignant spawn of some forgotten circle of the lower inferno. There is a whole series of Gillray's cartoons which it would not only be impossible to reproduce, but the very nature of which can be indicated only in the most guarded manner. Imagine the works of Rabelais shamelessly illustrated by a master hand! Nor was it the fault of the times, as in the case of Hogarth. The man's mind was hideously unclean, and over it, even at the beginning, there hung the furtive shadow of that madness which at last overtook and blighted him.

JAMES GILLRAY

Yet, perverted though it was, Gillray's genius was far-reaching. His frenzied cartoons served to crystallize public opinion in England against the Prince Regent and, above all, against Napoleon. That long series aimed at "Little Boney" was the culminating work of his life. From first to last it was an appeal to elemental passions, in the language of the gutter, a triumph of Billingsgate. Here one sees Boney and his family in rags, gnawing raw bones in a rude Corsican hut; Boney with a hookah and turban, having adopted the Mohammedan religion; Boney murdering the sick at Joppa. By contrast, Gillray chose to extol the fat-headed George III, though he abhorred his eldest son. Of one of these cartoons Thackeray wrote: "You may have seen Gillray's famous print of him in the old wig, in the stout, old, hideous Windsor uniform—as the King of Brobdingnag, peering at a little Gulliver, whom he holds up in his hand, whilst in the other he has an opera glass, through

which he surveys the pigmy. Our fathers chose to set up George as the type of a great king; and the little Gulliver as the great Napoleon."

The high-water mark of Gillray's genius is probably seen in the cartoon "Napoleon in the Valley of the Shadow of Death," inspired by John Bunyan's famous allegory, and depicting the dangers which Gillray saw, or wished to see, threatening the Corsican in the early autumn of 1808. The emperor, notched sword in hand, is proceeding down a treacherous path, bounded on either side by the waters of Styx, and hemmed in by a circle of flame. From every side horrors are springing up to assail him. The British Lion, raging and furious, is springing at his throat. The Portuguese Wolf has broken his chain. King Death, mounted on a mule of "True Royal Spanish Breed," has cleared at a bound the body of ex-King Joseph, which has been thrown into the "Ditch of Styx." Death is poising his spear with fatal aim, warningly holding up his hourglass with the sand exhausted. The "Turkish New Moon" is seen rising in blood. The "Imperial Eagle" is emerging from a cloud. From the "Lethean Ditch" the "American Rattlesnake" is thrusting forth a poisoned tongue. The great "Russian Bear," the only ally Napoleon has secured, is shaking his chain—a formidable enemy in the rear.

DU MAURIER LAMPOONS THE FOIBLES OF THE "UPPER TEN"

"How can you tell she's a duchess?" asks a young woman, and her father replies, "By Todeson's back." Du Maurier used his skill as a caricaturist chiefly to flay toadyism and to satirize the esthetic tendencies of English high life prevalent in his day

BROTHER JONATHAN IN CARICATURE

A cartoon called "Yankee Doo," made for *Punch* in 1844, is the first recorded representation of the United States in cartoon

EARLY AMERICAN CARTOONS

Before Thomas Nast, the American cartoon was hardly worthy of the name. The earliest examples were the work of William Charles, a Scotchman who was forced to leave Great Britain, and who, coming to the United States, wielded his pencil against this renounced country in the War of 1812. Charles' cartoons were obvious imitations of Gillray's work, though lacking Gillray's grim power. They had one defect that was characteristic of nearly all of the early American caricature, so called. They depended, for full interpretations, upon loops, enclosing long explanatory sentences, attached to the mouths of the various figures of the picture. Poor as Charles was, years passed before he had a successor. It was not

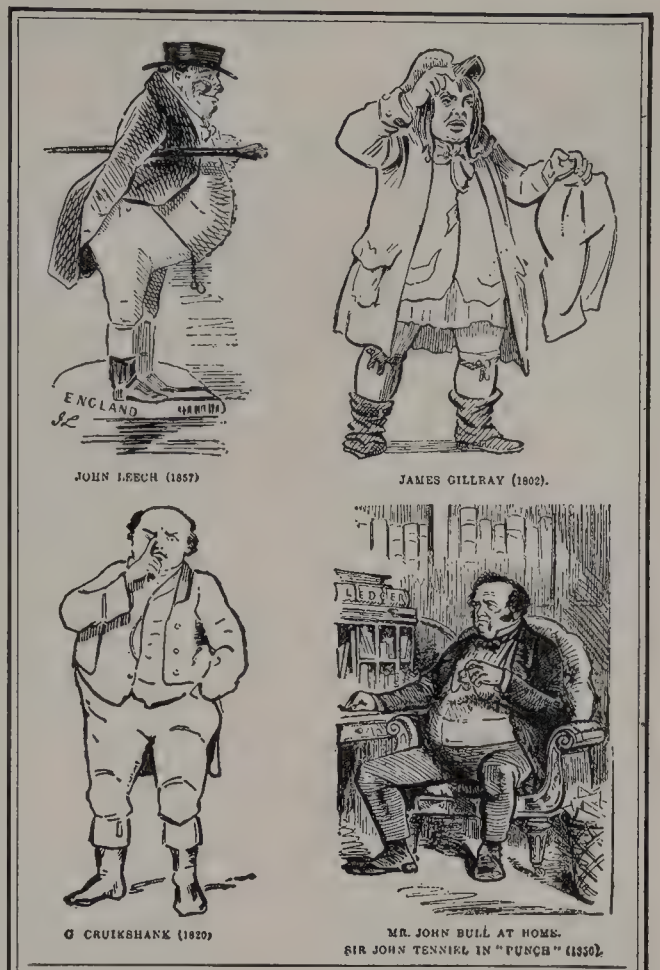
Drawn by F. Bellew

THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN CARTOON OF UNCLE SAM

Published March 13, 1852, in the *New York Lantern*, a comic weekly, under the title, "Collins and Cunard—Raising the Wind; or, Both Sides of the Story." Uncle Sam looks on, amiable but passive, while a United States shipowner competes with the Cunard Company, actively abetted by John Bull. Bellew's conception became the popular figure emblematic of the United States. Thomas Nast added whiskers, and put stars on the vest, retaining Bellew's hat, high collar, and striped trousers. Since Nast's time cartoonists have made practically no change in Uncle Sam's costume and general appearance

until the first administration of Andrew Jackson that a school of distinctly American political caricature can be said to have existed. Then began to appear the crude lithographs inspired by Presidential campaigns and such issues as the United States Bank case.

The events of the Mexican War naturally lent a certain impetus. Many cartoons, forceful but utterly inartistic, were born of that brief struggle. Typical of them all was the one entitled "Uncle Sam's Taylorifics." It depicted a complacent Yankee coolly snipping a Mexican in two with a huge pair of shears. One blade bears the inscription "Volunteers;" and the other, "General Taylor." The Yankee's left arm is labeled "Eastern States," the tail of his coat "Oregon," his belt "Union," his left leg "Western States," his right leg, which he is vigorously using on the Mexican, "Southern States," and the boot "Texas." Below the discomfited Mexican yawns the Rio Grande. Behind the Yankee, John Bull—a John Bull drawn after the feeble tradition of William Charles—fishing pole in hand, is contemplating sourly the scene across the thin strip of water that is meant for the Atlantic Ocean.



JOHN BULL AS CONCEIVED BY LEECH, GILLRAY, CRUIKSHANK, AND TENNIEL

John Leech's personification of John Bull is the one commonly accepted to-day as representing Great Britain in political and comic cartoonery

But soon the American cartoon, if it did not improve greatly in technique, grew in point and venom when slavery became a national issue. That was in the 1850's. The Abolitionists' attitude toward the question is illustrated by the cartoon "No Higher Law," which shows King Slavery seated upon his throne holding aloft a lash and a chain. Under his left elbow is the Fugitive Slave Bill, resting on three human skulls. Daniel Webster stands beside the throne, holding in his hand the scroll on which is printed, "I propose to support that bill to the fullest extent—to the fullest extent." A runaway slave is fighting off the bloodhounds that are worrying him, and, in the distance, on a hill, the figure of Liberty is toppling from her pedestal.

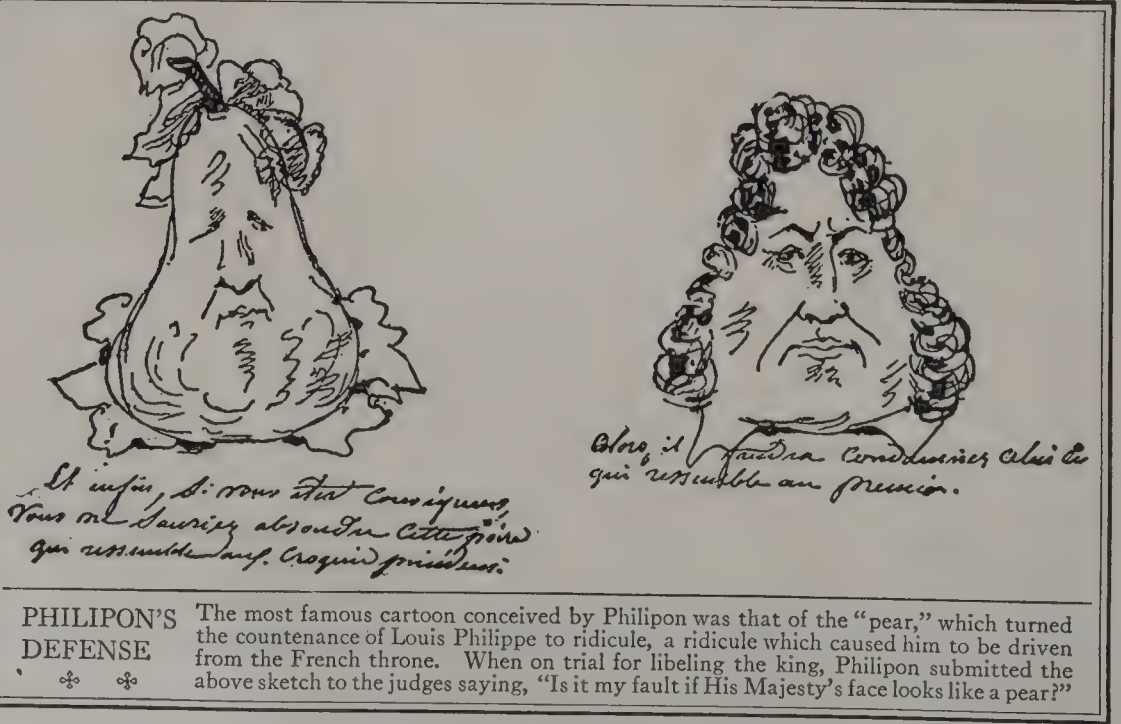
Of somewhat later date is the highly humorous cartoon "Miscegenation," showing the other side of the case. The subtitle is "The Millennium of Abolition." The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of subsequent enactment

are in full force and working beautifully. At one end of the picture, Mr. Lincoln is receiving with great warmth and cordiality Miss Dinah Arabella Aramintha Squash, a negress of unprepossessing appearance, who has as her escort Henry Ward Beecher. At a table near by Horace Greeley is treating another gorgeously attired negress to ice cream. Two negroes are represented as making love to two white women. A passing carriage in charge of a white coachman and two white footmen contains a negro family. In the background, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and others are expressing their astonishment at the conditions pictured in the cartoon.

THE FAMOUS "POIRE"

In the meantime in Europe the cartoon, after a period of comparative stagnation following the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena, assumed a new and unprecedented force and meaning when *Charivari* and *La Caricature* were established in France, and London *Punch* was established in England. The dominating genius of the first two papers was Charles Philipon, who gathered about him such men as Daumier, Gavarni, Monnier, and Travies. His most famous achievement, and one of the greatest achievements in all the history of the cartoon, was his invention and use of the "*poire*" (pear). Louis Philippe was the King of the French, a very different thing from being King of France. But the republican spirit, which stirred Philipon and his fellow workers, did not want any kind of king, even a "Citizen King." In the fight which eventually toppled over the limited monarchy it was the "*poire*" that did most of the work.

Louis Philippe was an amiable, frugal, and highly virtuous sovereign. Yet his most loyal adherent could not deny that his countenance bore a decided resemblance to a pear. It was upon this idea that Philipon and the other



PHILIPON'S DEFENSE

The most famous cartoon conceived by Philipon was that of the "pear," which turned the countenance of Louis Philippe to ridicule, a ridicule which caused him to be driven from the French throne. When on trial for libeling the king, Philipon submitted the above sketch to the judges saying, "Is it my fault if His Majesty's face looks like a pear?"

"CARICATURE WIELDING HER LASH"

From a drawing by Honoré Daumier, celebrated French caricaturist. In 1832 he was imprisoned for drawing an irreverent cartoon of Louis Philippe, King of France. A statue of Daumier is about to be erected in Marseilles, his native city, in commemoration of his talents as a chronicler of the times in which he lived

artists of his staff played with cruel cleverness and effect. Day after day, week after week, the "*poire*" was introduced in some new and biting variation. By inferior artists the "*poire*" was chalked up on walls all over Paris. Often the artists were arrested for their disrespect for majesty. But that did not disturb them greatly or break the sequence of the drawings. There is a story to the effect that on one such occasion, Philipon, brought before a jury to answer for the crime of provoking contempt against the king's person by giving such a ludicrous version of his face, conducted his own defense.

On a sheet of paper he drew a large Burgundy pear, in the lower parts round and capacious, narrower near the stalk, and crowned with two or three careless leaves. "Is there any treason in that?" he asked the jury. Then he drew a second pear like the first, except that one or two lines were scrawled in the midst of it, which bore somehow an odd resemblance to the features of a celebrated personage; and, lastly, he produced the exact portrait of Louis Philippe: the well-known *toupet*, the ample whiskers—nothing was extenuated or set down maliciously. "Gentlemen of the jury," said Philipon, "can I help it if His Majesty's face is like a pear?" There was once popularly current the story that the impudent defense had won acquittal. In reality, Philipon was condemned and fined, and promptly took vengeance upon the judge and jury by arranging their portraits on the front page of *Charivari* in the form of a pear.

A later famous cartoon against Louis Philippe appearing in *La Caricature* was based upon the familiar story of Bluebeard. It was the work of

Grandville. Louis Philippe, as Bluebeard, dagger in hand, is about to slay his latest wife, the "Constitution." The corpses of this political Bluebeard's other victims may be seen through the open door of the secret chamber. Leaning over the balcony and scanning the horizon is Sister Anne, symbolic of the Press. The unhappy "Constitution" calls out: "Sister Press, do you see nothing coming?" The Press replies: "I see only the sun of July beating down, powdering the dusty road, and parching the green fields." Again the "Constitution" cries: "Sister Press, do you see nothing coming?" And this time the Press calls back: "I see two cavaliers urging their horses across the plain and carrying a banner." Below the castle of Bluebeard may be seen the figures of the riders. The banner which they carry bears the significant word, "Republic."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN DESIGNED THE FIRST AMERICAN NEWSPAPER CARTOON

"Join or Die" was printed in Franklin's paper, *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, May 9, 1754, to drive home his words appealing for "our common defense and security" in the face of war with France. The cartoon represented a snake cut in eight parts, the head for New England and the other seven parts for the rest of the Colonies. Practically all the Colonial newspapers reproduced this crude design in one form or another, and it was reprinted off and on for twenty years, whenever necessity arose to spur the people to consolidation. In 1744 a New York paper showed the snake coiled and united. Unquestionably the snake cartoon wielded influence over a longer period of time than any cartoon ever drawn

Before London *Punch* was founded, England possessed a master of comic art in the person of George Cruikshank; but Cruikshank in early life withdrew from political caricature, preferring, like Hogarth, to concentrate on the social life of his day. Even in *Punch*, during the first years, the cartoon played a relatively small part, the paper averaging barely one cartoon a week. John Leech was the dominating figure of those first years. Then Richard Doyle appeared upon the scene to supplement Leech's work. Some of Doyle's most enduring cartoons had to do with our own beloved country. There was one, "The Land of Liberty," appearing in 1847, picturing a lean and lanky but beardless Uncle Sam tilting back lazily in his rocking chair, a six-shooter in his hand, a huge cigar between his teeth. One foot rests carelessly upon a bust of Washington, which has been kicked over. The other is flung over the back of another chair. In the ascending clouds of smoke appear the Stars and Stripes, surrounded by a panorama of outrages, lynchings, and duels, and above them all the contending armies of the Mexican War, over whom a gigantic devil hovers, his hands outstretched in malignant benediction.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGLISH CARTOONS

With the fifties came the golden age of the English cartoon. For example, the Crimean War produced Leech's immortal "General Fevrier (February)

Turns Traitor." In a speech the Russian Czar had boasted that whatever forces England and France might send to the front, Russia possessed two generals upon whom she could always rely, General January and General February. The allusion was, of course, to the hardship of the Russian winter, on which the Czar counted to reduce greatly by death the armies of the Allies. But late in the winter the Czar himself died after an attack of influenza. In a flash, Leech seized the idea. *General Fevrier had turned traitor.* The picture, published in *Punch* in the issue of March 10, 1855, showed General Fevrier (Death in the uniform of a Russian general) placing his icy hand on the breast of Nicholas. Ruskin regarded this cartoon as representing in the art of caricature what Hood's "Song of the Shirt" represents in poetry.

Two years later appeared "The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger," which meant in the life work of Tenniel what "General Fevrier Turns Traitor" meant in the life of John Leech. Shirley Brooks suggested the subject to Tenniel. In June, 1857, English women and children had been massacred at Cawnpore, and England sent thirty thousand additional troops to India. The cartoon, appearing in *Punch* for August 22, 1857, showed the British Lion springing at the throat of the Bengal Tiger, which is standing over the prostrate bodies of a woman and child. The tiger, fearful of

From *Harper's Weekly*

THE FIRST USE OF THE TIGER AS THE SYMBOL OF THE TAMMANY SOCIETY

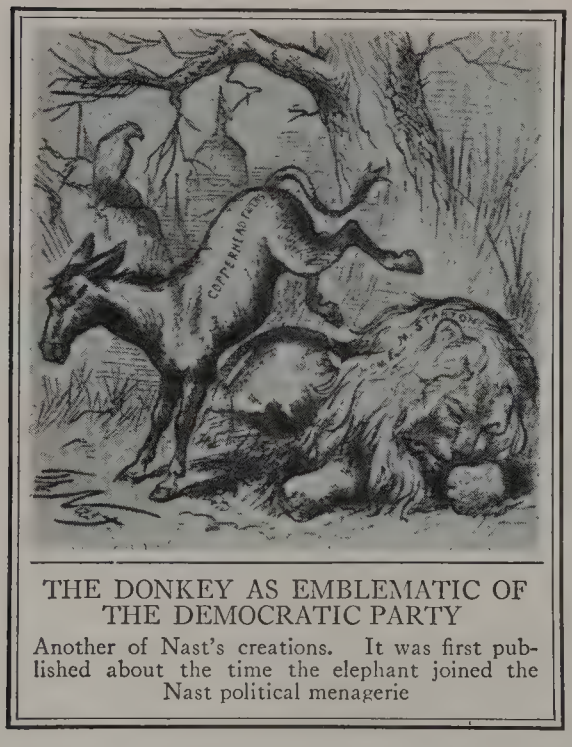
This celebrated cartoon by Thomas Nast, entitled "The Tammany Tiger Loose —What are you going to do about it?" precipitated the downfall of Boss Tweed at the polls in New York, November, 1871. Among American cartoons that have made history it has been called "unapproached and unapproachable." As a boy Nast lived near "Bill" Tweed's fire company house in Greenwich Village, New York. On the engine was painted a tiger's head. When he grew up and began to draw cartoons of power and purpose, Nast created the tiger as the symbol of Tammany, and ever after used it effectively to preach his pictorial sermons

being robbed of the prey, is snarling at the springing lion. Second only to that among Tenniel's cartoons was his "Dropping the Pilot" of March 29, 1890, depicting the young Kaiser dispensing with the services of Bismarck.

The golden age of the political cartoon in England was followed by the golden age of the social cartoon. A newcomer appeared at the *Punch* table, George Du Maurier, fresh from the art schools of Paris and Antwerp. Many years later the world was to know him for a brief but brilliant span in another field of artistic production—as the author of "Peter Ibbetson," "Trilby," and "The Martian." Beginning in the sixties, and for many years thereafter, he was to hold up, in his weekly cartoons in *Punch*, the mirror to English society. What George Meredith did with his pen, Du Maurier with his pencil did for the mid-Victorian and later Victorian era in such types as the Sir Georgias Midases and the Ponsonby-Tomkyns. Also he was largely instrumental in laughing into disrepute the exaggerated eccentricities of the so-called "esthetic" school of letters and art.

CIVIL WAR CARTOONS

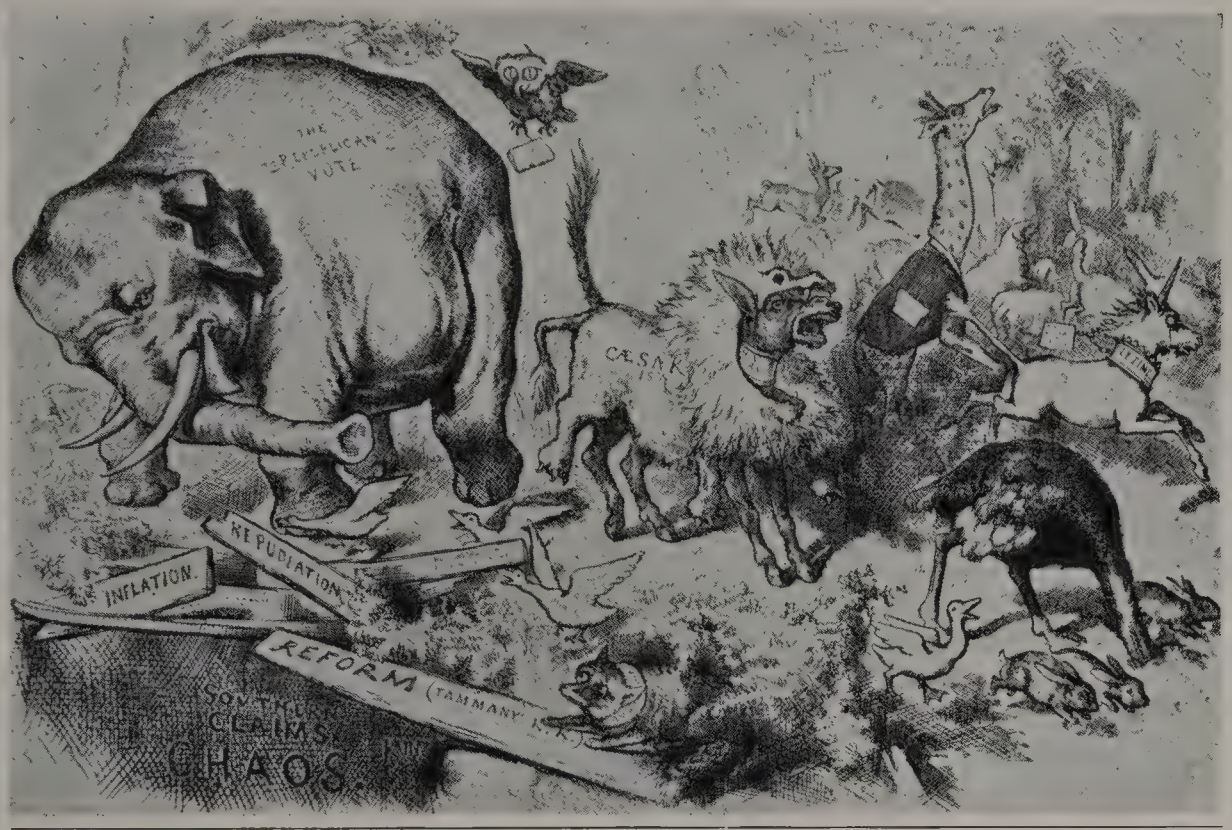
Poor cartoons, but many cartoons, marked the four years' struggle between the North and South. The cartoonists of the period still clung to the convenient loop, long before discarded in Europe, in which the lettered words saved labor and concealed mediocrity. Lincoln was naturally a familiar figure in the Civil War cartoons. His tall, gaunt, spare body and homely features were made for the cartoonist's pencil. Many of the best cartoons of the time were suggested by the rivalry between Grant and McClellan, and the incidents of the Lincoln-McClellan campaign of 1864. A typical Grant cartoon was "The Old Bulldog on the Right Track." It showed Grant as a thoroughbred bulldog seated tenaciously on the "Weldon Railroad," and preparing to fight it out on that line if it took all summer. At the end of the line was a kennel, labeled "Richmond," and occupied by a pack of large, lean dogs—Lee, Davis, and Beauregard among them—who barked: "You ain't got the kennel yet. old fellow!"



THE DONKEY AS EMBLEMATIC OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

Another of Nast's creations. It was first published about the time the elephant joined the Nast political menagerie

Representing entirely different political sentiments was the cartoon of the 1864 campaign, entitled "The Abolition Catastrophe; or, the November Smash-up." It showed a race to the White House between two trains, in which the one on which Lincoln was serving as engineer had just come to destruction on the rocks of "Emancipation," "Confiscation," and "$400,000,000



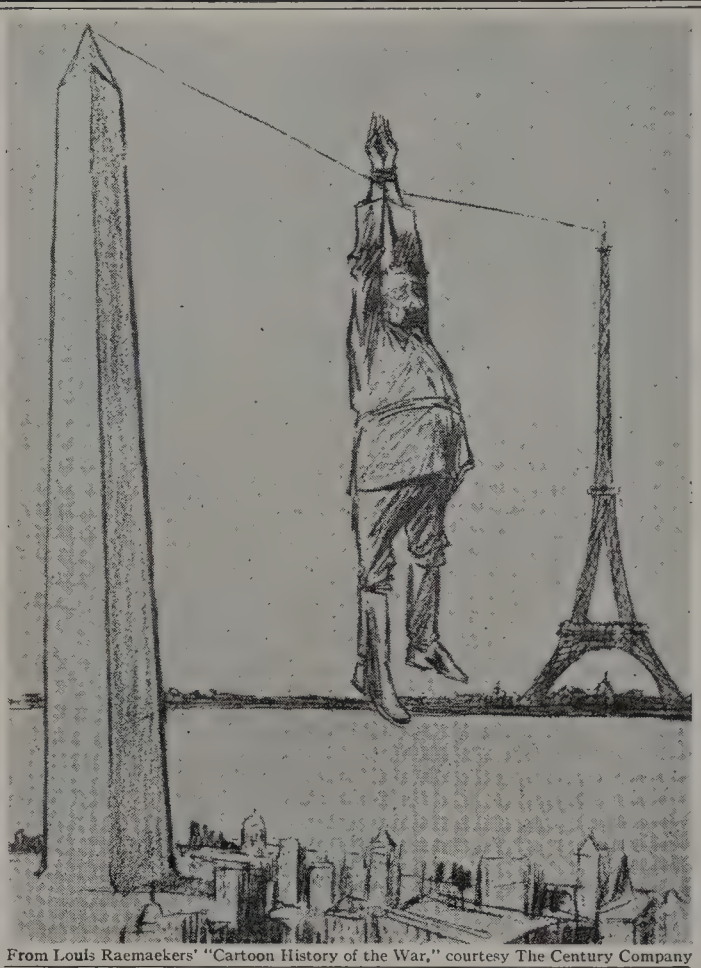
THE DÉBUT OF THE REPUBLICAN ELEPHANT IN CARICATURE

Thomas Nast originated the elephant as the emblem of the "Grand Old Party" in a drawing made for *Harper's Weekly* in 1874. The elephantine size of the Republican vote in the previous Presidential election gave him the idea of using this

Public Debt." The train in charge of General McClellan, its locomotive flying the flag "Constitution," was running along smoothly and rapidly and was just turning the curve leading up to the door of the White House. McClellan, watching from his cab the discomfiture of his rival, called derisively, "Wouldn't you like to swap horses now, Lincoln?" Lincoln, thrown up in the air by the shock of the collision, called back, "Don't mention it, Mac, this reminds me of a"—an allusion to the President's fondness for illustrating every argument with a story.

But of cartoons of the first order only two were born of the Civil War. One was Nast's "Peace, or Compromise with the South," which created a profound impression throughout the land. It appeared in 1862, just after the election, when the country was clamoring for peace at any price. The picture represented a Union soldier's grave, over the tombstone of which Columbia was weeping. At the foot stood a companion of the dead loyalist, stripped of his arms, and shaking hands with a rebel armed to the teeth, and with one foot on the grave. That picture made Nast's reputation. It was circulated by the million as a campaign document. The other cartoon of the first rank was Tenniel's reverent and splendid "The Nation Mourning at Lincoln's Bier," printed in *Punch* just after the death of the martyred president.

Many fine cartoons were inspired by the Franco-Prussian War and its



From Louis Raemaekers' "Cartoon History of the War," courtesy The Century Company

"HIGHER THAN A SOUR APPLE TREE"

Printed in 1917, this is a characteristic cartoon by Louis Raemaekers, a Dutch artist whose genius was developed by the Great War. His rapier attacks on the Germans and their methods of warfare led him more than once into personal difficulties. In England, France, and America Raemaekers was regarded as a valuable ally, and received national support and commendation

immediate aftermath. Tenniel, in *Punch*, contributed "Her Baptism of Fire" and, after Sedan, "To Arms, Citizens!" to the pictorial story of the struggle. In France, during the twenty years of the Second Empire, the political cartoon had been strictly curtailed. But with the fall of the Empire the barriers were down. Daumier, now an old man, flamed forth in his "The History of a Reign," "This Has Killed That," and "The Mouse Trap and Its Victims." Cham (the Count de Noé) produced his cartoon, "Prussia Annexes Alsace," showing a helmeted Prussian attaching a huge iron ball by a chain to his ankle. Those tragic months of disaster form one of the famous periods of the French cartoon. Of the older generation Daumier alone had survived, and Daumier was the leader. His mordant irony had hastened the downfall of Louis Philippe. Now he was to chronicle France in deep misfortune. His cartoons of this period are the work of a man feverish with indignation. Here are weird and ghastly conceptions. From the darkness of backgrounds that are like funeral palls leer the features of Wilhelm I, Von Moltke, Bismarck—vampires feasting on the ruin they have wrought. And here is French liberty, in the guise of a wan, emaciated, despairing figure, the personification of wronged and outraged womanhood.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

Americans are inclined to forget the full extent of their debt to the memory of Thomas Nast, who was neglected in his later days and, at the end, sent to die in an obscure consular post in South America. Lincoln's high opinion of the service he rendered to the Union we have cited. His pencil, more than any other weapon, was effective in freeing New York City from the iron yoke of the Tweed Ring. But also we owe to him the Tiger which stands for Tammany, the Gratz Brown tag to Greeley's coat in the campaign

of 1872, the "Rag Baby" of inflation, the Donkey as emblematic of the Democratic party and the Elephant as emblematic of the Republican party, the Labor Cap and the Full Dinner Pail. The idea of the Tammany Tiger, for instance, came from the emblem of the "Big Six," the popular name of the fire company of which Tweed was foreman. This emblem was a tiger's head. The anti-Tammany cartoons began to appear in 1869, and in these the tiger's

MORE AMERICAN CARTOONS

"ON THE ROAD TO MOSCOW"

Published in the New York *World*, August 5, 1921, this graphic sketch by Rollin Kirby, one of the better known modern political cartoonists, received the Pulitzer Prize given annually by the School of Journalism at Columbia University for "the best cartoon published in any American newspaper during the year, the determining qualities being that the cartoon shall embody an idea made clearly apparent, shall show good drawing and striking pictorial effect, and shall be helpful to some commendable cause of public importance"

"LIBERTY MAKES AN EXCEPTION"
An example of Homer Davenport's work. Published at the time of Li Hung Chang's visit to the United States in 1896

head was used in various ways. The fully developed beast was used by Nast for the first time in a cartoon appearing in *Harper's Weekly*, November 11, 1871, representing Columbia crushed by the tiger in the arena, with Tweed and his colleagues placidly looking on.

Nast was the influence. In his footsteps followed Keppler, Victor, and Bernard Gillam, and the gay group that adorned the pages of *Life*, Mitchell, Rogers, Walker, Herford, and numerous others; then the generation of later American cartoonists whose work has carried so richly to the present day—Homer Davenport, C.G. Bush, J.T. McCutcheon, Rollin Kirby, and others whose pencils have influenced public opinion.

There were some famous cartoons reflecting American political life in the seventies and eighties. For example, Gillam's "The Tattooed Man." There was Keppler's "Forbidding the Bans," which appeared in *Puck* during the Garfield-Hancock campaign of 1880. "The Tattooed Man," originated in 1876, was revived in connection with the Cleveland-Blaine campaign of 1884, and is said to have driven Blaine to frenzy. It was one of the great pictorial forces in turning the scale of the election. Incidentally, Bernard Gillam, who drew it, was an ardent Republican, and at the same time that he was executing "The Tattooed Man" for *Puck* he was suggesting equally vindictive cartoons attacking Mr. Cleveland in *Judge*.

Behind the cartoon "Where Am I At?" in which in *Judge* Bernard Gillam pictured the Republican debacle of 1892, there is an amazing story. Right up to election day Gillam and the entire staff were supremely confident of Republican success. So Gillam prepared a cartoon to celebrate the victory. The idea was that of a general smash-up, with Cleveland in the middle of the ruin, and the Republican elephant marching on in triumph. A double-page cartoon was drawn with a great variety of detail, reproduced, and made ready for the press. Then election day brought the Democratic landslide. On the plate the changes were wrought. Cleveland's face became Harrison's. A huge patch was given the eye of the elephant. To cap it all, Gillam drew in a corner of the plate a likeness of himself in the form of a monkey.

A MID-WESTERN SCULPTOR

THE ART OF LORADO TAFT

HIS STUDIES, HIS SPIRIT, HIS PROCESSES, HIS ACCOMPLISHED WORK—WITH DESCRIPTIVE TEXT BY HAMLIN GARLAND, AND PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE MIDWAY STUDIOS, CHICAGO

LORADO TAFT IN HIS STUDIO GROUNDS, MIDWAY PLAISANCE, CHICAGO

Mr. Taft is shown here standing in front of a large plaster cast of one of the group sections of his great composition "The Fountain of Time," which now tands at the west end of the Midway, Chicago

MR. TAFT, *besides being a sculptor of national distinction and world-wide fame, is an inspired figure in the field of art education, and a great citizen. He is not only a master of sculptural art, but a supremely successful teacher and demonstrator of sculptural processes on the public platform—and he has been untiringly enthusiastic in his application of art to civic adornment and to social betterment*

THE ART OF LORADO TAFT

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

A SCULPTOR of high skill and serious intent, Lorado Taft is more than that. He is fundamentally a teacher, an evangelist who has felt it his duty to bring to the people of the Middle West, and especially to Chicago, a wider knowledge of art and a keener appreciation of what was being done by the Eastern men as well as the great masters of Europe.

Although born in Elmwood, Illinois, his ancestral strain is New England on both sides of the house. His mother was a Foster of Massachusetts, and his father one of the Tafts of New Hampshire — but neither of the families, so far as I know, had been given to the practice of any form of art, and there is no answer to the question, "Why should this son of a New England preacher, turned professor, and of a sweet and gentle New England pioneer wife, in an Illinois town, have become a devotee of art and later a distinguished sculptor?"

HEAD OF "LAKE ONTARIO"

Detail from the "Fountain of the Great Lakes." Ontario, crouching low (see general view of fountain, page 28), stretches forth her arm and directs the flood of waters of the Five Lakes down the St. Lawrence River. Her glance follows her arm

In curious, fateful fashion young Lorado Taft became convinced at fourteen years of age that he should go to Paris and study sculpture; and this he did a few years later, living, as most of his fellow students did at that time, on a very meager allowance from home. He spent four or five years in this study, and then came to Chicago to establish himself—and when I came to know him he was considered by his fellows to be exceedingly well grounded in his art and of unusual skill as a craftsman. He was making a living partly by his art, partly by speaking and writing on esthetic subjects.

As time went by, his work as a sculptor augmented, but continued to be only a part of his activity. He became a very skilful and attractive lecturer at the Art Institute and, by way of a kind of mingled entertainment and criticism, or exposition, of the art of sculpture, united with the actual modeling before the audience, he took the platform and succeeded in bringing to thousands of towns in the Middle West some small part of his own judgment and enthusiasm in matters relating to painting, sculpture, and architecture.

He soon became one of the best known men of the Middle West. By actual count he has given nearly four thousand lectures; and he has with equal skill used his pen in articles for the daily papers and the magazines. Furthermore, he has written the most complete and authoritative book on American sculpture.

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago he became convinced that it was a mistake to maintain his studio in the tumult of Chicago, and upon being offered the rent of a stable in the rear of a Midway Chapter House belonging to the University of Chicago, he took a lease upon this building and moved all of his activities as a sculptor and lecturer to this quiet spot. Almost immediately he began to expand; year by year he built new studios for himself and studios for his friends and pupils, until at last it became a colony of workers in sculpture. Nothing else just like it exists in this country. It is due entirely to Taft's generosity and (some of us say) his kindly but

A SECTION OF "THE FOUNTAIN OF TIME"

The photograph shows in detail the taking of plaster molds from the full-sized model. The sculptor himself, in smock, stands near the lower left-hand corner. A few of his many helpers—varied in nationality and talent—demonstrate the practical processes by which a work of high idealism is finally advanced to full realization

unwarranted aid to struggling young artists.

He argues, however, that, as one is called upon to build great groups of outdoor sculpture, it is necessary to have a large studio and to maintain a force of assistants in order that certain results may be achieved within his lifetime. In this there is logic, but some of us still think that his humanitarian overhead charges are too great.

In these studios, and by means of his young assistants, he has built some of the most significant groups of statuary in America. Among the first of these is one called "The Great Lakes," a group of beautiful female figures typifying the five great lakes of inland America. In this studio also he conceived and worked out to a triumphant finish "The Fountain of Time," which was last year put into concrete by the South Park commissioners, and stands just at the west end of the Midway at Washington Park. This is one of the most colossal undertakings in the history of American sculpture. I do not presume to pass upon its technical qualities, but I am fitted to speak of the persistence, the tact, and the administrative skill which he displayed during the eleven years of its construction. I saw it grow "from a minute model in clay to this magnificent final monument."

Taft's generosity and civic enthusiasm can be made plain by stating some of the facts with regard to his contributions. He gave all the work and a large part of the cost of the colossal figure of "Blackhawk" which stands on a Rock River bluff just south of Eagles' Nest Camp; and recently he has taken a very active interest in the plan to preserve the beautiful building in Jackson Park which was the Art Museum in 1893, and which was subsequently occupied by the Field Columbian Museum. This building, after the Field Columbian collection was withdrawn to its new building in Grant Park, was allowed to fall into decay, and the park commissioners were about to destroy it when a group of enthusiasts headed by Taft started a campaign to have it preserved for

© International Film Service

ASSEMBLING THE PLASTER CASTS FOR "THE FOUNTAIN OF TIME"

The process goes on in the open air—the work having outgrown the capacity of any studio. The figure on horseback, typifying Command in War, is the center of the entire composition. A few of the soldiers that give military operations their force are seen behind the commander, and alongside the horse is a group of war's victims. The sculptor, directing like another commander, stands on the stepladder

all time, and to be used as some sort of art museum or civic center, or both. It is one of the most beautiful buildings in America, and should not pass away.

I mention these things in order that the character of Lorado Taft may be made more manifest. He is a noble citizen as well as a great sculptor, an inspirational teacher as well as a careful student of painting and of sculpture. He is one of the few artists who can write fluently, wittily, and with precision; and as an orator he is able to present his thought with dignity, authority, and charm.

He lives very simply not far from his studio, and while he has earned a great deal of money, he has never used it for any personal luxury. It has all gone back into his art, into the extension of his studio plant, and in aid of young talent. In fact, some of us feel that too much of his energy has gone into plans for making life easier for those whose talent he recognizes. Some of his friends believe it would be better for his disciples if they were forced to struggle a little harder—and that to be a little less dependent upon their patron would be salutary. However, Lorado Taft has built for himself a throne in the heart of the West, a position which no other Western man of art or of letters can surpass. He has written himself into the esthetic history of the Middle West in such wise that he can never be overlooked by any historian of the future.

His "Fountain of Time" is but a fragment of his comprehensive plan for the decoration

© Clara E. Lippen

DETAIL FROM "THE FOUNTAIN OF TIME"

The pair of colossal figures—two in a procession of many—indicate in some measure the rhythmical and mystical sweep of the whole processional movement

"THE FOUNTAIN OF CREATION"

Project for a companion piece to "The Fountain of Time," which it is designed to face, a mile away, at the eastern end of the Midway. The stones thrown over their shoulders by Deucalion and Pyrrha, as a means of repeopling the world after the flood. are seen taking shape as human creatures—in the foreground, inert clods; on the sides, half-awakened strugglers; at the top, fully awakened men and women

of the Midway, a plan which presupposes a straight and formal canal running through the existing depressions of this broad avenue. This canal is to be spanned by three bridges of monumental design, dedicated to the three fundamental ideals of the race. They are to be called respectively, "*The Bridge of the Sciences*," "*The Bridge of the Arts*," and "*The Bridge of Religions*." Along the roadways upon either side of the canal he would place statues of the world's greatest idealists, ranged at half-block intervals and treated as architectural notes which would connect the bridges with the fountains and unite the various features of the decorative scheme.

At the west end of the Midway and heading the canal already rises "The Fountain of Time." For the eastern end Taft has designed "*The Fountain of Creation*," or Evolution.

This "Fountain of Creation" upon which he is at work will face the Midway, just west of the Illinois Central viaduct. Its motif is the classic myth of Deucalion, the Noah of Greek legend. Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha, being the only mortals saved by Zeus after the nine days' flood, stepped out from their frail boat on the top of Mount Parnassus, and consulted an oracle as to the best way of restoring the human race. They were told to cover their heads and throw the bones of their mother behind them. Pyrrha divined that these bones were the stones of Mother Earth.

The monument will show us the moment when these stones cast from the Titans' hands are changing into men and women. The composition begins with creatures half-formed, vague, prostrate, blindly emerging from the shapeless rock; continues at higher level with figures fully developed and almost erect, but still groping in darkness—struggling, wondering, and wandering, until its climax is reached with an elevated group of human forms, complete and glorious, saluting the dawn.

"The Fountain of Time" shows the human procession passing in review before the stern, immovable figure of Time. Father Time is represented by a rugged, mysterious shape apparently reviewing a throng of hastening people combined in a series of waves. A warrior on horseback, flanked by banners and dancing figures, forms the center of the composition, which fades off at one end into creeping infancy and, at the other end, into the bent and withered figures of old age.

While the tragic note is not lacking, there is a suggestion of joyous onward movement in this procession, and of the splendor and

pageantry with which life is accompanied since that first great day of creation which the other fountain celebrates.

Before he made the first sketch for the "Fountain of Time," Mr. Taft wrote the following note:

> "Time goes, you say? Ah, no.
> Alas, time stays: we go.

"The words brought before me a picture which fancy speedily transformed into a colossal work of sculpture. I saw the mighty crag-like figure of Time, mantled like one of Sargent's prophets, leaning upon his staff, his chin upon his hand, and watching with cynical, inscrutable gaze the endless march of humanity—a majestic relief of marble I saw it, swinging in a wide circle around the form of the lone sentinel and made up of the shapes of hurrying men and women and children in endless procession, ever impelled by the winds of destiny in the inexorable lock-step of the ages. Theirs the 'fateful forward movement' which has not ceased since time began. But in that crowded concourse how few detach themselves from the grayness of the dusky caravan; how few there are who even lift their heads! Here an overtaxed body falls—and a place is vacant for a moment; there a strong man turns to the silent, shrouded reviewer and with lifted arms utters the cry of the old-time gladiators: 'Hail Cæsar, we who go to our death salute thee'—and presses forward."

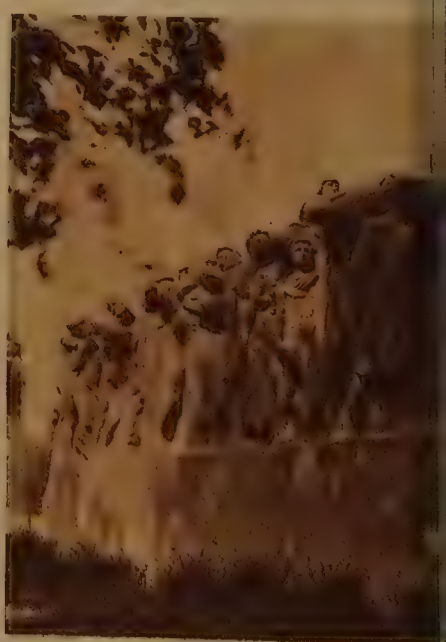
"THE BLIND"

A group (plaster) based on Maeterlinck's one-act play, "*Les Aveugles*" ("The Blind"). All these adults are astray in a dark forest, and the only sight is with a child too young to speak. The play itself was performed by Mr. Taft and his friends at the Artists' Colony, on the Rock River, Illinois, during the creation of this group

Stalwart young manhood, intent but unintimidated, advances toward life and into experiences

A front view of the fountain in its entirety. Mankind rises from the Unkno descends into the Unknown once mor

A back view. Life in all its relation and vicissitudes. The meditative figure with hands clasped behind is that of the sculptor himself



A back view. The domestic relations are episodes of war

"THE FOUNTAIN OF TIME"—A Magnificent Work Placed in

This vast achievement, which occupied the artist nearly twelve years, and which comprises nearly a hundred processionally before the isolated figure of "Father Time," it runs the

in successive waves, a brief hour of pleasure, suffering, or power; and
tic and emotionless, watches it all

From a female group—woman's mournful comment on a world in which chance and violence play so strong a part

dicated at the left and the disturbing
right center

The waves of life sweep all toward death. Two end figures in strong contrast—an aged man welcomes the end as a release, and a younger one goes out in rebellion and despair

ton Park, Chicago, at the West End of the Midway Plaisance

one of the largest and most significant works of sculpture yet produced in the United States. Passing
it of human life and human experience from infancy to old age

"THE FOUNTAIN OF THE GREAT LAKES"

This adjoins the south front of the Art Institute, Chicago. "Superior" and "Michigan" pour their waters into the shell of "Huron," and "Erie" passes them on to "Ontario," who speeds them oceanward

"BLACKHAWK"

This figure stands on a high bluff overlooking the Rock River, in Illinois, and is visible for many miles up-stream and down. It commemorates the native leader in the war of 1832, which drove the Indians from this valley

"SOLITUDE OF THE SOUL"

This group, standing in the Art Institute, Chicago, depicts the isolation in which every human creature, despite whatever intimacy of relationships, must essentially dwell. Four figures—two men and two women—closely interrelated, yet, in the end, each one alone

COLUMBUS MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN

This fine composition stands in the large plaza before the Union Station, Washington, D. C.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, OREGON, ILLINOIS

This commemoration work, in stone and bronze, stands in the public square of Oregon, a few miles from Mr. Taft's summer residence. It represents, in some measure, a gift to the community with which he has been associated for the past twenty-five years

THATCHER FOUNTAIN, DENVER, COLORADO

The three groups surrounding the central figure of the State represent Loyalty, Love, and Learning. The jets of water rising and falling as will or circumstance directs, provide constantly varying forms

"LOYALTY"

Detail of the Thatcher Fountain, Denver. When the Warrior lays aside his helm, Woman, with the palm of Victory, rewards work well and faithfully done

"LEARNING"

Detail of the Thatcher Fountain, Denver. The earnest and absorbed student hangs on the lips of Alma Mater, while a young secretary takes down the notes that the intent listener fails to secure

"ORPHEUS"

This figure, a life-size bronze, was presented to Mr. Thomas A. Edison by friends on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday. The musician, whose tones could soothe the wild beasts, is seen discarding the ancient conventional lyre for the modern phonograph disk

MEISSONIER GREAT PAINTER OF LITTLE PICTURES

BY E. M. DOLE

While he was still living, paintings by Ernst Meissonier, about four hundred in all, sold for the huge sum of eleven million dollars. This fact in itself is enough to make one ask, "Who was this artist and what was the quality that made his pictures so much desired?"

He was a figure supremely isolated, though called by some the greatest French painter of the nineteenth century. Fads, epochs, passed over his head as clouds over a mountain top. He paid attention to none of them; he was preoccupied with his own vision. His work had a timeless quality that was recognized while he was in mid-career, and interest in his pictures seems to be unaffected by the lapsing of years or the change in painting styles.

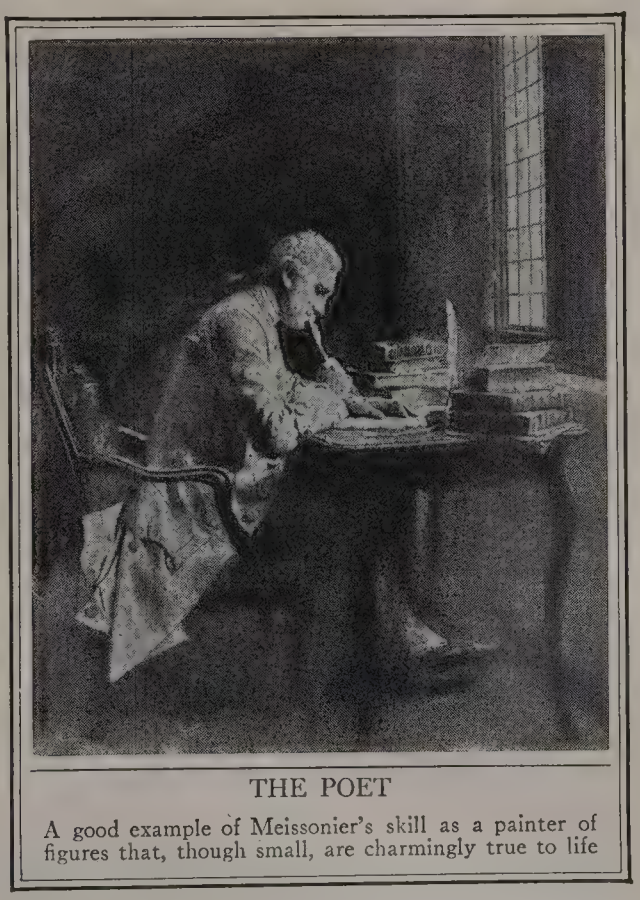
Meissonier exemplified to the highest degree Goethe's definition of genius. He had an infinite capacity for taking pains. Students of the Latin Quarter, parodying his passion for precise detail, drew a cartoon of him perched on a Gargantuan ladder painting a fly on a vast expanse of wall.

He preferred above all subjects figures of men in romantic or historic costume. He rarely included women in his compositions, and when he did include them the result was unsatisfactory both to himself and, in one notorious case, at least, to his model. Forty years ago the art world was torn by discussion of the lawsuit Meissonier threatened to bring against the wife of a famous California millionaire for her refusal to pay $15,000, the price agreed upon for her portrait. She was not a handsome woman, and the French lion she had engaged to perpetuate her features made no effort to embellish them.

What Meissonier could do and dearly loved to do was to make a picture of a gallant in the trappings of a past century, put him on a horse (he painted horses as few artists can), or pose him reading, writing, painting, playing chess, or sauntering near palace or tavern door. Often these exquisitely wrought little panels were no larger than a sheet of letter paper. He said, "Whether I paint my figures as large as life or in thumbnail studies, I bestow the same care upon them." The beauty, the genius, of his small pictures lies in the fact that, despite laborious attention to detail, Meissonier always got lifelike expression, sentiment, intelligence, and natural movement in his miniature figures of soldiers, cavaliers, and amiable gentlemen of leisure. "All Meissonier's figures," writes a contemporary, "have in them *thought* of some kind, whether serene, jocose, or melancholy. This human interest rarely rises above the domain of everyday incidents, and there is not one of these pictures that cannot be thoroughly appreciated by the average man."

This prodigious master painted late in life a dozen large pictures, including several of Napoleon. When he expanded his horizon and amplified his subjects, nothing was lost of power. One of the most admired canvases in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, is Meissonier's "Friedland," or "1807."

Meissonier, born in 1813 at Lyons, died in 1891. It was said that his tendency to produce larger studies as he grew older was due to the gradual dimming of his eyesight, taxed by the labor of painting the minute and jewel-like figures which won him a sensational and lasting popularity.



THE POET

A good example of Meissonier's skill as a painter of figures that, though small, are charmingly true to life

In the Metropolitan Museum, N. Y. From a painting by V. Brozik

COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF ISABELLA

A scene in the palace of Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile at Granada, April 17, 1492. The King and Queen of Spain are about to sign the contract with Columbus which made possible his journey to the new world

THE BACKERS OF COLUMBUS

BY J. PENNINGTON

"If there were dreams to sell, who would not buy?"

The poet who sings in this strain, sings only to keep up his courage. No one knows better than a poet how undependable is the market for dreams. Christopher Columbus, scholar and dreamer, learned the lesson over four centuries ago when he spent six dismal years trying to interest the Spanish court in dreams, dreams that he believed would add infinitely to the glory, wealth, and honor of Spain if realized. He had first sought assistance from the King of Portugal, but that monarch had betrayed him. Pretending that he wanted to study carefully the maps and charts prepared by Columbus, the Portuguese king borrowed them and, using them as guides, fitted out an expedition of his own. Then, as now, there was no law against stealing ideas; and what protection could a poor scholar, a nobody, seek against a sovereign? Columbus did the only thing he could do: he left the country and went to Spain.

When he reached Spain he found a person willing to help him—Friar Marchena, a poor monk in the Franciscan monastery near Palos, on the southern coast of Spain. It is he who must be given credit as the first "backer" of Columbus. It was he who gave Columbus not only sympathy, affection, and understanding but practical assistance, which ultimately made possible the realization of his dreams. It was through this pious father, formerly confessor to the Queen of Castile, that Columbus met men of wealth and science, and through him that he met the Pinzons—wealthy navigators, eager to become explorers—just the people to lend a willing ear to his schemes and, if they chose, a ready purse as well. It was through Friar Marchena, moreover, that Columbus was ultimately introduced to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella and given an opportunity to tell his strange tale to royal ears. Isabella graciously granted an audience to one befriended by her old confessor. It was to the friar, finally, that Columbus fled in joyful haste when Queen Isabella pledged her crown of Castile and her jewels to help him. The good Friar Marchena was the first of the

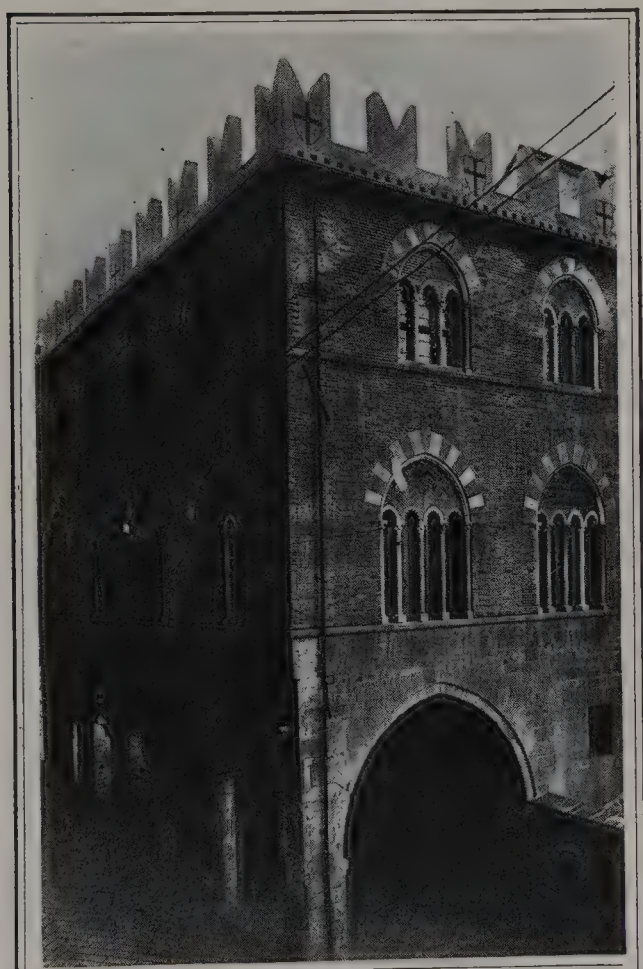
backers of Columbus, and who shall say he was not the most influential one?

When Columbus went to Palos to superintend the fitting out of the three ships allotted him, he was joined by the Pinzons. Martin Pinzon made good his offer to furnish one eighth of the necessary sum; and he and his brother commanded the *Pinta* and the *Niña* respectively. The amount of money invested in this first voyage of Columbus has been roughly estimated from some old account books of the day. It is said that the total cost of the expedition was seven thousand dollars. Seven thousand dollars to open up a huge continent and innumerable islands whose existence had never even been suspected! The cost of a jeweled comb in a lady's hair!

From a painting by Sir David Wilkie

COLUMBUS AT LA RABIDA MONASTERY

Demonstrating his theories to Friar Marchena, who exerted powerful influence in his behalf



WHERE COLUMBUS BANKED

The Palace of the Bank of St. George, Genoa, Italy, built in 1260. It was also the bank of the Crusaders. Columbus had an account at this great merchants' bank of the Middle Ages

As commander of the fleet, Columbus received 1,500 pesetas, or about $300 a year. The Pinzons, commanding the *Pinta* and the *Niña*, received 900 pesetas a year, or about $180. Members of the crew were paid 50 reals a month—about two dollars and fifty cents. The cost of food per man was fixed at four or five cents a day. So much for salaries and victuals.

The chief expenditure was for cannons for the three vessels. No less than 14,000 pesetas were invested in the defense of the fleet—about $2,000, more than one third of the total cost of the expedition. This is not very much more than it costs now to fire a single charge from a dreadnaught.

Such was the financial backing which it took Columbus so many weary years to secure. For his second voyage (1493) he had no difficulty in getting financial assistance for the outfitting of seventeen vessels, with crews numbering 1,500 persons. On returning three years later he was graciously received at court. Enemies discredited him with the king and queen with such success that he was actually taken prisoner on his third voyage and brought back to Spain in irons. Isabella, always faithful to this stubborn dreamer, ordered his release; and upon his appearance at court the royal promises of honors, titles, and wealth were renewed—but, alas! soon broken. Isabella died, and

with her died the hopes of Columbus. From his deathbed he addressed many letters to the king, pleading for the rewards promised him; but all were unheeded. His life went out in poverty. He died in Valladolid in 1506; his bones now rest in the Cathedral of St. Mary, Seville.

No more faithful than King Ferdinand, half-hearted backer that he was, were the wealthy Pinzons. When land was discovered from the deck of the *Pinta*, Captain Martin Pinzon found fresh fuel for his jealousy of the admiral. He made as much trouble as he could by refusing to obey Columbus, and hoped to betray him by sending word to the Spanish court immediately upon his return home. But he was not, as he thought, the first to land. Columbus was before him, and Columbus' courier took a full account of the voyage to the king and queen. All that Pinzon won by his betrayal, therefore, was a curt order never to appear at court again; and before long he died of grief and chagrin.

Of all the backers of Columbus on his first voyage—men of science and learning, ecclesiastics, royalty, financiers—only two were faithful: Isabella, Queen of Castile, and the poor monk, Friar Marchena, who made all things possible for the immortal dreamer of Palos.

In the Science Museum, London — Courtesy [illegible]

THE *SANTA MARIA*—FLAGSHIP OF COLUMBUS

An accurate model of the ship on which Columbus made his first journey to the Western World presented to England by the Spanish Government. It was constructed under the supervision of the director of the Naval Museum at Madrid, and is a copy of a model in that institution. Columbus had his cabin in the after part of the ship, directly under the cannon. By the door of his cabin stood a standard emblematical of the royal powers that had been conferred upon him; he bore this ashore on landing

THE SILHOUETTE AND HOW IT GOT ITS NAME

BY SHERRILL SCHELL

Etienne de Silhouette was French Minister of Finance in 1759. He introduced a great number of schemes to rid the government of its financial embarrassment and called upon the people to practice many unpopular economies. His energies were mainly directed against the extravagance of the aristocracy, a class that was used to doing about as it pleased and was bitterly opposed to making sacrifices of any sort. When Silhouette demanded of the nobles the conversion of their plate into money, their indignation knew no bounds. Cartoons and scurrilous lampoons were hurled at the unlucky minister, and in allusion to this particular project "silhouette" became the slang word for anything reduced to its simplest form. In an ironical mood French artists made portraits in outline only, "to save labor and materials." When France finally emerged from her financial predicament the economics of Silhouette disappeared. Only the outline picture which continued to flourish under the name "silhouette" remained to perpetuate his memory. The word became part of the language, and was finally admitted to the dictionary by the French Academy.

AUGUSTE EDOUART, MASTER SILHOUETTIST

A portrait of the artist showing him cutting out a full-length figure with the scissors

Outline drawing is the oldest of the methods of pictorial representation; it began with the drawing of the caveman and appeared and reappeared again during the march of the centuries—in the conventionalized mural decorations of the Egyptians, on the surfaces of Greek and Etruscan vases, in Chinese vases, in Japanese prints. In Europe, during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it had its greatest vogue when it took the form of the outline portrait solidly brushed in with India ink, or cut from black paper. The silhouette achieved its greatest popularity in France and England, but its vogue spread all over the continent. Famous people that were silhouetted were Napoleon, Goethe, Nelson, George III, Queen Charlotte, George IV, William IV, Pitt, Fox, Gibbon, Wellington, Burns, Scott, Byron, Keats.

Many people are under the impression that the only true silhouette is the black paper portrait. On the contrary, many beautiful ones have been painted on porcelain, ivory, and glass, and often color was used to enhance their lifelike character. The art of silhouetting was called "skyography" by the celebrated American painter Benjamin West, while in England it passed under the name of "shadowgraphy." The makers of silhouettes were often referred to as "profilists" and "scissorgraphists."

The rage for the silhouette was not long in reaching this country. The early attempts of our native artists were somewhat crude, but a few of them showed proficiency. The great master of the art arrived in New York in the forties. Auguste Edouart was born in France in 1788. During a period of ten years he cut five thousand portraits. Charles X made him "Silhouettist to the Royal Family of France," and practically all the celebrities of that country and of England were immortalized by him. He remained ten years in New York, spending his summers in Saratoga, where he made his cuttings under a tent. Men and women of fashion sought him out, and the likenesses he made are treasured by many families.

Old silhouettes provide valuable data concerning the likenesses, costumes, habits, and occupations of our forefathers, and a collection of them on display seems to give out a breath of the past.

THE LITTLE LADIES FROM TANAGRA

BY C. F. TALMAN

If there had been five-and-ten-cent stores in ancient Greece, their stock in trade would undoubtedly have included quantities of terra-cotta statuettes a few inches in height; some representing mythological beings, some mortals, and of the latter by far the largest number consisting of draped female figures, single or in groups, standing or seated—life-like portraits of Greek girls and women. Millions of such *figurines*, as we call them to-day, were manufactured all over Greece and in the larger Greek world that included Asia Minor, southern Italy, and the isles of the Mediterranean. They were so common and so cheaply produced that even the best of them were hardly thought of as works of art. The artisans who made them were called *coroplasts*—literally "molders of maidens." They and their wares are spoken of with small respect by classical writers, who would be petrified with astonishment could they visit the modern art museums which rate Greek figurines among their treasures, or the modern auction-rooms, where one of these statuettes often fetches hundreds of dollars.

The figurines were common adornments of Greek houses; they were carried to the temples as offerings to the gods, and they were buried with the dead. The Greeks put all sorts of household articles in tombs—ornaments, arms, toys, dishes, lamps, coins, and whatever else might, according to an ill-defined doctrine of immortality, be useful or agreeable to the departed. Whether the figurines found in graves had some special religious or symbolical significance is a question that has been much debated among archæologists. Be this as it may, the most prolific source of the statuettes and the place where the most attractive specimens have been found is the cemetery of a bygone Greek city.

The Beotian town of Tanagra (accent on the *Tan*) was a place of some importance in ancient times, but it had long since vanished from the map when, in the early seventies of the last century, the world began to hear of "Tanagra figurines." On the site of this old town the peasants, in hoeing their vineyards, had from time to time come upon tombs filled with vases and statuettes, and these discoveries attracted the attention of one Giorgios Anyphantis, a native of Corfu, who made his living by digging for antiques. He located the ancient necropolis, or burial ground, and here his search revealed thousands of figurines. Many of them were so well preserved and of such extraordinary grace and beauty that they commanded high prices at Athens. Soon the whole population of the neighborhood was busy ransacking the tombs, and the little figures were finding their way into the principal museums of Europe. There is a law in Greece that forbids exporting antiques without obtaining a license and paying a tax, but apparently it did not occur to the authorities that terra-cotta statuettes were worth bothering about, and no attempt was made to regulate the traffic until the finest of these objects had been shipped out of the country.

The figurines are hollow, usually open at the base, and were cast in several pieces from molds, also made of terra cotta. Sometimes a dozen

TANAGRA FIGURINES IN THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

The shawls worn by these little ladies are almost invariably rose, the tunic underneath is blue, and the shoes have red soles. Fans and shade hats are common, a natural response to the hot Grecian summers

SOME OF THE LOUVRE'S COLLECTION OF "LITTLE LADIES"

Statuettes in painted terra cotta, found in great numbers in the burial ground of the ancient Greek city of Tanagra. They are nearly all draped female figures, and give us an accurate idea of the costume of Greek women three hundred years before the Christian era

or more molds were used in making one statue. The body was made in two pieces, front and back, which were cemented together with soft clay, after which the head, arms, and various accessories were similarly attached. The whole was then baked and colored, but before the baking many of the statuettes were carefully retouched with a graving tool. It was this retouching, together with different combinations of parts and variations of pose, that gave each of the finer examples a certain individuality, despite the fact that the same molds were used over and over again. As one writer remarks, "All the Tanagra figures are sisters, but few of them are twins."

The Tanagra figurines include images of deities, cupids, and the like, as well as of men and boys, but more than nine tenths of them represent women—not in the conventional manner of the Egyptian monuments, nor with the idealization of the immortal Greek marbles, but in a spirit of photographic fidelity. They show us everyday Greek womanhood of the third and fourth centuries before the Christian era. They reveal much about the intimate lives of Greek women concerning which the classical writers are silent—their tasks and amusements, and especially the details of their dress. We see them at work in their homes, or engaged in visits and neighborly chats; deep in the mysteries of the toilet, or fondling their favorite pets, which most frequently were birds.

These figurines are the most instructive record that has come down to us of feminine Greek costume. Extremely simple in its elements—consisting of a girdled tunic, with or without the addition of a shawl or mantle—there was infinite variety in the way it was draped upon the figure. One detail for which these statuettes are noted is the stiff peaked hat, suggestive of a candle extinguisher. It served the purpose of protecting the wearer from the sun, but it is neither graceful nor in keeping with the rest of the costume. Probably it was "the fashion," and that sufficiently explains it. The footgear consists of a neat-fitting boot, of which only the tip generally appears beneath the long drapery. Mirrors are a frequent accessory.

The statuettes were coated with a white lime-wash before the colors were applied, and unfortunately this coating peels off, bringing the color with it. Thus few figurines retain more than traces of their original bright tints.

Tanagra figurines have been extensively counterfeited, and among the authentic specimens found in collections there is much diversity of merit. Something like ten thousand graves have been explored, but a large proportion of the figures found in them were ruined by dampness, and many more were broken. Much of this crumbling and fragmentary material has been crudely patched together, solidified, and recolored, to satisfy the eager demand for "genuine" Tanagra figurines.

PRIZE PICTURE QUESTIONNAIRE

$100 IN PRIZES FOR IDENTIFYING AND DESCRIBING TEN PORTRAITS

1

2

3

4

THE portraits printed here are famous works of master painters. Prizes will be given for answering the following questions correctly and completely:

Who painted each picture?
Where is the original painting?
What is the title of each picture?
What information can you give concerning each portrait?

EIGHT PRIZES AS FOLLOWS

Two First Prizes—$20 each
Two Second Prizes—$15 each
Two Third Prizes—$10 each
Two Fourth Prizes—$5 each

Bear in mind that success in the competition will depend largely on the answer to the fourth question, so look up your art books.

All answers must be mailed by December 1st.

Mentor Editorial Dept.
The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Ave., New York City

5

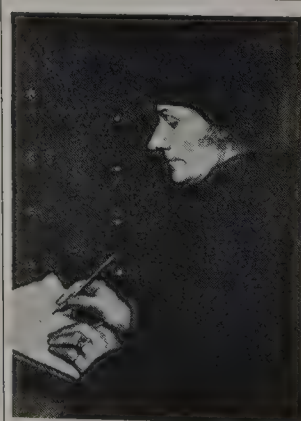
6

7

8

9

10



RIDING THROUGH SPACE

THE EARTH'S SCENIC VOYAGE

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS

AN EXPLODING METEORITE

With the noise of bombarding guns, these visitors from the outer spaces tear their way in a line of fire through the atmosphere, explode with scintillating flashes of light and fall upon the earth in a solid mass or in small fragments, or perhaps in fine dust

WE ARE *taking a wonderful speed-ride on this globe of ours, year by year and century by century, through the limitless spaces of the Universe. Along our whirling course amazing things are all about us—some far distant, some close by, and others that hit us as we go. Personally conducted by Mr. Garrett Serviss, we now have some of the wonders of the Great Outside pointed out to us.*

LARGEST METEORITE FOUND IN THE UNITED STATES

This celestial visitor, now in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, was found in the forest nineteen miles south of Portland, Oregon. It weighs 31,107 pounds, is ten feet long, six feet six inches high, and four feet three inches thick. Chemical analysis shows that it contains ninety-one per cent iron, eight per cent nickel, and small amounts of cobalt, sulphur, and phosphorus. The assumption is that the large pitholes were caused by rust due to exposure to the elements

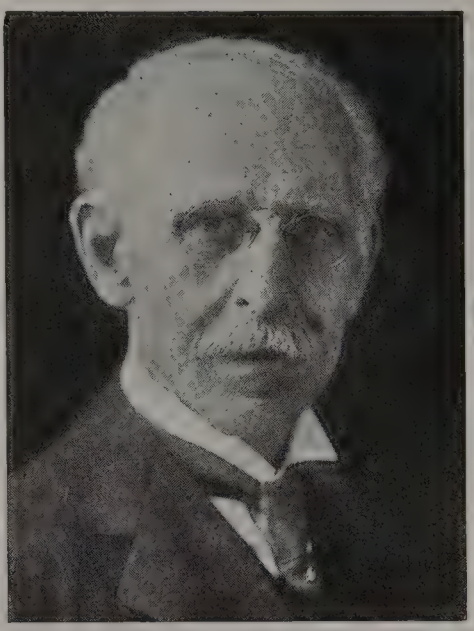
THE MENTOR

Vol. 11. No. 10 ✣ NOVEMBER, 1923 ✣ Serial No. 249

RIDING THROUGH SPACE

The Earth's Scenic Voyage

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS



GARRETT P. SERVISS

For years a popular guide and interpreter of the heavens. In books and on the platform, Mr. Serviss has told stories of the stars and described the wonders of astronomy for the benefit of a vast multitude of interested people

Borne along on our little earth globe, we are making an interminable journey, so stupendous in its sweep, so wonderful in its character, so unlike anything that the human imagination could have invented, that language becomes faint in the effort to describe it. And in this great journey the earth that carries us is only one of the smaller companions in a large company of space voyagers, which includes the sun as leader, together with all its attendant planets, planetoids, and other regular followers and dependents. We are a part of a big traveling show which sweeps spectacularly along the limitless highway of space at a speed of no less than 378,000,000 miles per year.

And, as we thus travel onward through universal space, marvelous sights come into view, and strange happenings occur. Some things that we cannot *see* we *feel* as we pass through the field of their influence. They come upon us like mysterious clouds. Then, too, there are objects that might be likened to the stones and gravel that fly from the roadbed beneath a rapidly traveling train; for thus the earth feels the stinging blows of missiles that dart at us as we speed on our ringing way. Our museums contain many specimens of these strange bolts that have been shot at our planet. At the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, at the Natural History Museum in New York, at the Field Museum in Chicago, at many of the university museums, and elsewhere some wonderful examples may be seen. One of those found by Peary, which struck in Greenland, weighs thirty-six and one-half tons. One that hit the earth in Arizona made a hole as large as a volcanic crater.

In addition to these things, which anyone can see who will, there are sights that we, like an inexperienced voyager, would miss or fail to appreciate, if they were not pointed out and explained to us. This is a service that

astronomers render to their fellow voyagers over the ocean of infinite space.

Most of us no doubt think that the little globe on which we live simply whirls around on its axis once every day, and revolves around the sun once every year, coming back at the end of every twelvemonth to the same position in space that it occupied before. That was, indeed, the old and very natural idea entertained by everybody until Herschel showed by the "opening out" of the stars around the constellation Hercules in the northern heavens, and their "closing in" toward the constellation Argo at the opposite point of the sky, that the sun, taking the earth and its other planets along with it, must be moving rapidly through interstellar space in a northerly direction.

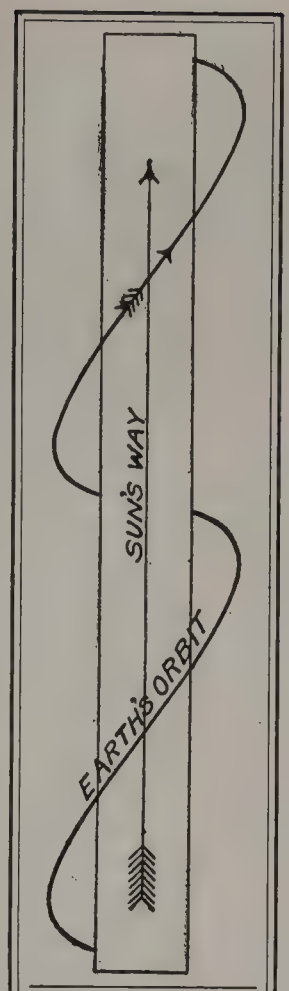
The discovery of Herschel's, made more than a hundred years ago, is the basis of our knowledge of the immense voyage with which we are dealing. The distant stars are like coast beacons whose slowly shifting positions not only indicate to us, voyaging through the great night, that we are in motion, and the direction of our motion, but even enable us to calculate the speed with which we advance. The visual effect has often been correctly likened to what one observes in walking through the woods, where the trees ahead seem to separate and those behind to draw closer together. But, on account of the immense distance of the stars, their apparent motions, due to the advance

A ROOM FULL OF VISITORS FROM ✣ OUTER SPACES ✣

The Ward-Coonley collection of meteorites in the Field Museum, Chicago. Meteorites vary in size from fine dust to huge boulders weighing tons. The largest known mass was found at Bacubirito, Mexico, and is estimated to weigh fifty tons. The number of stones that reach the ground from one fireball is variable. At one place in Poland it is estimated that not less than 100,000 reached the earth's surface. They are generally found warm to the touch if dug up immediately, but they are not hot enough to char wood. They are presumably cold when they enter the earth's atmosphere and become heated by friction as they pass through the air

of the solar system, are so slow that many years must elapse before their change of place becomes evident to the naked-eye observer.

But when we come to the effect of this motion upon our own position in the universe and our relation to the space immediately around us, we obtain some surprising impressions. Every year we advance 378,000,000 miles nearly in the direction of the star Vega, or Alpha Lyræ, one of the brightest and most beautiful in the heavens. Now, since at the same time the earth must go around the sun in the course of the year, it is evident that its track is not a circle or an ellipse, always lying in the same plane, but a spiral, in shape like a spiral spring. The track of the sun, which resembles the axis of the spiral, may be called a straight line. But the earth and all the other planets that circle around the sun, and at the same time advance with it toward Alpha Lyræ, must travel in spirals. It is a grand planetary waltz, led by the sun, and whirling away and away into the star depths. There they go—Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, each bearing along its moons if it has any (as most of them have), while, tripping in step with the others, goes the merry ring of the tiny planetoids, or asteroids, together with all the captured comets and other semi-alien attendants of the brilliant leader. The spiral of Mercury is 72,000,000 miles in diameter, that of the earth 186,000,000, that of Jupiter 966,000,000, that of Neptune, the farthest, 5,600,000,000; but all of them, no matter how large or small the diameter of their respective spirals, keep abreast in the advance toward the north, which is 378,000,000 miles a year for each.



THE EARTH'S TRACK

Showing the spiral described by the earth in its movement toward the apex of the Sun's Way, during a period of eighteen months

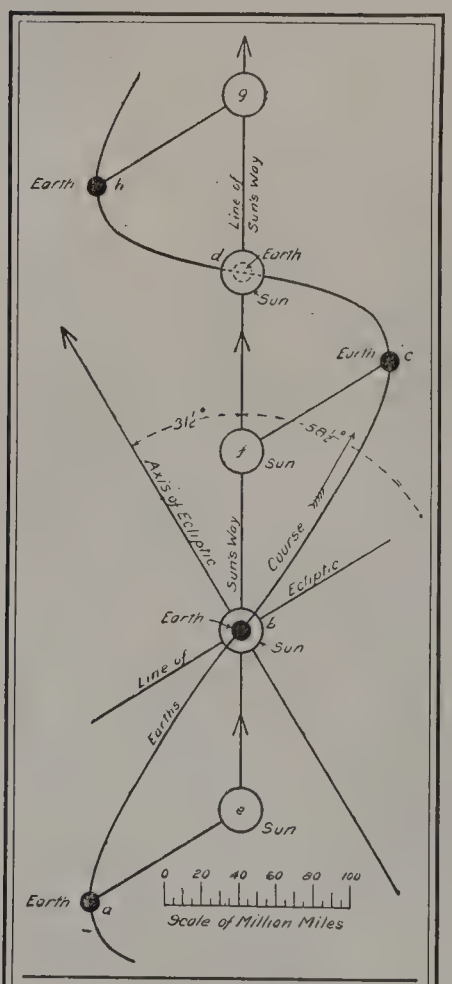
Now think of what comes of this yearly forward motion of 378,000,000 miles. The first striking result is that we are *never twice in the same location in space*. Probably many of us have taken comfort in the idea that we get back to the same place every New Year's day; but we do nothing of the kind. In consequence of the great journey, anniversaries occur only in *time*, never in *space*. We go back to the old home at Christmas, but, although the old home is at the same spot on the earth, yet we eat the Christmas turkey 378,000,000 miles from the place in the universe where we ate the turkey the year before. Between two successive birthdays we are carried through interstellar space a greater distance than we would have to go in circling the earth fifteen thousand times at the equator, where it is largest.

But let us look at it from the viewpoint of history, both human and geological. The most modest estimate of the date of the first appearance of

primitive man puts it back at least twenty-five thousand years. Well, in those twenty-five thousand years the earth has traveled onward toward Hercules and Lyra, in the northern heavens, nine trillion four hundred and fifty million miles, which is over one third of the distance to the nearest fixed star, Alpha Centauri.

Many geologists and paleontologists, however, may tell you that the first appearance of man ought to be dated not less than two hundred thousand years ago, if not half a million years. But two hundred thousand years ago this planet and its sun were twenty-five trillion miles farther away from their present position in space than Sirius, the Dog Star, is now, and the first human eyes must have looked up at constellations so different in the arrangement of their stars from those that we see that they would be unrecognizable to the star gazers of to-day.

Then, if we let go the brief life line of human history and pre-history, and fall back into the depths of the geologic past, the voyage of the earth assumes a magnitude and a grandeur that stagger the imagination. Taking the small estimate of fifty million years for the space of time elapsed since the animals whose remains are found in the Silurian rocks were living, we find that since their fossilized shells, specimens of which you can take into your hands in any museum, were occupied by the creatures that made them, the earth has traveled nearly nineteen thousand millions of millions of miles. This is a distance equal to more than three thousand light-years, the light-year being the astronomer's tremendous celestial yard stick, which multiplies the 186,330 miles that light travels in one second by the number of seconds in a whole year! And yet we are not done, for there are geologists and biologists who claim that anywhere from two hundred million to two thousand million years must have elapsed since life began on the earth. With even the smaller of these estimates for a basis we find that the earth when it became a habitable globe may have been as far away from its present position as the *entire diameter of the Milky Way!*



WHAT REALLY HAPPENS

The Sun's Way, leading toward the constellation of Hercules and away from Argo. The movements of the earth during the period of one year are drawn to a scale of one hundred million miles to the inch

So far we have only turned our faces backward, along the interminable road that our planet has already traveled through the star-strewn tracts of immensity. Now let us just glance at what appears to lie ahead. As I have

said, our course is directed nearly toward the brilliant Vega, or Alpha Lyræ, or toward the eastern border of the constellation Hercules. We have seen that the paths of the planets are spirals surrounding that of the sun, which forms a central axis for the whole system. Whether the sun's path is really a straight line or a curved one is a question. There are reasons for affirming that it must be curved, but the radius of curvature is so great that nothing has yet been learned about it. To all appearance, then, it may be said that the mighty track of the solar system runs straight on. We are entering continually into new regions containing we know not what.

Courtesy Yerkes Observatory

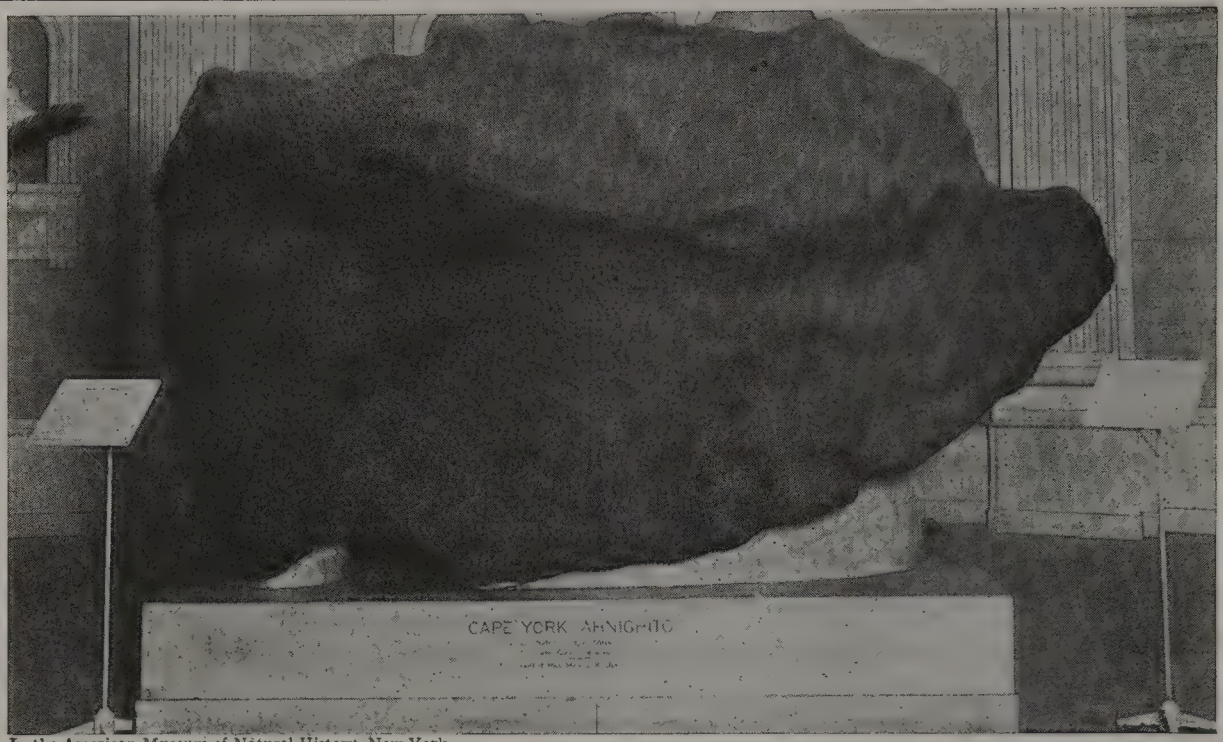
A METEOR IN FLIGHT

A large meteor trail, cleaving its way through space. At the left center may be seen a gaseous nebula

A slight variation from what seems now to be our direction, a change of perhaps not more than four or five degrees, would set the great star of the Lyræ straight over the bow. On the exceedingly improbable, not to say impossible, supposition that Alpha Lyræ may be the destined goal of our journey, we ought to get there in about 600,000 years. That is, *if Alpha Lyræ stood still and waited for us*. But with regard to the question of an encounter with any particular star or other object in space it is to be remembered that *not only we but likewise all the stars and all the nebulæ are in motion*. And many of these objects are traveling much more rapidly than the solar system. Moreover, their motions are in all sorts of directions, although many clusters of stars, some dense and others widely scattered, travel together in companies. The sun seems to belong to one of these dispersed tribes of stellar Bedouins, whose members are so widely separated that their individual influence upon one another is imperceptible. There is abundance of room in space, and yet the phenomena of new stars suddenly blazing up like explosions or conflagrations seem to show that collisions do occur.

Let us take up the adventures and the sights by the way.

Everybody has occasionally seen a "shooting star," gliding like a mys-



In the American Museum of Natural History, New York

THE "IRON MOUNTAIN" OF THE CAPE YORK ESKIMOS

Admiral Robert E. Peary, U. S. Navy, was the first white man to see this huge siderite, which weighs over thirty-six tons. For over a century, Eskimos had used pieces of it to make knives and other implements. Peary first visited the spot where this meteorite was found in 1894. In 1896 he attempted to put it aboard his ship, but abandoned the project. In 1897 he succeeded in getting it aboard the steampship *Hope*, and brought it to the United States

terious spark in the high heavens, and in a moment disappearing. Some have witnessed "showers" of these celestial sparks, when they seem almost as thick as fiery snowflakes. There was an appalling spectacle of that kind beheld all over the United States on the night of November 13-14, 1833. That was the most famous "meteor shower" on record. But there was another only less magnificent in 1866, and a brilliant one in 1872, and many others have been noted in ancient traditions as well as in modern scientific records. Some less startling displays occur every year, like the August and November meteors.

These things come from outside the earth. If the earth were not voyaging through space, we should not encounter them. It is true that the periodic meteor swarms accompany the sun in its onward movement, and thus may be said to be joined in the great journey of the solar system; but we see nothing of them except when they plunge into the earth's atmosphere, and so produce incidents and accidents by the way. The great planetary members of the squadron are safe against mutual encounters, but they run down crowds of tiny bodies that swarm across their tracks.

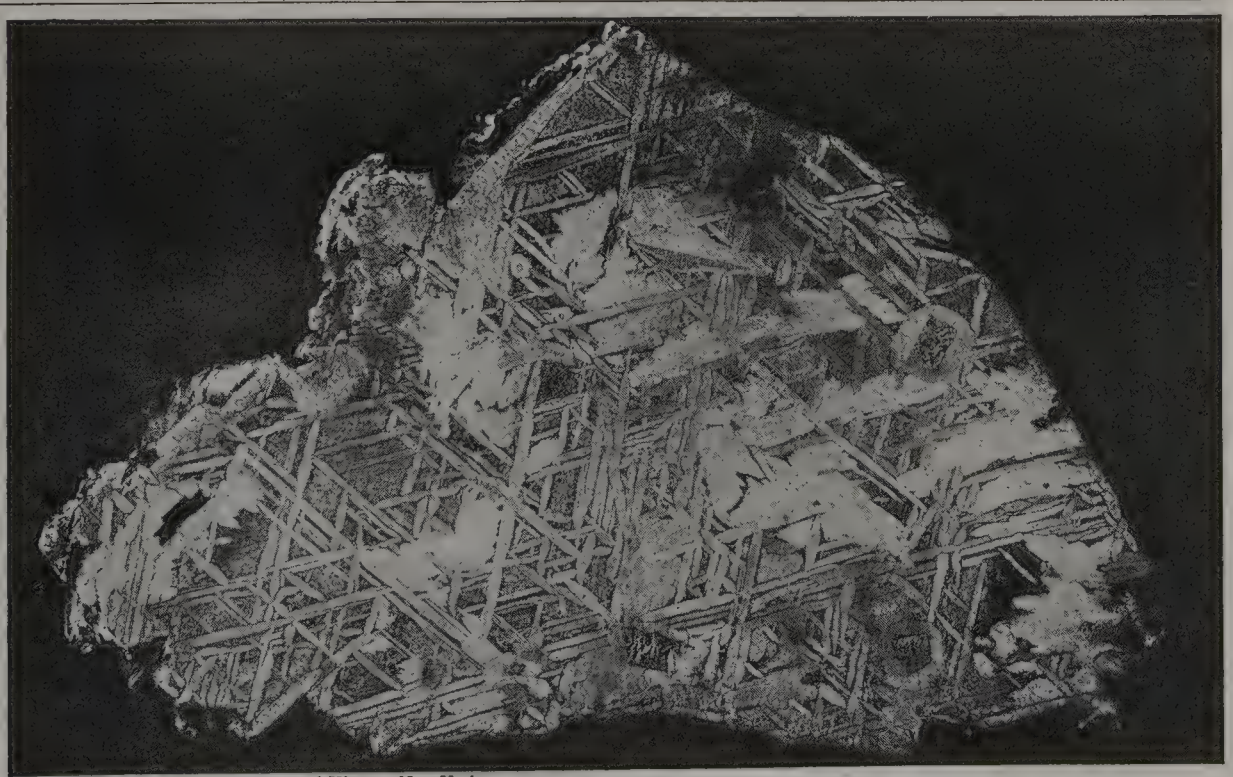
Besides, it is possible that many, perhaps most, of the sporadic shooting stars, which appear singly, and are to be seen any night, have been drawn into the solar system from the vast ocean of surrounding space through which it is advancing, as a leaping dolphin or a whizzing flying fish suddenly darts

into view from the deck of an Atlantic liner. Or they come out of the black depths like the phosphorescent sparkles that rise under the keel.

And what becomes of them? The heat of friction makes the air hotter than a furnace around them, and they are burned up—changed in an instant to gas and dust. Then probably we breathe in an all but infinitesimal quantity of that meteoric dust and gas, descending mixed with the air, as the sailor inhales the iodine of the sea. Has it, perchance, any hygienic effect upon brain cell or body cell? Lord Kelvin once imagined that incomers from space brought the first germs of life to the flying earth; is it then permissible to imagine that they may continue to bring something of the unknown power? Who can say to what extent the atmosphere of the earth has been changed by electricity encountered on our way through space?

The dust of the great journey at any rate must accumulate, though usually it is invisibly combined with the substances of the earth. But Nordenskiold on the vast Greenland snowfields found layers of "cosmic dust" believed to be derived from meteors, and similar dust has been brought up by dredging from the abysmal regions of the oceans, where it forms one of the constituents of the red clay that is characteristic of the deepest floor of the sea, where the motionless water permits its accumulation.

More startling, though far less frequent than shooting stars, are the big, glaring, exploding, and trail-leaving fire-balls, called variously "meteorites,"



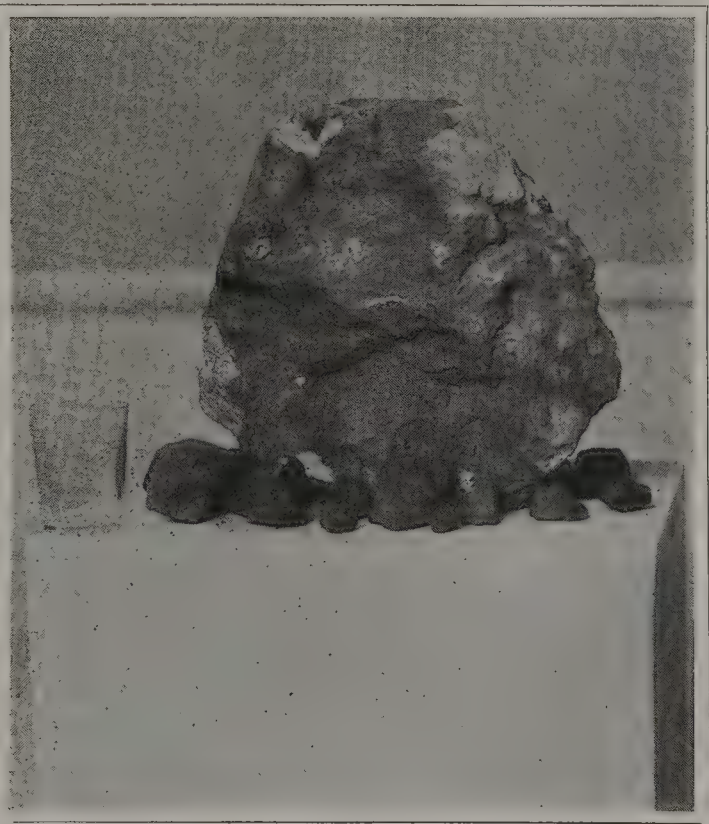
Courtesy American Museum of Natural History, New York

THE TELLTALE MARKS OF AN IRON METEORITE

These peculiar crisscross lines of crystalline formation are found only in meteoric iron. They are brought out by polishing a smooth surface of the meteorite and then etching it with dilute sulphuric acid. When subjected to the same process, artificial iron fails to bring out these lines, which are known as Widmanstatten Lines

"bolides," "uranoliths," or "aërolites," which occasionally come plunging upon the earth as it plows onward through space, and often strike the ground with great force. When they arrive the sensation is as if our little Ship of Space had been steered recklessly into the midst of a battle of celestial dreadnaughts. These missiles sometimes weigh many tons. And their speed, when they strike the upper limits of the atmosphere, is sometimes more than forty miles per second. But the resistance is so great that the speed is rapidly reduced, though still they may travel hundreds, or even thousands, of miles through the air, if the elevation is great; while, on the other hand, some are so much slowed up that at last they drop almost vertically upon the earth under the pull of gravity alone.

It is by such incidents that we are reminded what an effective shield the atmosphere is for the earth. It is better than cotton bales or a steel dome. There are a few apparently trustworthy records of persons being killed by meteorites, but none by mere shooting stars, because the latter cannot reach the ground except in the form of dust. But it is believed that from *fifteen to twenty millions* of these little bodies enter the atmosphere every twenty-four hours, and though they may be on the average no bigger than peas or sand grains, yet their enormous speed would make them more dreaded than lightning bolts, if, luckily, they were not arrested and consumed before they can get through the air.



THIS METEORITE WAS SEEN FALLING FROM THE SKIES

At 5:15 P. M., on May 2, 1892, the inhabitants of northern Iowa were startled by a cannonading noise. On looking skyward, they saw a blinding streak of light moving across the heavens from west to east. Though this happened in broad daylight, the flash was dazzling. It exploded eleven miles northeast of Forest City, Iowa. Fragments were scattered over an area of two miles, and over one thousand were found, of which the above fragment is the largest

The atmosphere is not able to keep the big, heavy meteorites from reaching the ground, but, as we have seen, it rapidly reduces their speed, burns or melts off their surfaces, and, by its resistance, also breaks them to pieces or causes them to burst asunder, in mid-flight, like exploding bombs. The thunder of an exploding meteorite — and several successive explosions sometimes occur—is audible for many miles, and has sometimes been heard over the width of a whole state; and their fragments have been scattered over square miles of

territory. The intense heat of their passage through the inflamed air makes them glow with the brilliance of electric suns, and many have been plainly visible in full daylight.

There are mysteries about these objects that challenge solution. They come upon us out of the unknown seas of space, presenting aspects at once so familiar and so strange as to defy classification. They are of two sorts: the iron meteorites and the stone meteorites. The former often are allied with nickel, about in the proportions used for nickel-steel armor plates, as if old Vulcan had prepared them for some stupendous war in heaven. These are very dense, and many of them weigh tons. In what star were they molded? From the iron bowels of what exploded planet were they shot forth, to wander for ages in space until at last they crossed our track?

A HUGE METEORITE AT CHANDPUR, INDIA

On April 6, 1885, a great meteorite dashed across the sky, and burst with a roar and spreading streaks of light, just over Chandpur, India. The natives were terror-stricken and ran for cover

Some of them carry embedded diamonds, not Kohinoors, but numerous little, black, glittering, impish, staring eyelet points, which are true diamonds despite their ebon hue, as they prove by tearing steel saws and emery wheels to pieces as if made of nothing but wood. The monster, perhaps several hundred feet in diameter, that drove a wide crater a thousand feet deep at Coon Butte in Arizona brought thousands of these minute black diamonds, as if in propitiation for its rude blow to the passing earth. So it would appear that diamonds are made in other worlds by dissolving carbon in molten iron, and crystallizing it under the effects of pressure. But one would like to know where these worlds are—or were—and what happened to them. One would also like to know the date when that missile struck North America. It was probably before Columbus' voyage. Some scientists tell us that the iron meteorites were shot out of the sun and other stars.

Then, again, the stone meteorites offer us other puzzles. About one third of the chemical elements known in our laboratories are contained in them, combined into many minerals, some of which are perfectly familiar, while others are not native to the earth. One remembers how Columbus on his

THREE PHOTOGRAPHS OF SWIFT'S COMET ✣ Extraordinary disturbances of the tail can be noticed in these successive photographs, which were taken by Professor Barnard on April 4, 6, and 7, 1892, at Lick Observatory, near San José, California

first voyage picked up in the midst of the ocean branches of strange trees and curiously carved pieces of wood and argued from them the existence of the new world from whose shores they must have come. So we, on our infinitely grander and more mysterious voyage, may, from these examples of the flotsam of space, draw inferences concerning the strange planetary systems from which they have drifted out into the vast lagoon of the Milky Way, across which our course seems to lie.

Not unconnected with the meteor showers are those even more mysterious denizens of the ethereal ocean, the comets. The meeting with a comet is among the most spectacular and thrilling of all our celestial adventures. Astronomical authorities are not in strict accord concerning the place of origin of comets. Some hold that they are, in many cases at least, "wandering masses that pass from star to star, visiting our sun but once;" others maintain that they have all originated in connection with the sun, and are traveling with it, although their orbits are widely different in form, size, and position from those of the planets. But if, as seems to be the case, many of the great new comets that appear from time to time travel in parabolic or hyperbolic orbits, then they cannot be permanent attendants of the sun, and when they go away most of them will never return. But after the lapse of vast intervals of time they may visit other stars as they have visited ours.

The approach of an unknown comet (that is, one known not to be traveling regularly around the sun, and so not to be regarded as a member of our squad-

ron) is often an exciting sight. It is the astronomers who first discern it afar off with telescopes. It draws slowly nearer, looming larger, until through the glasses a gleaming flick of the tail is caught. Presently all eyes begin to behold it. Its nucleus glares like a fiery optic; its tail becomes a growing menace, brandished over the stars.

As its wings through perihelion—that is, its nearest point to the sun—its speed (if the approach is a close one) becomes hundreds of miles a second. It seems to graze the sun and may be seen blazing, intensely bright, right beside the King of Day at high noon. This has happened several times—in 1843, 1861, 1880, 1882. In such a circumstance what wonder if a strange fear runs over the earth, a dread that an unspeakable disaster may be impending over the threatened flagship of the planetary fleet? Such fears have sometimes been heightened by scientific discussions of the probable effect of the plunging of a large comet into the sun.

Even more exciting is the thought of a direct encounter between a comet and the earth. Comets are believed to be of relatively slight mass and consistency. Their tails certainly consist only of rare gases or infinitesimal particles. Their heads, or nuclei, may contain some solid matter.

A comet *might* hit the earth—there is a bare possibility. The consequences would depend upon the mass of the comet. But at most, judging by what we know so far, the impact of no comet could produce more than a local disaster. The earth as a whole would be safe. Maybe it was a comet that made that

A METEORITE ✣ FROM THE YERKES OBSERVATORY ✣ COLLECTION ✣ ✣

Meteorites are usually classed into three groups which are more or less interrelated. The first class consists of *siderites*, which have iron and nickel in their composition; only nine of this class have been seen to fall. The second class, called *siderolites*, are composed of iron and a large proportion of stony matter; these are comparatively scarce. The third class, *aërolites*, consists entirely of stony matter, and are the most common

A FREAK COMET

Biela's comet was first observed on February 16, 1772. When it appeared in 1846, it was noticed that the head had split into two sections

crater hole in Arizona; nobody can say positively that it wasn't. Maybe meteorites are small comets that have run into the earth; again, all depends upon theory and the point of view, and nobody can be sure. But that about which there is no doubt whatever is that these things exist and these happenings occur.

In one form the dreaded accident has actually happened more than once—namely, as an encounter between the earth and a comet's tail. A notable instance was that of the comet of 1861. That comet swung between the sun and the earth as they sailed on, and its tail, more than a hundred million miles in length, swept over the earth on Sunday, June 30th. The only phenomena that could be connected with this occurrence were peculiar appearances in the atmosphere, such as a strange yellowish look to the sky in the afternoon and a faint phosphorescence in the heavens during the evening. In like manner a part of the tail of Halley's comet passed over the earth in 1910, and apparently the tail was "torn" by the encounter—at least so photographs seemed to tell—although the consequences to the earth were nothing.

Visibly the comets go to pieces. This happened very dramatically to the celebrated "lost comet" of Biela, which in 1846 split into two comets, the halves receding from one another some hundreds of thousands of miles as they retreated from the sun. But in 1852 back they came, side by side, but now separated between one and two million miles, and thus, like racers, they disappeared again in the distance and were never seen again, unless it be true, as some astronomers believe, that the Andromede meteors periodically appearing late in November are their scattered débris. All the regular meteor swarms are believed to be the remains of disintegrated comets.

Far more imposing to the imagination, though less definite in known details, are the adventures that the earth not improbably has experienced, and may again experience, in consequence of the differences in constitution of the various regions of space across which the path of the solar system lies. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard Observatory, has called attention to the fact that the solar system would appear, some millions of years ago, to

have passed through the nebulous region of Orion, where vast glowing clouds are intermingled with strange dark nebulosities. At its present speed the system may have been involved for a million years among those bright and dark nebulæ, and it is conceivable that the effects upon the sun's radiation might account for periods of heat, cold, dessication, and glaciation in the geological history of the earth.

It is known that many of the dark nebulæ are relatively near us—not absolutely near—and it is not unreasonable to suppose the possibility of

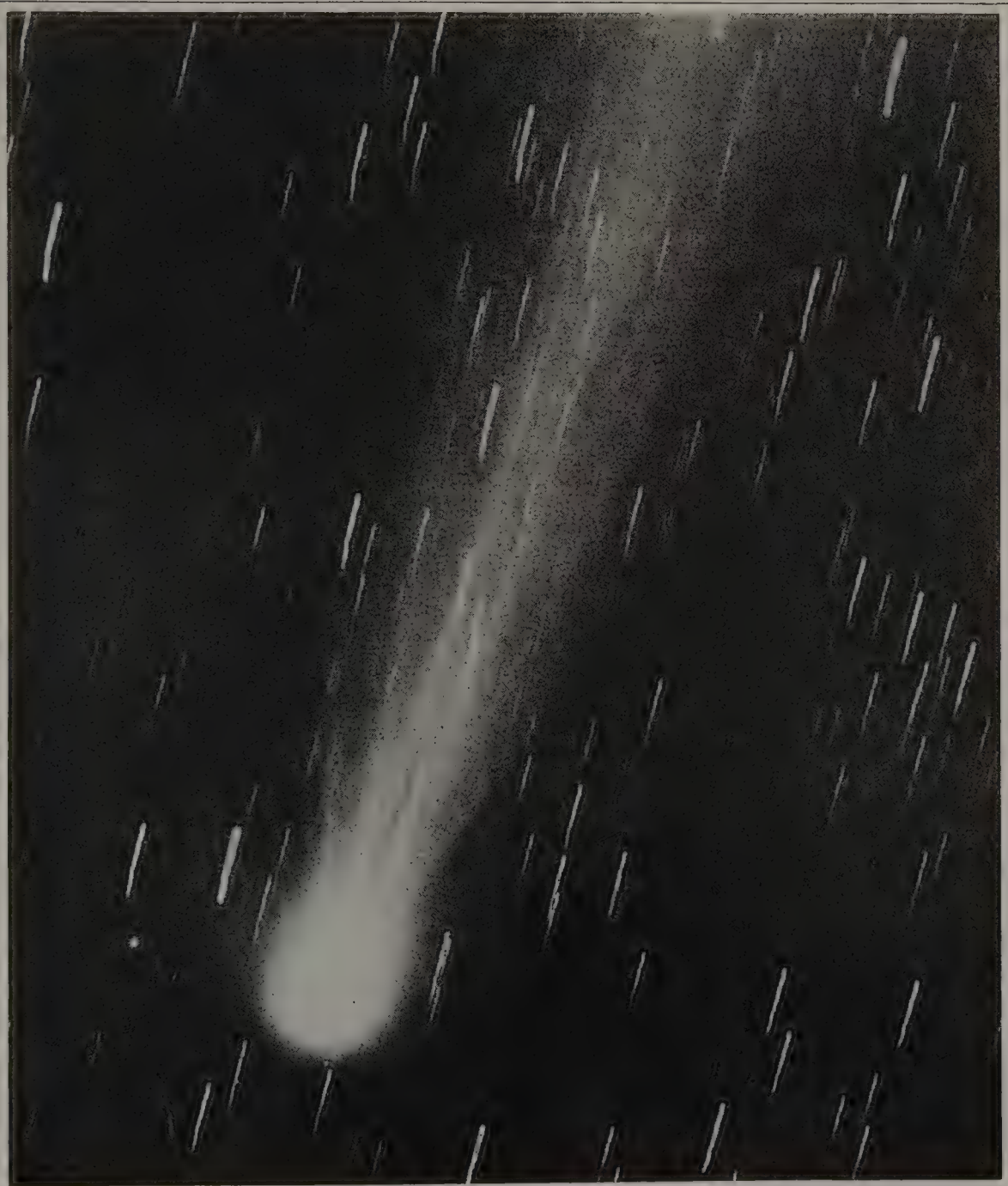
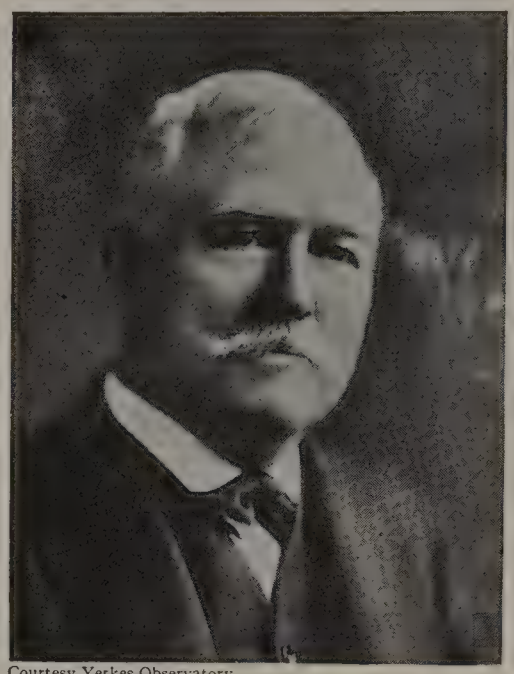


Photo Brown Bros.

A NATURAL "SKYROCKET"

A photograph of Daniel's comet taken July 17, 1907, showing the beautiful fan-shaped tail. The white streaks parallel to the direction of the comet's motion represent stars, as the camera was made to follow the comet and not that of the stars



Courtesy Yerkes Observatory

THE MASTER PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE HEAVENS

Professor E. E. Barnard's astronomical discoveries are numerous; they include sixteen comets, the Fifth Satellite of Jupiter, and many nebulæ. He was the pioneer in showing the structure of the Milky Way with its extended nebulæ. He was born in 1857 and died in February, 1923

future passages of the flying solar system through regions where meteors and meteorites will be encountered in vastly increased numbers, or where its course will lie through the midst of nebulous clouds that may produce not only great changes of temperature, but also great alterations in the composition of the earth's atmosphere, with consequences to its living inhabitants that can at present be the subject only of conjecture. The sun may sometime run us into a dust cloud so thick or a dark body so solid and massive that there will be a wicked flash, seen trillions of miles through the night of space, and after that no more days and nights succeeding one another on a little tempered globe of lands, oceans, winds, and clouds, but only the angry glare of a nova amidst the millions of tranquil stars.

Photo American Museum of Natural History

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN A GIGANTIC METEOR STRUCK THE EARTH

A crater, a mile wide, dug out centuries ago in the bed of Diablo Canyon in Arizona. The bottom is about five hundred feet below the level of the surrounding plain, while the walls of the crater rise from sixty to two hundred feet above the plain

BERMUDA WAYS AND BYWAYS

GLIMPSES OF LIFE AND SCENERY IN THE ISLANDS PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS NUMBER BY SHERRILL SCHELL—ACCOMPANIED BY DESCRIPTIVE TEXT BY THE EDITOR OF THE MENTOR

ARRIVAL AT THE HAMILTON DOCK

At the moment of arrival a chapter of new and strange things opens for the visitor. Before him is a white dock crowded with black people, eager and curious. Under corrugated iron roofing stand the revenue officers at their booths; and back of the dock a queer old town of picturesque buildings, all white except the great cathedral, which, with its pink roof and towering height, dominates Hamilton and all the western part of the island

THE *"Remote Bermudas" means many things to many people: a convenient way-station on the southern sea routes, and a place of refuge for distressed mariners; a goal for those that sail the sea for sport; a pleasure resort for those that crave the outdoor life; a fairyland for idlers; and a resting place of fair skies, soft winds, sunshine, and flowers for the tired and nerve-worn, and for fugitives from frost.* ✣ ✣ ✣

BERMUDA WAYS AND BYWAYS

Floating islands they seem to be as we zigzag along the north shore and thread our way through the narrow channel maze that leads into the dock at Hamilton.

The imprint of time is the first impression that we get as we gaze at the rolling hills dotted with white houses. It is a long reach of years from the ocean loneliness that Juan Bermudez found when he sighted the islands in 1515 to the present-day Bermuda with its busy little city of Hamilton on the west harbor and the quaint old town of St. George's on the east; with the quiet villages, the picturesque cottages nestling in the green, the white roadways and many-colored waterways, and the general condition of quiet and rest that whispers of peaceful human dwelling through many generations.

A BERMUDIAN FRUIT VENDER

There is a little colony of negroes from the West Indies in Bermuda, many of whom live in Hamilton, where they sell fruit. The women are mostly to be found on Front Street sitting in the shade of some shed or shop with large baskets of fruit in front of them

Upon this background of centuries-old settlement we find imposed the modern conditions of a popular resort: hotels, large and small, and country clubs; with yachting, bathing, bicycling, tennis, and golf. Automobiling is forbidden — and thank heaven for the glad relief! A year or so of dust-raising speed would tear those narrow limestone roads to pieces and wrack nerves that are enjoying a rest to be found in only a few inhabited spots on earth.

The popular saying is that there are 365 islands—one for every day of the year—and that may be so at low tide. Actually, however, there are about 150.

I wonder how many of those that play golf or tennis, that ride their wheels or dance at the hotels, realize that they are riding, putting, playing tennis, and one-stepping on the

A VIEW OF HAMILTON FROM THE BAY

The dominating features are the cathedral and the towers of the Sessions House, which rise high above the dazzling white roofs of the business buildings and dwellings. In the Sessions House sits the Supreme Court and also the Bermuda Assembly

FRONT STREET, HAMILTON, BERMUDA

Front Street faces the harbor and is a busy street, especially on steamer day, when it is filled with people of many nationalities, white and black; baggage and cargo of all kinds; and carriages and bicycles. In the full length of Front Street there is a shop for almost every human demand

top points of an oceanic mountain 15,000 feet high?

Thousands of years ago a great volcanic boil burst up through the ocean down Bermuda way. When that disturbance was over, coral insects gave service for thousands of years more. Then came sand, washed up by the sea and piled up by the winds, and seed carried by birds and ocean currents; after that came vegetation that made the islands green; and finally came man.

It's a long story from geology to golf, from coral insects to cottage dwellers, from the bivalve to the bicycle, from high-sea pirates to hotel piazzas—but it has all come in time, and time with a capital T works wonders. At first a place to be shunned as a haunt of evil spirits, the islands are now a pleasure resort for the tired business man and his lovely daughters—and a resting spot for anyone that seeks peace and quiet. Bermuda is generally called a winter resort, but, like southern California, it is enjoyable the year round, and is at its best in the spring. In January and February it offers relief from the snow and chilling blasts of the north, but it is in the months of April, May, and early June that the islands are most inviting, for it is then that the full glory of foliage and flower unfolds itself. It is then that the oleander, hibiscus, morning glory, bougainvillea, and English heath glow on the lawns and along the white roads, and the royal poinciana is in full bloom.

The cedars, palmettos, palms, mangrove, calabash, mulberry, and Pride of India trees are at their freshest then—and, hemming in the fields, we find everywhere the impenetrable hedge of "match-me-if-you-can," its leaves a rich magenta underneath and green in the palm, softened by the lime dust of the road to a smoky tinge. The bush gets its name from the fact that one can never find two leaves that match each other exactly.

A strange tree is the fiddlewood, which colors and drops its leaves in the spring! In Paynter's Vale, late in May, you will see all the glories of autumn foliage—yellow, red, and brown. And there, too, you will see the original fiddlewood tree from which the others sprang—a venerable old patriarch. You will be told that the fiddlewood tree was brought from Australia, and that autumn there is our spring, so that the fiddlewood

tree keeps its habit and lets fall its leaves in June. It is a pretty story—too pretty for the botanists to spoil, so, if you like the story, don't go to the botanists, but rest on W. D. Howell's statement that in Bermuda "there is no fall or spring; the trees simply drop their leaves when they are tired of keeping them on, and put out others when they feel like it."

There is so much to see in Bermuda that a short trip merely opens one's eyes. The islands are only about twenty square miles in territory, but no wizard in the old days of enchantment could have constructed a more wonderful showplace of natural curiosities. Carriages and boats will take you anywhere you want to go—and if you keep going for a number of days you can learn something about Bermuda. If you are of an independent nature, get a bicycle, go your own way, and ask questions. And whether you ride a bicycle or drive, remember the rule of the road: pass others on the *left* side, English fashion, instead of on the right, our fashion. Even the dogs in Bermuda pass each other on the left.

A BERMUDA POSTMAN DELIVERING MAIL

One of the queer little byways of old St. George's. In the collection and distribution of mail the postman of Bermuda pursues tortuous and picturesque paths in St. George's—up- and downstairs, around sharp corners, into queer nooks, through strange narrow covered ways, and over rocks to isolated cottages. A postman's route stops short only of climbing trees

You can go in launch and glass-bottomed boats to the sea gardens, where you will find submarine scenery and fish-life that you will never forget. You can ride to Gibbs' Lighthouse for a general view of the islands and waterways. From an airplane you can take in all Bermuda at a glance. Below you the islands will seem like a delicate stretch of lacework spread upon the surface of the sea. A long ride west takes you to Somerset, where you can see the Cathedral Rocks and then go on to the dockyards. But the most interesting ride of all is the full day's trip to St. George's and back. Ride through the Agricultural Experimental Station on out to the Devil's Hole—a natural aquarium filled with amazingly queer fish of many kinds and colors—then to Tucker's Town and the Crystal Cave. After that, a run across the long causeway that divides the north waters from Castle Harbor leads you into old St. George's, the original settlement in 1612 and the capital of Bermuda up until 1815, when the government headquarters were transferred to Hamilton. Returning by the north shore you get a different aspect of land and sea, with the ocean beating almost at your feet. You ride through the neat little village of the Flatts, then along the north coast road to the Government House property, and finally down Langton Hill to Hamilton.

Besides these day trips, there are many enchanting rides for a morning or afternoon: to Elba Beach, to Spanish Point, to Fairyland, and to the various caves—the Crystal Cave being the most notable in character and beauty. It was there that Annette Kellermann played a daring mermaid scene for her film picture "Neptune's Daughter." Farther along the road you meet a sign that reveals the fine hand of the enterprising showman. It reads "Prospero's Cave, Scene of Shakespeare's play 'The Tempest.'" Shakespeare undoubtedly knew something of Bermuda from various mariners' reports of it, but even if he had the islands in mind in writing the play—which is doubtful—he certainly selected no definite cave there as the retreat of Prospero and Miranda.

Another title in that part of the island invites comment. The picturesque little villa at Walsingham, bearing the date 1652, is called "Tom Moore's Cottage," implying

that the Irish poet lived there, when, as a matter of fact, he held an official position in St. George's for about three months in 1804, and only at times visited Walsingham. The fair "Nea" who caught his vagrant fancy, and to whom he addressed ardent attentions and sentimental verse, lived at St. George's. Her home, in a tumbled-down condition, may be seen there to-day.

St. George's is a quaint and curious old town—white streets, white houses enclosed in white walls, and a number of narrow little white alleyways with queer names: "Shinbone Alley," "Tin Can Alley," "Old Maid's Alley," and "Featherbed Alley." Every corner holds a surprise, and every surprise gives one a lovely picture. The most interesting of all structures in this picturesque old town is St. Peter's Church, first built in 1612, only two years after the death of the Bermuda Colony founder, Sir George Somers, whose heart is buried under a memorial that stands by the little park that bears his name. Going and coming from St. George's we note the barrenness of the hills on the oceanside as contrasted with the rich verdure of other parts of the islands. I remarked to our faithful driver that it must be windy there in winter time. "Yes," he answered, "them hills is *werry draughty* in winter—*werry draughty*."

The waters, everywhere colorful around Bermuda, display a magical spread of tints on both sides of the long causeway. In the shallows, waves of gleaming topaz lap the sand; beyond is pale green, then turquoise, deepening into indigo-blue, with underspots of seal-brown and purple where the coral reefs show through the water. The colors fool the senses; it seems as if bathers must be stained by the waves.

An interested little old lady told our driver that she wanted to take some of the beautiful waters home. "I want three bottles full," she said, "one of that dark blue, way out there, one of the turquoise nearer in, and one of the light yellow just below us."

The sand of the shores has its beauty, too. Unlike the coarser grain of American sea sand, it is as fine and soft as wheaten flour,

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BERMUDA

The Government House is situated on the hill above Hamilton, and is the official residence of the Governor of Bermuda. It is an imposing building of Italian style, and is surrounded by beautiful gardens containing many rare specimens of tropical plants. So many liberties were taken with the flowers and plants that the grounds are no longer open to the public, and can only be visited by special permission

and light pink in color, due to the mixture of powdered coral. That, at least, is a color that visitors can take home, and many do.

In Bermuda there is good bathing everywhere. Besides the many fine beaches, like Elba on the south shore, the coast line holds a succession of little bays and coves where people may picnic and then plunge into the green and purple water.

Wondrous water everywhere for bathing—but drinking water is another matter. Though Bermuda is called a "Land of Sunshine," it is absolutely dependent on rain. That is the reason why the roofs of the houses are pure lime-white. Every surface that can collect rain is carefully guarded. On the hills we see great white sloping basins of cement. They are called "water catches," and they gather the harvests of rain into cool, dark cisterns, where they are stored for future need, as the grain of Egypt in ancient days was garnered against a time of famine. Every house has its cistern, and hotels and country clubs maintain huge water catches, for a drought of three months in Bermuda would be a serious thing. A full cistern then would be better than money in the bank.

There are birds and flowers enough in Bermuda to fill books, and many of them are readily recognizable. Sparrows and catbirds are everywhere, and our cheery friend bobwhite. The birds of beauty that quickly catch the eye are the bluebird and the crested cardinal. They flash across the path wherever we ride, and we hear almost constantly the endearing call "Cherie! Cherie! Cherie!" The birds need fear no snakes. Bermuda is a Garden of Eden *without the serpent*. They say that there is not a single snake in the islands.

INDIA-RUBBER TREE, HAMILTON, BERMUDA

This india-rubber tree may be seen on Queen Street, Hamilton, where it stands in the grounds in front of the Bermuda Public Library. It is a particularly fine specimen—forty-five feet high and with an expanse of over seventy feet

Skirting the lanes and lawns we see our familiar home flowers: roses, geraniums, nasturtiums, and the honeysuckle. Many of the birds and flowers, as also the trees, have been brought to the islands. Where flowers have been cultivated and kept within bounds, they have grown "true to type." There are, however, a number of interesting "escapes," where flower seed has blown away and become a wild child of nature. In Somerset I saw a *green rose* in bloom.

The trees are amazingly numerous and strong, considering that they have only a few feet of soil to hold on to. They clasp the limestone where the soil stops, and they trail their roots anywhere to get a firmer grip.

The soft limestone means a great deal to mankind in Bermuda. As W. D. Howells has put it, all one has to do is "to saw a hole in his land, take out a house of soft, creamy stone and set it up, and go to living in it." A man simply turns the contents of his cellar into the material for his home. And many of them are beautiful homes. The old houses are ranch-like—only a story and a half or two stories high and square—but there are also many new and fine examples of architectural building. The most ambitious enterprise in home and country-club building is to be seen in the Tucker's Town district, where the luxurious Mid-Ocean Club House has just been completed. There we find an exclusive restricted property of great extent on which fine cottages are being built, and where a well-constructed golf course has been laid out by Mr. C. B. Macdonald, the American golf enthusiast. There are five or six golf courses on the islands, but the two that command the consideration of the class golfer are the Riddle Bay golf links in

FAIRYLAND, BERMUDA

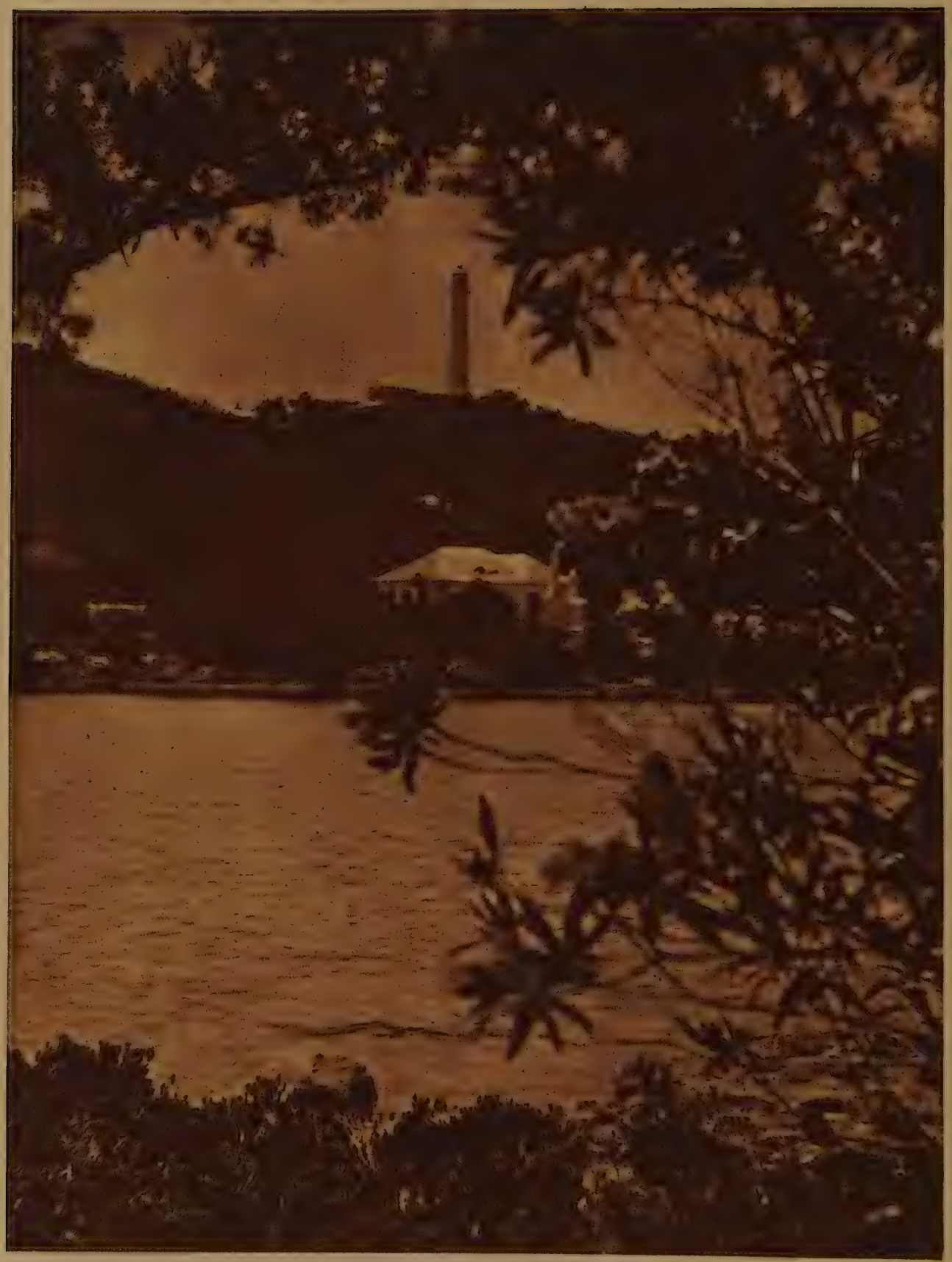
The Fairyland section of Bermuda is about an hour's walk west from Hamilton, and is most picturesque. The shore line is cut in saw-tooth fashion, so that one comes upon many little coves and inlets. A ramble through the footpaths or along the water's edge affords ever-changing vistas of sky and sea

the eastern part of the islands, and the Mid-Ocean.

The shallow soil is rich, and man cultivates it profitably. But where there is only three feet of soil, how does he bury his dead? The graveyards are filled with generations of departed Bermudians, and monuments mark their graves. How can they find six feet of soil? They don't. The graves are cut down *into the white limestone*, and a plate is placed there. On the surface, a monument or slab bears the name or names. Surely no mortal could ask for a finer resting place—in clean white stone on the summit of an ocean mountain!

The native inhabitants of Bermuda have lived there for many generations. Everywhere on the islands we hear the names of old-time families repeated, and we can trace some names back for two centuries. It is a quiet life they lead, and many of them prefer it so. Those that want it can have plenty of social activity, for there are many brilliant functions—the military and naval establishments there assure that. But, for the most part, a tranquil spirit pervades all their living affairs.

A restful garden spot—that group of islands way out there in the Atlantic; "the tidiest country in the world," as Mark Twain said. The deep peace of the place "sinks into one's body and bones, and chloroforms the legion of invisible small devils that are always trying to whitewash one's hair."



GIBBS' HILL LIGHTHOUSE

Gazing up through the oleander bushes by the side of Jew's Bay, one gets a fine impression of the height and imposing character of Gibbs' Hill Lighthouse. The lighthouse is situated on the highest elevation along the south coast of Bermuda, and consists of a steel column ninety feet high. The building of the lighthouse was completed in 1846, and lamps were lighted on the first of May of that year. The new light, installed in 1904, is one of the most powerful in the world, giving an illuminating power of nearly one hundred thousand candles, which makes it visible twenty-seven miles away in clear weather

VIEW FROM GIBBS' HILL LIGHTHOUSE

The finest view in Bermuda may be had from the top of Gibbs' Hill Lighthouse. On the east one can see as far as St. George's, on the west and north the eye travels around the curving panorama of Somerset to Watford, Boaz, and Ireland Islands, tipped with the white buildings of the dockyard and the Commissioner's House. Just in front and far below lie islands of varied sizes, scattered over the surface of Great Sound; and in the distance straight across may be seen the shore of Pembroke, with cottage settlements outlying the town of Hamilton

ONE OF BERMUDA'S BEAUTIFUL ROADS

Bermuda roads are a joy to the men that ride a horse or bicycle, and this is one of the most attractive bits in the island. It leads one from the north shore road, by shady winding route, down into Hamilton. Just back of the bicyclist may be seen the wall that skirts the north shore road, and beyond that the blue expanse of the ocean stretching north for thousands of miles

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

BANANAS ARE PLENTIFUL IN BERMUDA

The name of Bermuda means to most folks potatoes, onions, and Easter lilies, but bananas are plentiful, and so are melons. The soil is rich and fertile, and yields bountiful crops of the vegetables that we know as staple—tomatoes, potatoes, cabbages, and beans, and also fruits of a kind little known to us—mangoes, papaws, citrons, figs, and alligator pears. On the right of the road in the picture above we get a view of a well-kept vegetable and fruit farm, enclosed in a hedge of "match-me-if-you-can"

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

THE WAY NATURE BUILDS IN BERMUDA

In Somerset, at the extreme end of Gibbs' Point, stand the remarkable Cathedral Rocks, carved and worn by the sea into columns and arches resembling a ruined ancient temple

THE WAY MAN BUILDS IN BERMUDA

The materials for a man's house in Bermuda are to be found in the ground that he buys. He chisels and saws out cubes of creamy-white limestone, places them one upon the other as children would build a house of blocks; then binds them with cement, whitewashes them, and makes his home inside. The limestone would be too soft to stand a more rigorous climate than Bermuda, but it seems to harden there on exposure to the air, for many of the houses have stood the test of two centuries and appear as solid to-day as when they were put together

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

KHYBER PASS—A "ONE-WAY ROAD" IN BERMUDA

There are many roadway cuts through the hills of Bermuda, but none that equals in depth and narrowness the famous Khyber Pass in Warwick Parish, where it runs from just opposite old Warwick Church through to the south shore road. It is perhaps unique among the world's roads. Once in, with carriage and team, you go through to the end; you cannot turn around and you cannot tip over—safe enough, for it is a straight and narrow path with high walls

WALSINGHAM HOUSE—CALLED THE "TOM MOORE COTTAGE"

Tom Moore, the Irish poet, lived in St. George's for a few months in 1804 when he filled the post of Registrar of the Court of Vice-Admiralty. He visited Walsingham House, which was located on Castle Harbor, about four miles distant from St. George's. Though called the "Tom Moore Cottage," it was the home of the Trott family. Near by, in the woods, may be seen the calabash tree which Tom Moore's pen celebrated in verse. Although, as Joyce Kilmer wrote, "only God can make a tree," a poet can make a tree famous

A GLIMPSE OF ST. GEORGE'S, BERMUDA, FROM THE HILL

St. George's, the former capital of Bermuda, is seen to best advantage from the hills that almost encircle it and over which it climbs. The houses nestling among the tropic foliage, and the blue bay beyond, with its anchored ships and its skimming sailboats, make an enchanting picture. St. George's antedates Hamilton by two centuries, and it still preserves the quaint aspect and peaceful atmosphere of some Old World town

A QUEER NOOK IN ST. GEORGE'S

The old town is full of just such unusual scenes as this. No one can guess what he will find "just around the corner," but, whatever it is, he may be sure it will be picturesque and interesting. In front we see the tower of St. Peter's, the mother church of Bermuda. On the site of St. Peter's stood the oldest Anglo-Saxon church in the Western Hemisphere—the original structure was built when the first settlement was founded by Sir George Somers in 1612. Two structures have replaced the original, and they gave way to the present building, which was erected in 1713 and added to in 1765 and 1860

A GATEWAY IN OLD ST. GEORGE'S

A glimpse down one of the extraordinary little picture-streets of the quaint old town. The figure in front is a typical native Bermudian negro child

THE AMERICAN CLOCK FATHERS

BY MRS. W. L. HARRIS

The measurement of time is a story of increasing interest from the days of the first couple, whose fateful romance ended in the establishment of a working day, down to the present, when we time the heavenly bodies with scientific accuracy.

To Adam's descendants the sun's shadow suggested the sundial. Then the hourglass was invented.

The first timepiece operated by dial, wheels, and hands is recorded as having been made in the year 510 A. D. Rude clocks were installed in monasteries in the twelfth century, and William, Abbot of Hirchau, is credited with being the inventor of clocks as we conceive them.

Subsequent clock progress is so intertwined in the various nations that the development is similar. In 1286, London's first clock was erected in the tower of St. Paul's Church.

After the year 1600 clocks became so plentiful in England that the sluggard had not much excuse. Changes in the pendulum resulted in the long case. The table clock was the forerunner of the "personal clock," later known as the watch, because first provided for the use of watchmen.

© Harris & Ewing

THE ANCESTOR OF THE AMERICAN CLOCK

The "half clock" or "shelf clock," made in 1814 by Eli Terry, revolutionized the clock-making industry in this country. All other forms became obsolete, the "long case," or "grandfather," clock being revived only after many years. The original example of the shelf clock is still ticking off the hours in the old home of the Terry family in Connecticut. Note the Arabic numerals, the pierced hands, and the exquisitely carved case with pineapple decoration signifying welcome

These various clocks overflowed into the Colonies. The long case became a fixture. The inheriting generation treasured these clocks as members of the family; consequently they became known as "grandfather" clocks.

Clockmakers crossed the Atlantic about 1650, but their names and the clocks they made are forgotten. One of the earliest clocks made in this country is still in its home town, Charleston, South Carolina. On its dial is the inscription, "William Lee, Charles Town," with the date, 1717, on a large metal plaque above the dial.

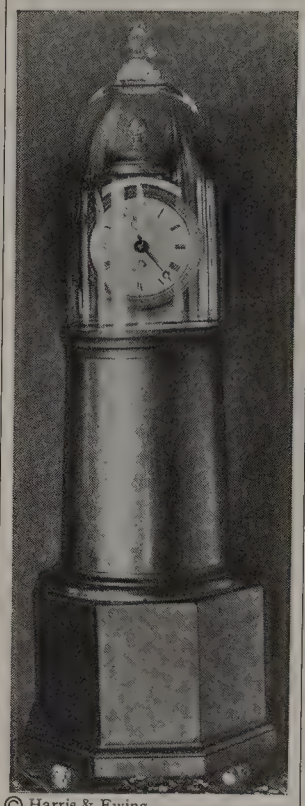
New England was first famed for steeple clocks. The New England conscience memorialized itself by demanding two years' usage as a fair trial before payment. The tower clock in the Old North Church in Boston was made in 1726, and is especially well known because Paul Revere's lantern of historic fame was hung in the same tower.

Massachusetts and Connecticut became the clock manufacturing centers. Terry belonged to Connecticut, Willard to Massachusetts. There was a whole family of Terrys; there was a whole family of Willards. The best we can do is to bestow on the two men the title of the American Clock Fathers. Many of the other well-known makers had at some time been apprentices or partners of Terry or Willard.

The English ship that brought the tea for the Boston Tea Party in 1773 performed another service of importance to America, for she had as a passenger one Thomas Harland. This man's fame as a clockmaker must have preceded him, for apprentices from all the Colonies flocked to him at once. During the first twenty-five years of this period, while the Willards were prominent in Massachusetts, there sprang up in Connecticut, under Harland's tutelage, a group of remarkable clockmakers. Eli Terry overshadowed the group. He made the Harland clock when he began business for himself. It was the custom in New England to do all the laborious hand work in the winter, and to peddle the clocks up and down the countryside in the summer time. Frequently only the works would be taken and sold, journeymen carpenters making the case. This resulted in the American "Wag." Dust and dampness usually ruined the works before the case was

made, so few authentic wags remain, although thousands were made.

Terry made his first wooden works at twenty years of age, working practically alone, using a hand engine in addition to jack knife and jig saw. He began four at a time, then a dozen, but dismal failure was predicted when he undertook to make five hundred. Instead, the five hundred must have been the turning point, for in 1807 he had an order for four thousand! The order was completed in three years and inaugurated an era of wooden works which lasted for twenty-five years. Terry now had partners and apprentices. Seth Thomas and Silas Hoadley were joiners for him about this time. In 1820, owing to modern sheet metal and machinery coming into general use, there was a return to clock works made of brass.



© Harris & Ewing

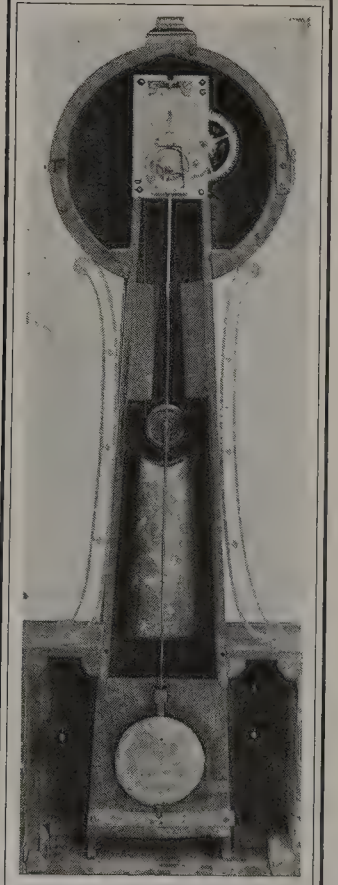
A SIMON WILLARD CLOCK

Designed to resemble the Eddystone Lighthouse. Made in 1780 for Everet Liphlet of Roxbury, Massachusetts, it has never been allowed to run down

shape, and is shown to visitors in the old home in what was then Plymouth Hollow, but is now Terryville, Connecticut. Sons and grandsons kept the works up for many years.

In writing of the Connecticut makers, the pioneer in returning to the use of brass works was Chauncey Jerome, who as a youth had made many beautiful cases for Terry. Of this group of Connecticut makers the names of Thomas and Ingraham are still of great prominence. After apprenticeship to Terry, Seth Thomas and Silas Hoadley began as partners at Plymouth. The little town is now Thomaston and the seat to-day of one of the leading clock establishments of the world. Elias Ingraham's plant is still "carrying on" at Bristol.

Clockmaking in Massachusetts from 1750 on is a highly concentrated story, practically



MOVEMENT AND PENDULUM WEIGHT

Of a Simon Willard clock

Terry's great achievement was the making of the "half clock," or shelf clock, in 1814. To the uninitiated, this conveys little meaning, but for the clockmaker of that day it necessitated a new understanding of the principles of balance and gravitation as used in their work. This shelf clock laid the foundations for the clock industry in America.

Terry's first shelf clock is still in good working

synonymous with the name Willard. Father, sons, grandsons, and cousins, with Simon Willard as chief of all. The father, Benjamin Willard, was an early clockmaker at Grafton. In 1780 he was firmly established at Roxbury, in the little home and shop combined where for sixty years his apprentices, casemakers, and workmen of every description gathered, and where he raised his eleven children.

Willard's steeple and hall clocks, as

© Harris & Ewing

AARON WILLARD BANJO TIMEPIECE

Showing Mt. Vernon in lower door

© Harris & Ewing

A "WAG-ON-THE-WALL" CLOCK

This quaint "Wag" with rough weights and long chains was made in the Black Forest. Others came from Holland

he termed the long case, made him known to fame. The meeting houses and town halls of New England kept him busy. As a rule, he inscribed "Simon Willard, Roxbury" or "S. Willard, Roxbury" in a running hand on the dial, occasionally using old English script. The collector is warned to make sure of these marks, for Simon's kind heart permitted his favorite apprentices to use the name of Willard, but to be followed by "Boston" instead of "Roxbury."

In Simon Willard's day clock-making was all hand work, and all the work that bore his name was expert work. His "clock papers," as he termed them, originating with the need for directions, were pasted in the backs of many of his clocks. At the age of ninety-five, in 1848, his farewell to life was characteristic: "The old clock has run down."

Of all his "clock patterns," Simon Willard is most widely known by his "banjo clock." The patent was taken out on the advice of President Jefferson, who foresaw its continued popularity.

The making of the great clock for the Senate Chamber, his first government commission, initialed the firm friendship between Willard and his President. The attention of Washington sight-seers is always called to the Willard clock in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol. The works were made when Willard was eighty-five years of age, and their performance is as perfect as on the day of the Clock Father's final test. Aaron Willard's son carried on his father's great business for some years, but later turned his attention to astronomical clocks, horology, and the broader aspects of time measurement.

The specialty of the brother Benjamin was musical clocks. These were quite fashionable. He advertised "A new tune every day of the week, and on Sunday a psalm tune." Many of the other brothers made clocks, good clocks and better clocks, but Simon made the best.

The Massachusetts "clock patterns" were either not patented or the patents not protected. Each maker copied what he wanted, and changed the rest to suit his personal preferences. In selecting designs for his glass doors, Aaron Willard indulged his pictorial leaning—quaint, many-pillared meeting houses, piercing steeples, scenes at Mount Vernon. The War of 1812 supplied popular patriotic designs, including the naval battles of Lake Erie and of Lake Champlain.

The latter half of the nineteenth century witnessed the perfecting of the methods of tempering steel (one of the Willard boys and one of the Terry boys were responsible), and this process inaugurated a new era of clock-making. Extensive factories were built, and the modern Yankee clock was born, which to-day ticks energetically the wide world over.

Courtesy the owner

THE "WILLIAM LEE CLOCK"

Made in America in 1717, it boasts a beautifully carved case and works that give time, calendar, tide, and moon phases

FRANKLIN DISCOVERED MANY THINGS WE CALL MODERN

BY RENÉ BACHE

Great-great-great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin

It was just two hundred years ago—on a Sunday in October, 1723—that Benjamin Franklin, a boy of seventeen, first arrived in Philadelphia. He landed at the Market Street wharf, at about eight o'clock in the morning, dirty and tired, having helped during the night to row a boat that brought him down the river from Burlington. In his pocket he had a Dutch dollar and a few coppers.

Thus did young Franklin begin his career of broad and varied achievement. He was most remarkable as an inventor. His kite-flying experiment was beyond question the most spectacular "stunt" ever accomplished by a human being. It proved the fact, until then not established, that lightning was an electrical phenomenon. Franklin's invention of the lightning rod was at first regarded as a "crank" idea. In England the Royal Society treated it with derision. So much fun was made of it that the philosopher, when he undertook to "bring down the lightning from the skies" with his kite, kept the contemplated experiment a secret, lest he invite more ridicule.

The experiment was undeniably dangerous. An imitator who attempted to repeat it soon afterward was killed. But the manner of its performance is commonly misunderstood. Pictures invariably represent the philosopher as flying his kite in the open. If he had done that, he would certainly have lost his life. The fact is that after raising it into the air he sought safety beneath a shed while the thunderstorm approached, and tied to the end of the string a long silk ribbon. The silk ribbon was a non-conductor so long as it was dry, and protection by a roof was necessary to prevent it from getting wet.

The experiment was performed on a day in June, 1752. A thunder-gust was coming from the west. The kite was high in the air. The storm clouds, angry and heavy with rain, passed overhead; the rain began to fall. But there was no sign of electricity, and Franklin felt great disappointment. A few minutes later, however, he saw the loose fibers of the hempen string erect themselves; the string, now wet, had become a conductor. He put a knuckle to the key, and drew from it a spark!

Eureka! He had proved the proposition. Lightning was electricity. At a stroke he had made one of the greatest discoveries in all the realm of physics. He charged a Leyden jar with the celestial electricity, which exhibited all the phenomena displayed by the electricity already known and familiar.

Contrary to the generally accepted notion, Franklin's invention of the lightning rod preceded his kite-flying experiment.

Experiments in his own house suggested the idea to Franklin that a cloud, consisting of a vast acreage of electrified particles of moisture, might very well be able to deliver to the earth a great discharge of electricity across a wide atmospheric interval. If so, then safety for a building might be obtained by substituting for the needle of his home-made apparatus a long rod of iron running into the ground. Hence the invention of the lightning rod, dated 1749.

Franklin installed a lightning rod *inside* his house. He put it up "to draw the lightning down into my house, in order to make certain experiments on it, with two bells to give notice when the rod should be electrified." Mrs. Franklin did not fancy having the lightning on such a familiar footing in her house, particularly during her husband's absence.

A trick with which the sage sometimes en-

ENGLAND'S RECOGNITION OF FRANKLIN'S SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENTS

At first The Royal Society of London derided Franklin's lightning rod. In 1775, however, this society awarded him the Copley gold medal and elected him to fellowship

tertained his friends was the "electric bumper," a thin glass tumbler nearly filled. When the guest brought it near to his lips he received a sharp electric shock.

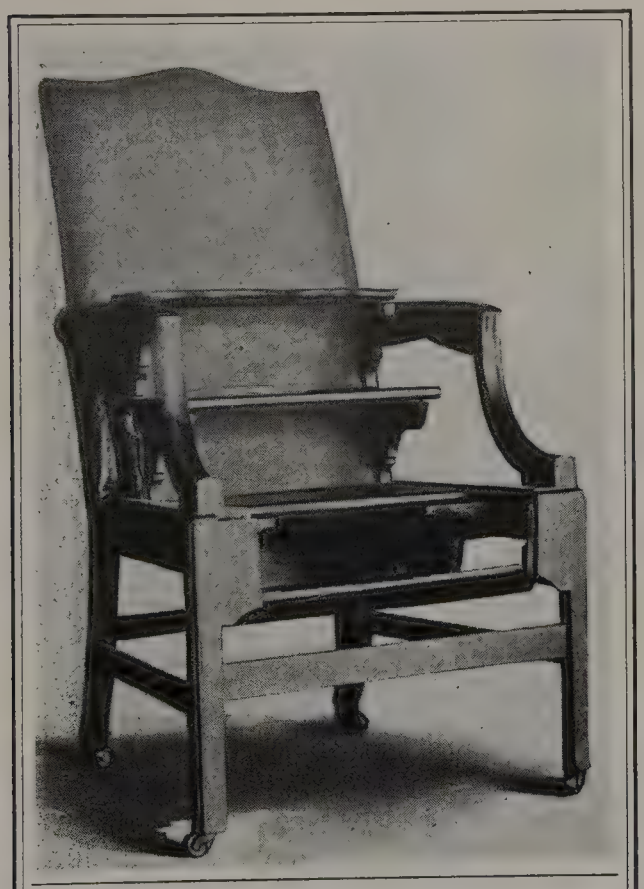
What Franklin called an "electric jack" was an electrostatic motor strong enough to rotate an iron rod passed through a turkey prepared for cooking. Under date of April 29, 1749, he wrote: "A turkey is to be killed for our dinner by electric shock, and roasted by the electric jack before a fire kindled by the electric bottle."

Many contributions to the realm of pure science were made by Franklin, as, for instance, the theory of the Gulf Stream, which he promulgated; or his astonishing anticipation of the idea, now generally accepted by physicists, that great volcanic explosions cause cold years by filling the upper atmosphere with clouds of ashes that shut off some of the heat of the sun.

Present-day advertisements of bifocal lenses for eyeglasses and spectacles claim that they were invented by Franklin. Which is a fact. In later life, like everybody else, he needed glasses for reading. Being somewhat near-sighted, he used spectacles also for distant vision, and he found it inconvenient to be constantly changing one pair for the other. So he went to an optician in Paris and had a pair made for him that would serve both purposes.

FRANKLIN THE INVENTOR

An allegorical painting by Benjamin West, an American who was one of the founders of the Royal Academy



THE ORIGINAL STEP-LADDER CHAIR

Franklin made this chair for use in his library. Variations of it are now commonly found in American homes

In Franklin's time the fuel problem was causing not less anxiety than now. To overcome this trouble, Franklin invented what he called the Pennsylvania heater, an apparatus not to be confused with the iron fireplace which has masqueraded under that name. It was a thoroughly scientific contrivance, which took cold fresh air from outside the house, and, after warming it in passages kept hot by the escaping gases of the fire, finally discharged it into the room. If enlarged, slightly altered, and placed in the cellar, it would have become the prototype of our modern hot-air furnaces.

Among the least known of Franklin's inventions was what he called a "swimming anchor," to prevent a ship from driving to leeward in water too deep for an ordinary anchor to find bottom. A contrivance originated by him is in common use to-day in many households in slightly different form. This is a chair that is convertible into a short ladder. Franklin made the first one to reach the high shelves in the library of his house on Market Street, Philadelphia.

COLD LIGHT

Incandescence and Luminescence

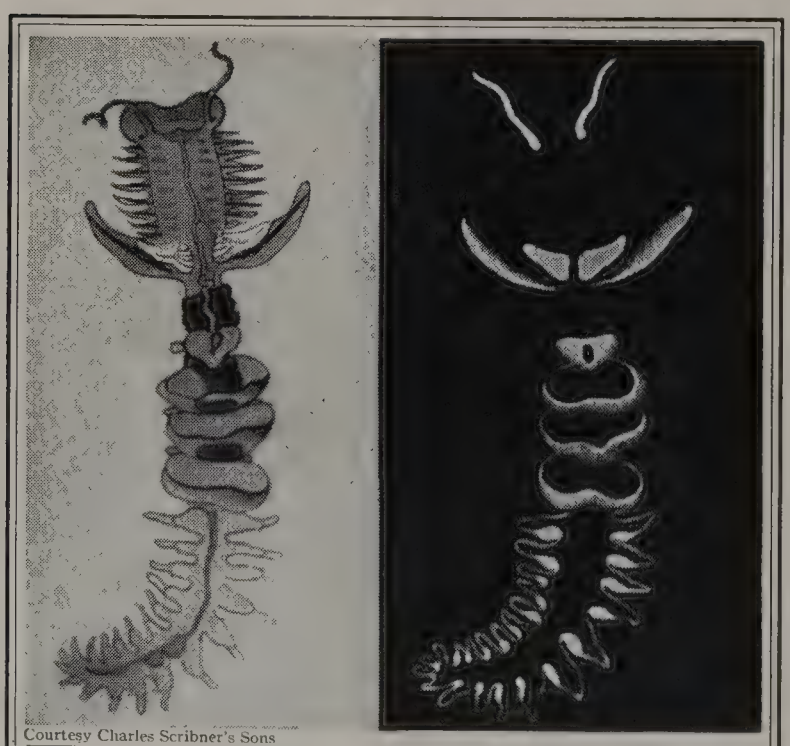
BY E. NEWTON HARVEY, Ph. D.
Professor of Physiology, Princeton University

Some years ago a physicist might have pointed out that wireless transmission was very similar to that of light. To-day the point of view is reversed. So popular has radio become, and so general the conception of wave motion and wave length, that we may say that light waves are very similar to wireless waves.

Although wireless waves are only produced under special conditions, every substance above the temperature of absolute zero gives off a series of waves of different wave length. The higher the temperature, the shorter the average wave length. As we gradually heat a bar of steel, we find that at about 525° C. it lights with a dull red glow. If the temperature is raised higher and higher, the color becomes yellow-white, white, and finally blue-white, and so dazzling that dark glasses are required to protect the eyes.

If we examined the light from the dull red steel with a spectroscope, we should find only the wave lengths giving the sensation of red, and the longer waves which do not affect the eye, the infra-red. If we examined the light of white-hot steel in the same manner, we should find all the colors of the spectrum from red to indigo, the mixture appearing white, and, again some infra-red and some very short wave lengths indeed, the ultra-violet, invisible to the human eye. A very hot substance emits all wave lengths, but *a far greater proportion of those which we cannot see*. This production of light is dependent solely on the temperature, and consequently we speak of temperature radiation, or *incandescence*.

Practically all of our methods of illumination make use of this kind of light. For example, in the incandescent lamp an electric current is sent through a fine filament of some material whose resistance to the passage of the current raises the temperature of the filament to the point where visible light appears. Improvements in artificial illumination have consisted in finding material for the filament, which can be raised to a higher temperature without melting and without passing off into the form of vapor and leaving a black film on the bulb. However, no matter how high the temperature, there is emitted always a large amount of infra-red and ultra-violet waves. These waves cannot be seen, and consequently this form of illumination, although convenient, is not efficient.



Courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons

A LIGHT-GIVING WORM

The left half of the illustration pictures a *Chaetopterus* as seen in daylight; the right half shows it as it looks in the dark. This animal, which lives in a parchment tube in the mud, gives off a luminescent slime when disturbed

On the other hand, we may have light produced by bodies which are quite cold or merely warm, far below the 525° C. of dull red steel. This is called luminescence to distinguish it from incandescence.

Radio enthusiasts are familiar with electric discharges in partial vacua. Very little heat accompanies this kind of light. Everyone has seen the faint glowing of a phosphorous match, the radium paint on the hands of a watch, the firefly, or the phosphorescence of the sea. Some crystals will glow when shaken, and some substances produce light when they crystallize from solution. Such luminescences emit not or little infra-red and ultra-violet. They are efficient even if they are faint.

The brightest of these luminescences are produced by living things. The biologist knows that the light of damp wood in forests, the fox fire, is due to

strands of luminous fungus growing on the wood. Dead fish cast up on the beach or kept in refrigerators often glow with a greenish light. This is due to myriads of luminous bacteria living in the fish. We could not see the light from a single bacterium, but where a colony of them is growing vigorously the sum total of all their lights is plainly visible.

There are many kinds of organisms which produce light, but only a few are favorable for the study of the process. One form, a small crustacean, *Cypridina*, about one-eighth inch long, is unusually good. If dried rapidly, the animals again luminesce with a bright bluish glow whenever the dry material is moistened.

Oxygen is necessary for the luminescence, as no light will appear unless this gas is present. This fact is true for all luminous animals and indicates that the process is an oxidation—that is, a combustion. It is an oxidation of a peculiar kind, for practically no heat is produced, whereas a great deal of heat is produced in the combustion of such a substance as coal.

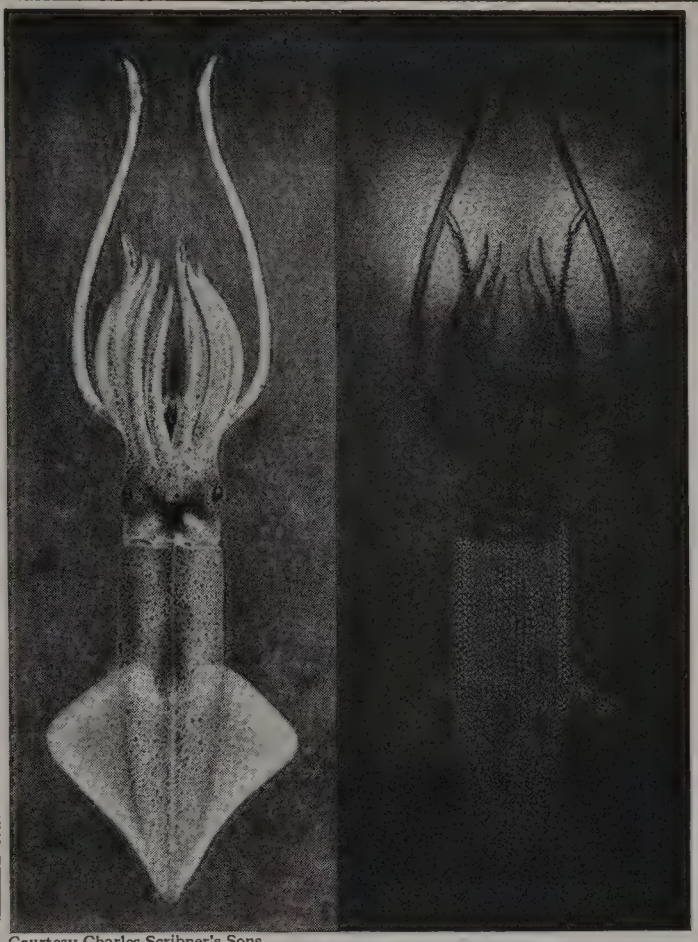
Cypridina lives in the sea and secretes a fluid into the sea water whenever disturbed. It is this fluid which glows. The temperature of the secretion is less than one one-thousandth of a degree greater than that of the surrounding water. Thousands of these creatures projecting their liquid light like the smoke from a tiny gun form a picture of surpassing loveliness.

The liquid contains a substance called luciferin, which is oxidized in the presence of an enzyme, a chemical compound of animal origin, called luciferase, also contained in the secretion. These two bodies can be separated by ordinary methods of chemical procedure and many of their properties are known. They are compounds of carbon, and we may hope some day to make them artificially by synthesis, like so many other organic substances.

Perhaps the most interesting as well as promising thing regarding the chemical nature of animal light has to do with its regeneration. When coal burns, gases are formed which cannot directly be recombined to reform the coal. That reaction was carried out æons ago, when plants of the coal age stored up their supply of food material under the influence of sunlight, to be slowly transformed later into the fuel we find so necessary at the present time.

On the other hand, when luciferin burns, no gaseous products of combustion are formed, but only a slight oxidation occurs. The oxidation product, oxyluciferin, can be converted—reduced, it is called—to luciferin again. The reformed luciferin is now ready for reoxidation with light production. Under proper conditions, the processes, the oxidation and reduction, can be made continuous, and a steady luminescence produced. It is very likely that luminous organisms carry out these reactions continuously and use their luciferin over and over again.

Thus we find that nature has developed a light unique in two important respects: efficient in its physical make-up, consisting as it does of only those wave lengths which we can see, and economical in chemical processes, utilizing the same "fuel" over and over again.



Courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons

A MARINE SOURCE OF COLD LIGHT

A luminous squid from Japan. There are two very brilliant light-generating organs on the ends of one pair of tentacles, and the entire surface of the body is covered with similar organs

Courtesy National Park Service

A ROCK-WORN TRAIL Leading to the pictographs and passageway. In spots it is worn over a foot deep into the solid rock

THE LAND OF "THE DELIGHT MAKERS"

Bandelier National Monument

BY C. F. TALMAN

Novelists have often drawn upon the rich storehouse of archæology for their scenes and episodes. Few persons have ever written novels for the express purpose of giving archæological information to the world at large. It was this purpose that prompted the writing of what a competent critic, Charles F. Lummis, has called "the most photographic story yet printed of the life of the prehistoric Americans."

"The Delight Makers," Adolf F. Bandelier's charming romance based upon the author's personal study of the aboriginal sites of New Mexico, was published in 1890. The small edition of the book was soon exhausted, and for years copies were rare and costly. Lummis tells us that the copy owned by the Los Angeles Public Library slept in the safe during the six years he served as librarian there. Fortunately a second edition has since appeared, so that the book is now easy of access. It should be read by everybody who plans a visit to the fascinating region it describes.

When the story was written, very few white men had penetrated this region, though it lies within twenty miles of the ancient city of Santa Fé. That was the day when people still thought of the Cliff Dwellers, whose prehistoric homes abound in New Mexico, as an extinct race, totally different from the Indians. The Pueblos of the Rio Grande knew better, for they traced their descent from this very race. It was partly through long intercourse with the Pueblos, and partly through laborious exploration of the ancient sites, that Bandelier and a few others were able to piece together the story of human habitation in the American Southwest, and to prove that the mysterious Cliff Dwellers were, in fact, Indians who differed little in their characteristics and their mode of life from the Pueblo Indians of to-day. Bandelier's tireless study of these aborigines ended only with his life, for when he died, in 1914, he had gone abroad under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution to search the Spanish archives for still further information bearing on the subject.

Other archæologists and ethnologists have been busy at the same great task of recovering from oblivion the remote past of the Pueblo people, and to-day there is a flourishing institution at Santa Fé—the School of American Research—which devotes most of its attention to a study of the neighboring cliff dwellings. This region is, in fact, rapidly becoming a sort of American Pompeii or Valley of the Kings. Bandelier was, however, the acknowledged leader in this field, and when a tract containing the most remarkable cliff dwellings of New Mexico was set aside

a few years ago as a government reservation, it was fittingly named the Bandelier National Monument.

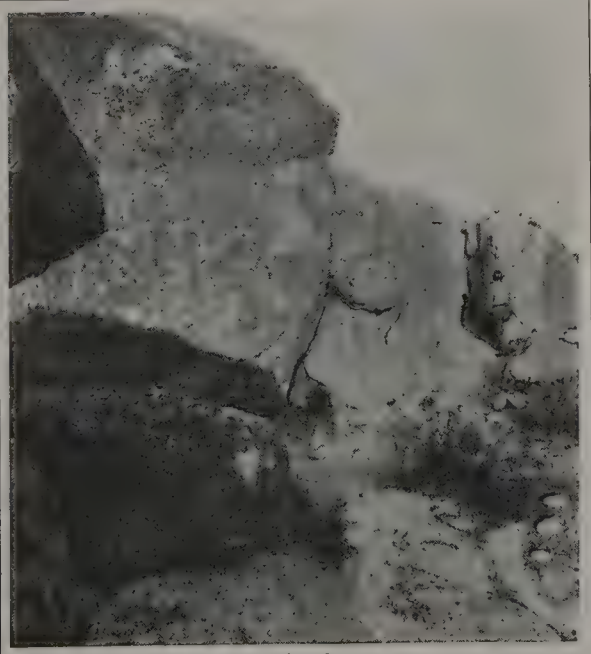
Here is a region as well worth the attention of the traveler as any site of antiquarian research in the Old World. It lies just west of the Rio Grande, in a setting of marvelous scenic beauty. The country is a lofty plateau, cut by deep canyons. On account of the great altitude the climate is comfortably cool even in midsummer. The "monument" consists of three separate areas, all reached by good automobile roads leading from Santa Fé. The nearest railway station is Buckman, on a branch of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. As the whole of the reservation is within the limits of the Santa Fé National Forest, it comes under the jurisdiction of the United States Forest Service, and not that of the National Park Service.

The traveler will visit, first of all, the famous Rito de los Frijoles, the principal scene of Bandelier's story, in which it figures under the native name of Tyuonyi. The Rito is a deep gorge, about six miles long, cut by a stream which rushes down by a series of cataracts to the Rio Grande. There is a narrow strip of level land along the stream, upon which, with the aid of a crude system of irrigation, the former inhabitants managed to raise crops sufficient to support a population of from fifteen hundred to two thousand people. The village that once occupied this canyon was probably the largest aboriginal settlement in the whole of the Southwest.

Courtesy U. S. Forest Service

ENTRANCE TO A CLIFF DWELLING

Most of these caves have been carefully explored and in two hundred of them a recent expedition found, under ten or twenty coats of plastering, wall decorations and frescoes that rival those found in the caverns of southern France and Spain



Courtesy Denver & Rio Grande Railroad

PICTOGRAPHS AND PASSAGEWAY AT TSANKAWI RUIN

The figures are cut an inch deep in the rock and undoubtedly were intended to frighten away enemies from the winding passageway which the Indian is entering. The passage is cut in the solid rock, and is just wide enough to permit one man to pass. It winds to the mesa where are found the ruined dwellings of the prehistoric race

The northern side of the canyon is a vertical cliff of white pumice several hundred feet in height. The face of the cliff, is honeycombed with caves, scooped out of the soft rock, and at its base are the ruins of houses built of blocks of the same material. Many of the old dwellings were a combination of house and cave. Besides these homes in or adjacent to the cliff, there was one great elliptical structure standing out in the valley, which, with its hundreds of rooms, constituted a veritable apartment house. The ruins outline the ground plan of what was originally a building of three or four stories. High up on the side of the cliff is the Ceremonial Cave, in the floor of which is sunk a circular *kiva* of the type common in both ancient and modern Pueblo settlements. The kiva is at once a sanctuary and a lounging place for the male members of the tribe. Here, as well as among the dwellings at the foot of the cliff, a considerable amount of restoration has been carried out by the

School of American Research, so that the visitor gets an actual view of the scenes among which the ancient inhabitants passed their days.

South of the Rito the Bandelier Monument contains the remains of several other primitive settlements. In this outlying tract the objects of greatest interest are the Cueva Pintada, or Painted Cave, the walls of which are covered with pictographs in red, white, and black, and the two "stone lions of Cochití," life-sized images, much mutilated, of pumas or mountain lions, revered by Pueblo hunters as their patron deities.

Two separate areas of the monument, a few miles farther north, contain, respectively, the ruins of the settlements of Otowi and Tsankawi, which included both cliff dwellings and extensive groups of houses on the summits of the mesas. Near Otowi is the strangest sight to be found in the whole region—a cluster of conical formations of white tufa, like giant beehives, from ten to fifty feet in height, known as the Tent Rocks. They are full of caves, both natural and artificial, and some of them were once used as dwellings. Lastly, some six miles north of Otowi are the ruins of Puyé, another large cliff village, whose inhabitants wage a thrilling battle with those of Tyuonyi in the pages of Bandelier's story. This place includes a big pueblo built on top of a mesa and quantities of cave dwellings hollowed out of the face of the cliff. A vast number of small holes now seen in the vertical rock were probably intended for the insertion of timbers used to support porches or balconies.

The dates of all these ruined settlements are uncertain, but they run centuries back of the discovery of America. According to one hypothesis, the villages were abandoned between six hundred and eight hundred years ago, on account of climatic changes, involving the partial drying up of the streams on which the Indians depended for irrigating their crops.

The Forest Service will permit you to camp anywhere you like on the national monument, except on areas immediately adjoining the hotel near the Rito.

Read "The Delight Makers," visit the Bandelier Monument, and then study the relics and models of prehistoric Pueblo culture in the museum at Santa Fé. Thus you will accomplish the nearest American parallel—as a visualization of ancient life—to reading "The Last Days of Pompeii," visiting the disinterred Vesuvian city, and inspecting the Pompeian antiquities in the National Museum at Naples.

If you wish more serious literature on the archæology and natural history of this region, you will find it in the shape of publications issued by the Bureau of American Ethnology (Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.) and various documents published by the School of American Research at Santa Fé.

Courtesy National Park Service

THE RUINS OF PUYÉ ✣ This spot, which figures in Bandelier's novel, lies some miles north of the Bandelier Monument. Partially excavated dwellings on the top of the mesa can be seen. There are also many ruins of dwellings on the cliff forming the side of the mesa

SIX IMMORTALS
AND HOW THEY GREW INTO BOOKS

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

"THE MAGIC CASTLE," By Ernst Liebermann

THESE *immortals are the household gods of civilized humanity. We have known and loved them from childhood up, and we have never outgrown them. They stand for all the heroic and romantic qualities of human nature. They have grown into books that are classics as immortal as themselves*

Reproduced from "Robin Hood," illustrated by N. C. Wyeth

© David McKay Co., Philadelphia

ROBIN HOOD LEADING HIS GALLANT BAND OF OUTLAWS THROUGH SHERWOOD FOREST

"Merrie Sherwood" in Robin Hood's day was a royal hunting forest, extending twenty-five miles from north to south through the rolling hills of Nottinghamshire. Though now denuded and broken up into small estates, it retains its immemorial association with the bandit hero and his followers. "I think these oaks at dawn and even, or in the balmy breathings of the night," wrote Tennyson, "will whisper evermore of Robin Hood." "Robert's men," as the foresters were called in documents of the olden times, dressed in green and gold to render themselves less distinct in a countryside where broom and gorse so abundantly flourished

The MENTOR

Vol. 11 No. 11 SERIAL NO. 250

DECEMBER, 1923

SIX IMMORTALS AND HOW THEY GREW INTO BOOKS

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE
FORMER EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN"

ROBIN HOOD
KING ARTHUR
LEMUEL GULLIVER
ROBINSON CRUSOE
GREATHEART
CINDERELLA

©A. W. Elson and Co.

ARTHUR, "THE KNIGHTLY KING," IN THE PANOPLY OF WAR
A heroic bronze figure by Peter Vischer in the Franciscan church, Innsbruck, Austria

THESE heroes are no mere story-book characters—they stand with the real heroes of history. They have grown not only into books, into plays, into operas, and into moving pictures, but they have grown into the hearts of youth and age, and have become a real part of the life of the people. Robin Hood is as much a real character to the youth of America as Daniel Boone or John Paul Jones; as much to the youth of England as Admiral Nelson; as much to the youth of France as the fearless Bayard.

They appear again and again in all forms of literature; in music; in drama; and in the fine arts. Versions of their stories are to be found in the lightest bits of popular entertainment. The working girl elevated by chance to affluence is only Cinderella in a new dress. The twentieth-century castaway on a desert island of the South Pacific is only a modern Robinson Crusoe. The brave, daredevil young hero of humble origin who dashes into romantic adventure, and gets himself in trouble while serving his friends, plays up the spirit of Robin Hood.

And what of the women immortals of romance? Each of them, too, represents some heroic ideal or some day-dream common to all people. One type that stands clear above others is expressed in the name of Cinderella. A beautiful name as we know it in our language, perhaps it is even more beautiful in its French form, *Cendrillon*, for it was from the French of

Courtesy William Heinemann, London — From a drawing by Arthur Rackham

THE GOOD FAIRY DISCOVERS CINDERELLA IN RAGS, AND RESOLVES THAT SHE SHALL GO TO THE BALL

CINDERELLA AND THE SILVER SLIPPER

Charles Perrault, a famous Academician (1628-1703), that the sweet, pathetic, happy little story was incorporated into English literature. Perrault did not invent the story. He drew it from sources that may be traced back as far as ancient Egypt. There is a familiar saying that there are only seven original plots, and that all the stories that have ever been told are merely variations and elaborations of these plots. Among the first of the seven is the plot of Cinderella and the Silver Slipper. So long as the human heart throbs to romance and men and women build day-dreams and hope that these come true, Cinderella will be a real and vital figure.

The story of Cinderella has been called "the story of all stories." She was an altogether new figure in romance—this little kitchen maid whose ragged dress was transformed at a touch into cloth of gold and silver. Perrault first told the histories of "Little Red Riding Hood," "Puss in Boots," "Hop o' My Thumb," and "Sleeping Beauty" to his son. It is related that the lad wrote the stories down from memory, and the father in some cases adopted the boy's version in preference to his own. Having in his youth rebelled against the formal education of his day, Perrault produced, when he was little short of seventy, the famous children's book by which he is still remembered. Knowing the child's soul, he knew the human soul.

The Cinderella tale has 345 variations. There are many incidents common to them all—such as the hearth abode, the helpful animals (mice, etc.), the heroine disguise, the lovesick prince. But the one incident that determines the Cinderella tale proper is the recognition of the heroine by her slipper. In the Greek tale, "Rhodope," the slipper is carried off by an eagle and dropped into the lap of the king of Egypt, who seeks and marries the owner. In the Hindu tale, "Sodewa Bai," the rajah's daughter loses her slipper in the forest, where it is found by the prince. The Zuñi Indian version is called "Poor Turkey Girl." The English "Catskin" is considered the oldest of the pure Cinderella types, appearing first in 1550, in Gian Francesco Straparela's "Happy Nights." The name "Cinderella" appeared first in

Courtesy William Heinemann, London — From a drawing by Arthur Rackham

TO CINDERELLA'S SURPRISE AND CONSTERNATION THE ENVOY OF THE PRINCE ARRIVES TO TRY ON THE GLASS SLIPPER

Giovanni Basile's "Pentamerone," in 1637. The two most common forms of Cinderella are Perrault's and Grimm's, but they are radically different. In Grimm's, the slipper is gold instead of glass. She gets her wish in the German version by planting a hazel branch as a wish-tree on her mother's grave, and watering it with her tears. As a step-child and the youngest member of the family, Cinderella's share was the hearthplace. This ancient law of inheritance appears in the lore of many lands in Europe and Asia.

An old and experienced theatrical manager made the observation not long ago that the Cinderella story, well told with good music, *always won*, and that there were usually two or three versions of a Cinderella story running every season, either in music or drama. As evidence he pointed to such plays as "Sally," "Irene," and many others—all of them versions of the Cinderella story, and all conspicuous successes in their day. "*The Cinderella story always wins*," said the manager. The little girl sitting in the ashes dreaming the long dreams of youth and finding the fondest and most extravagant of her dreams realized through a fairy godmother, who transforms her by the magic wand into a fit mate for her fairy prince, makes an appeal that is irresistible. Of all fairy romances, "Cinderella" is the best example of the class called "tales of wish-fulfilment."

ROBIN HOOD OF SHERWOOD FOREST

And now for Robin Hood, the romantic freebooter of Sherwood Forest. Robin-o'-the-Wood was the symbol of the yearnings of the great common people of his land and time when they were bowed beneath the oppressor's yoke. He was, first of all, the people's hero. The other heroes of the same general age as Robin Hood were all either of royal blood or of the noble class: King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, Roland, and Richard the Lion-Hearted. Robin Hood was the humble yeoman set up by the simple people as their chosen champion against despotic rule.

The bold and generous outlaw of Sherwood Forest, robbing the rich to relieve the needs of the poor, letting fly his shaft against the king in mail

armor, was a popular champion whose counterpart exists in the folk tales of all nations. He is an immortal who has grown not merely into one book, but into many books—an immortal not of one song, but of a thousand songs and ballads.

One of the most interesting and many-sided presentations of Robin Hood is in Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." In that romance of England when Richard the Lion-Hearted reigned, the romantic outlaw appears under various names and in several rôles. Once, before the beginning of the actual action of the story, as Diccon-Bend-the-Bow, he had been nursed back to health and strength in the house of Isaac of York; in the course of the tale, as Locksley the Archer, he notches his competitor's arrow in the lists of Ashby de la Zouche, and wins the reluctant applause of Prince John. He and his outlaw followers join the Black Knight (Richard the Lion-Hearted) in the venture that ends with the storming and burning of Front de Bœuf's castle of Torquilstone. In the sylvan glades, under his true name of Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest, he bends the knee and swears allegiance to King Richard.

The earliest known mention of Robin Hood was in the second edition of William Langland's poem, "Vision of Piers the Plowman," published about 1377 A.D. He was next mentioned by Wyntown in his "Scottish Chronicle," written about 1420, and next by Bower in 1450 in his additions

From a drawing by George Cruikshank

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER CHANGES CINDERELLA'S KITCHEN DRESS INTO A BEAUTIFUL BALL GOWN WHILE THE PUMPKIN CARRIAGE WAITS

From a drawing in an old book of English travels called "Itinerarium Curiosum"

KIRKLEY ABBEY, YORKSHIRE, WHERE, ACCORDING TO ANCIENT CHRONICLERS, ROBIN HOOD ENDED HIS DAYS

It is recorded that the great hero of the people, when advanced in years, appealed to the prioress of the abbey for aid when sore stricken, and that she bled him and allowed him to die to avenge his deeds committed in the past "against religious persons." His body was buried on the hill designated "C" on the drawing, under a flat stone with a cross, close to the road. There, said the abbess, he should lie that all who passed might know the dreaded bandit was dead, and thereafter "without feare take their jorneys that way"

to Fordun's "Scotichronicum." But probably, long before Piers the Plowman, the troubadours had sung his exploits.

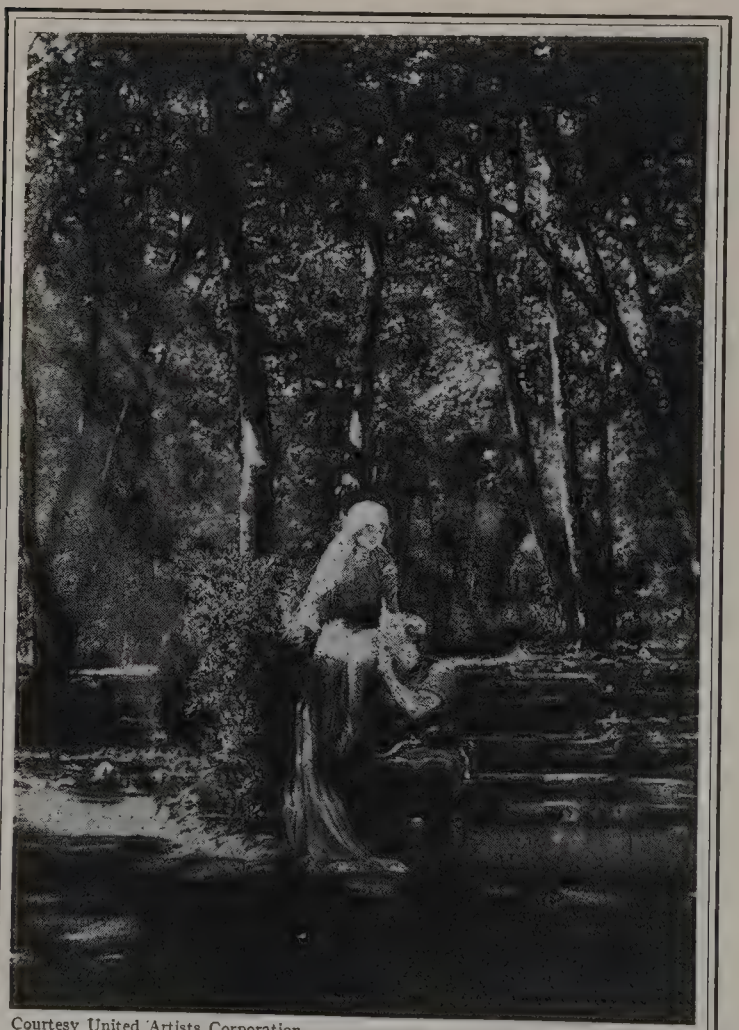
Was Robin Hood a real man? If you say he was not, a thousand voices, young and old, will rise in protest. To deny him, even to doubt him, is to rob them of their heritage. He was born of the heart-throb, the aspiration, the day-dream of his age. Heavy was Norman yoke on Saxon neck. The songs telling of this mysterious champion of an oppressed people, who in the thick recesses of the Yorkshire Forest could bid defiance to, and wage active warfare against, the arrogant invader in his stone fortress were messages that strengthened hearts.

The writers that have given the greatest amount of attention to the subject of Robin Hood, that have long frequented his reputed haunts in the old forest, are the ones most firm in their belief as to his actual existence. Tradition says he was born toward the end of the twelfth century, and died a very old man.

It would be difficult to find a stronger believer in Robin Hood, or one who writes more appreciatively of him, than Washington Irving. While at Newstead Abbey a century ago, he took great delight in riding and rambling about the neighborhood, studying Sherwood Forest, and visiting the countryside, where there was scarce a hill or dale, a cliff or cavern, a well or fountain, that was not connected with his memory.

"My theory," says Mr. Hunter the historian, "is that Robin Hood is not a mere poetic conception, nor one of those fanciful beings, creatures of the popular mind, springing in the infancy of northern civilization; he is a person who had a veritable existence quite within historic time, a man of like feelings and passions as we are."

In "The Ancient History of Sherwood Forest," J. Stacye gives his opinion: "There seems no reasonable ground for doubting that what has been so early and so generally believed must have had some substantial foundation. A clever analytical critic might, perhaps, very easily cut up any theory that has been given on a subject, as he may cut up mine, which is, that Robin Hood was in olden days a mythical title, assumed by or given to any great woodland outlaw of the hour—the name being an elisional pronunciation of Robin o' th' Wood. I believe, however, that *there was one man* who bore it with more dignity than all the rest, that he was born at Loxley, near Sheffield, on the lands that had belonged to Earl Waltheof, the last great resistant of the Norman régime; that, with inherited antipathy to the Norman kings, he joined the popular side, under Simon de Montfort, as did Little John; and that on being defeated at the battle of Evesham, in August, 1265, the two formed a companionship between themselves, and a leadership of other outcasts and sympathizers, seeking refuge and subsistence in the woods of Northern Notts, and in the dales and cloughs of West Yorkshire and Derbyshire, but making occasionally excursions to other regions; and perhaps sometimes dressing themselves, as we are told they did, in 'green and gold,' to render themselves less distinct in landscapes where broom and gorse so abundantly flourished. For the rest, I believe that such outlaws were regarded by the populace more as honorable, though unfortunate, patriots than as thieves, and under the particular leader in question (Robin Hood) conducted themselves in a manner, to some extent, justifying that character."

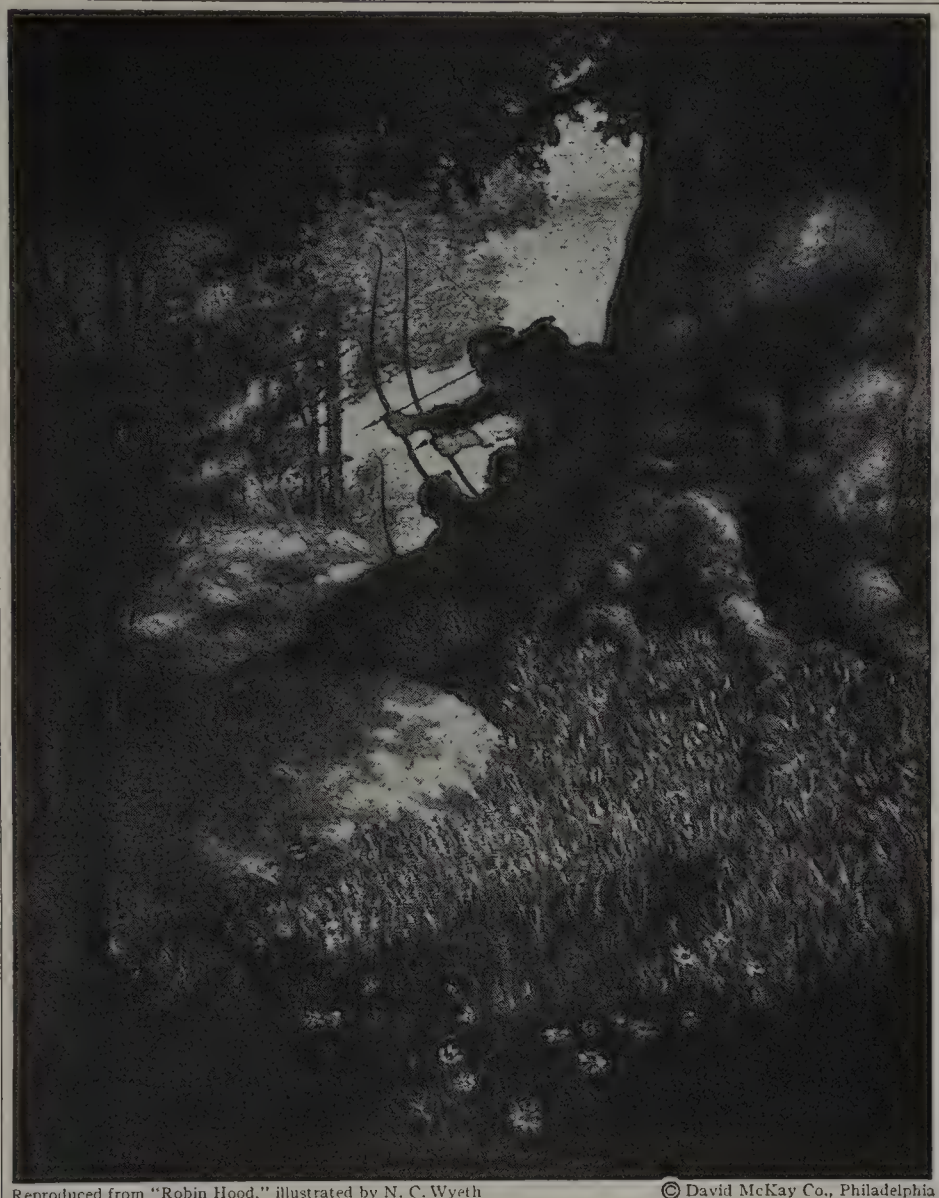


Courtesy United Artists Corporation

ROBIN HOOD MEETS MAID MARIAN AFTER A LONG ABSENCE

A scene from a screen presentation of the famous tale that for seven centuries has inspired books, ballads, pictures, plays, and operas

As a hero, Robin Hood was all that the common people of his time had, yet they were not long left in undisputed possession of him. Robin Hood was thought to be too good



Reproduced from "Robin Hood," illustrated by N. C. Wyeth © David McKay Co., Philadelphia

THE OUTLAW AND HIS ARCHERS MEET A FOE IN THE DAPPLED GLADES OF THE FOREST

for them. Historians with leanings toward the nobility began the task of tracing his origin to various noble houses. He was put down as Robert Fitzooth, or Fitz o' Doth, descended on his mother's side from Guy, Earl of Warwick, and later succeeding to the title of Earl of Huntington. The same story made Maid Marian the Lady Matilda Fitzwalter, daughter of a noble Norman house. Only a little less famous than Robin Hood himself were his associates. Who does not know the fair Maid Marian, and Little John, and Will Scarlet, and Allan-a-Dale, and Friar Tuck, stout of arm, great of girth, and prodigious of appetite?

As Robin Hood was the symbol of Saxon resistance to the conquering Norman, King Arthur was the symbol of the resistance of the Celt to the conquering Saxon. The mountains of wild Wales were the Sherwood Forest of the earlier legend, which was common both to Britain and France, which grew into the "Chronicles of Geoffrey of Monmouth," into the "Romances of the Round Table," into Sir Thomas Malory's "Noble Histories of King Arthur," and which, fourteen centuries later, was to move Tennyson to compose his "Idylls of a King," and Mark Twain to write "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." "The king whose exploits fill all the poetry of the

KING ARTHUR AND THE ROUND TABLE

Middle Ages"—that line expresses the value of the Arthurian legend. It was the beginning of a cycle of romances that will endure as long as language exists.

Whether the series of exploits attributed to him be all true or not, one thing is certain: there *was* a real Arthur, one of the last Celtic chiefs in Great Britain. The presumptive historical facts are that Arthur was a leader of the Celtic tribe of the west of England against the Saxons in the fifth or sixth century, that he was largely responsible for the brave resistance of his people, and that he was slain in battle about the year 540, after which the Celts passed under the Saxon yoke. Beaten in arms, the Celts sought refuge in songs, and with every new chant of the troubadour the figure of Arthur grew larger and the note more heroic. The conquered people found solace in the prophecies of Merlin.

The legend of King Arthur, magnified with every new version, was the expression of a great dream of chivalry. Around the main personage revolved other types—Sir Lancelot of the Lake, Sir Percivale, Sir Gareth of Orkney, Sir Ector, Sir Bedivere, Sir Galahad, Queen Guinevere, and the fair maid of Astolat—and little by little was founded the harmonious reign of King Arthur, his knights, his court, and his Round Table. Nennius, a Breton monk, in the tenth century, gave in his "History of Britain" the earliest authentic account of Arthur. Then, in the twelfth century, Geoffrey of Monmouth set down and embellished the story; after him, Robert Wace, Layamon, and other chroniclers repeated and expanded the legends. It was Robert Wace who introduced the Round Table—an essential feature in all later versions.

ROBIN HOOD DIED IN THIS ROOM IN KIRKLEY ABBEY, YORKSHIRE

According to the story, as he was dying, he shot an arrow through the open casement, requesting that he be buried where it fell

KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

From a tapestry designed by Edward Burne-Jones and William Morris. The knights—Sir Lancelot, Galahad, Tristram, Percivale, Bedivere, and their brothers in chivalry—were personal attendants on King Arthur, permanently attached to his service

A far different immortal, but again an immortal born of the day-dream that is common to all humanity, is the Lemuel Gulliver of Dean Swift's "Gulliver's Travels." A thousand minds or more collaborated in the making of Robin Hood and King Arthur. Lemuel Gulliver was the creation of one mind, a bitter mind, yet one of the most amazing in all history. The English novelist Thackeray wrote of Swift, "His laugh jars on one's ear after seven score years. He was always alone—alone and gnashing in the darkness, except when Stella's sweet smile came and shone upon him. When that went, silence and utter night closed over him. An immense genius, an awful downfall and ruin. So great a man he seems to be that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling."

GULLIVER AND HIS TRAVELS

When, in 1722, Jonathan Swift wrote "Gulliver's Travels," Norman and Saxon and Celt had been merged into one England, and the day of the donjon keep and the knight in armor had long since passed. Yet Swift saw that injustice and tyranny were still in the land, and to castigate the folly of his age he sent forth the Gulliver of his fancy to visit the imaginary kingdoms of the Lilliputians and the Brobdingnagians. The age of Swift leaped to the satire that was found in the extravagant adventures of Gulliver. Though one man gave Gulliver expression, the idea had lurked unknown in the hearts of many. The time had come when men no longer believed in "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," so Swift's attack was savage and subtle. The story of the "voyages" is familiar to all. Perhaps some of the satire has been forgotten or overlooked. In Lilliput, Gulliver finds him-

From a painting by G. J. Vibert

GULLIVER CHAINED ✣ The tiny folk of Lilliput are examining the "man-mountain" found sleeping on their island. A derrick has been raised to remove his sword and pistol; his person and accoutrement are the object of lively curiosity

self in a country made up of people six inches high; in Brobdingnagia, among people sixty feet high. He uses both lands to paint the folly of human vanity.

Recall Gulliver's description of the Emperor of Lilliput: "The Emperor of Lilliput's features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, an arched nose, his complexion olive, his body and limbs well proportioned, and his deportment majestic. He is taller *by the breadth of my nail* than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into beholders." What satire there is in this when we remember the first George of England and, across the channel, Louis the Magnificent—each building himself up by his six-inch heels and his tall wig. Again in Brobdingnagia the king, turning to the first minister who waited behind him with a white staff as high as the mainmast of the *Royal Sovereign*, observes how contemptible a thing human grandeur is, as represented by such a contemptible little creature as Gulliver.

It is not merely royalty and the court, but all human kind, that Swift satirizes in the memorable passage in the voyage to the land of horse domination, where Gulliver describes his parting from the master of the horse.

"I took," says he, "a second leave of my master, but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honor to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it impossible that so illustrious a person should condescend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgotten how apt some travelers are to boast of extraordinary favors they have received." Could satire be more effective or terrible?

A great immortal, Lemuel Gulliver, another born of a dream, but this time a dream of intense bitterness.

It has been said that the most dramatic scene in all literature is where Robinson Crusoe on his desert island comes upon the footprint in the sand. That is of course a matter of opinion. But no one is likely to question the right of Crusoe himself to be classed among the great immortals. He too is the expression of a dream to which Daniel Defoe happened to be the first to give permanent expression, but which is a common heritage of all mankind. Countless are the presentations in fiction, on the stage, and on the screen of the Crusoe situation—a man cut off from the rest of human kind and dependent upon his own exertions and ingenuity.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, MAN AND BOOK

Robinson Crusoe caught the public imagination from the moment of his appearance. The first edition of the first volume of the story came out in April, 1719. In four months it ran through four editions. A year later the second part appeared, and still later a third part, which was called "Serious Reflections," and which is seldom reprinted now, for the reason that in it Crusoe was merely a mouthpiece for Defoe's sentiments about morals and religion. Few cared what Defoe thought. But in Crusoe he had created an immortal character. The very popularity of the story made the author a subject for attack. Defoe was accused of piratical use of the papers of Alexander Selkirk, upon whose real adventures the story of Robinson Crusoe had been founded; and among the wild stories that were set afloat was one to the effect

THE ISLE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK'S SOLITARY ADVENTURE

On Juan Fernandez Island, about a day's voyage west of Valparaiso, Chile, Selkirk was voluntarily landed in 1704 from the vessel *Cinque Ports*. The story of his life there for fifty-two months inspired part of Defoe's immortal classic, "Robinson Crusoe"

SELKIRK IN THE CHARACTER OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

A statue erected in Largo, Scotland, where he was born in 1676

that the book had been written by Lord Oxford in the Tower of London.

The story of the real Robinson Crusoe has been told many times and with many variations. Let us refresh our memories by retelling it here according to the most authentic records that we have. The original of Robinson Crusoe is claimed to be Alexander Selkirk (1676–1721), seventh son of John Selcraig of Largo, Fifeshire, Scotland. He was an unruly young man, who, after several escapades, ran off to sea. In 1703 he was sailing master of a Cinque Ports galley in a privateering expedition to the South Seas. In September, 1704, he had a quarrel with his captain, Thomas Stradling, and was put ashore, at his own request, on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, situated about 360 miles west of Chile, and about 36 square miles in area. He lived there for four years and four months, and was then rescued by Captain Woodes Rogers, Commander of H. M. S. *Drake*. His story was recorded by Captain Rogers in his 'Crusing Voyage Around the World' (1712). Afterward, Selkirk attained the rank of lieutenant in the navy, and died on board the *Weymouth*. A tablet to his memory has been erected by British seamen at "Selkirk's Lookout" on the island where he stood when he sighted his rescuer.

Captain Armitage McCann visited the island of Fernandez several years ago, and gathered a number of interesting facts about the Robinson Crusoe story. He climbed to Selkirk's Lookout, which he tells us was 1,800 feet high, and gazed out over the waste of waters as Robinson Crusoe had done day after day. He visited also the cave in which Crusoe was said to have lived, and saw the tablet on the hillside, placed to his memory. "Defoe," said Captain McCann, "most likely constructed Crusoe's 'Man Friday' from accounts of Poor Will, a Mosquito Indian who was a very ingenious man who could make fire by striking the flint of his gun against the barrel, and with it heat iron and make fishhooks, lances, harpoons, and the like."

It is related that Daniel Defoe used to meet Alexander Selkirk at the Red Lion Inn, in Bristol, England. Clad in goatskins, the sailor used to recount wondrous tales of his exploits and hardships, and so, it is said, Defoe got some of the material for his story. Defoe placed his hero on an island off the Orinoco, in Venezuela, because he knew that location better, but Juan Fernandez was the scene of Selkirk's experience.

In the seventeenth century there lived, in the county of Bedfordshire, in England, a man of humble circumstances, the son of a tinker, who as life wore on came to feel that he had been a grievous sinner in his hot youth. He had played at worldly games; he had danced on the village green. Repenting himself, he felt that he was called upon to warn others against similar frivolities. His travels were limited by the boundaries of his little county. But from one end of it to the other he tramped as an itinerant preacher. Some of the doctrines he expounded were in conflict with the ideas of the authorities, and from time to time John Bunyan spent long terms of imprisonment in the county jail. There he dreamed, by day and by night, and out of his dreams there grew a book—one of the most famous of all the books in the world.

GREATHEART AND OTHER IMMORTALS

"The Pilgrim's Progress" is the great allegorical religious tract that John Bunyan designed it to be; but it is something else besides. It is a stirring material romance in which sword rings on shield, and in the figure of Greatheart, in the second part of the story, we have one of the great immortals. Bunyan in his restless youth had been a soldier of Oliver Cromwell; his deep reading in the Old Testament had filled him with visions of contending armies, and when he came to write it was naturally in the spirit of the clash of battle. Dreaming behind the bars of his prison, his imagination magnified and colored the familiar scenes of his own limited life. The Chiltern Hills of fact became the De-

From a painting by J. D. Linton

MR. GREATHEART

The picture shows him armed with the sword that slew the Giant Despair in the second part of "The Pilgrim's Progress"

© U. & U.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES PERRAULT

This charming piece of sculpture was placed in the Tuileries Gardens, favorite park of Paris children. Perrault translated and arranged eighteen fairy stories under the title, *Les Contes de Ma Mere l'Oye* ("Tales of My Mother the Goose"). Included in the series were Cinderella, Puss in Boots, Blue Beard, and Red Riding Hood

lectable Mountains of the story; the Elstow village green, where Bunyan had joyously danced, became Vanity Fair; a narrow Bedfordshire way between a gorge and a quagmire became the awful Valley of the Shadow of Death that has thrilled so many lands and so many generations.

John Bunyan, having carried Christian through a thousand perils and pitfalls from the City of Destruction to the Celestial Gates, felt that his work was only half done. Also to be saved were the wife and children that Christian had left behind. Yet it would have been heartless to have allowed them to undertake the journey alone. So Greatheart was created a heroic figure, to beat off the lions, to guard his wards through the terrors of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and finally, at Doubting Castle, to hew from his shoulders the head of the sinister Giant Despair.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Here are six immortals. There are many others worthy of sharing their company; others born, like the mighty six, of the dreams common to us all. To join Robin Hood, and King Arthur, and Lemuel Gulliver, and Robinson Crusoe, and Greatheart, and Cinderella, come, let us say, Aladdin rubbing his magic lamp, and summoning slaves, and treasures of gold and precious stones; Sinbad the Sailor with his astounding tales of the giant bird, the Roc; the Old Man of the Sea; Leatherstocking with his long rifle; the Three Musketeers curling their mustaches; Don Quixote, the best of all crazy gentlemen; Long John Silver of the Stevenson tale chanting his "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum"; and Rip Van Winkle coming down from the mountains after his twenty years' sleep. They are all of the stuff of which great dreams are made—which means the best and bravest of all stuff of which human life is made.

A CHILD'S DAY

ITS MOODS, ACTIVITIES, AND VARIED OCCUPATIONS PICTURED BY MODERN ARTISTS

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

"DAY DREAMS," By Thomas Couture, 1815–1879

How the heart of childhood dances on a sunny day!
Work and play and strange romances—what a wide, wide world have they!

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

"GETTING DRESSED," By Edouard Frère, 1819–1886

The gentle art of Edouard Frère finds characteristic expression in this charming picture of a French baby at its morning toilet

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

"FEEDING THE BIRD," By Theophile E. Duverger, 1821–1901

A happy interval in the day's routine. A little girl kneels on a red tile floor feeding her feathered pet. This picture, acquired by the Metropolitan Museum a generation ago, is beloved of all young visitors to the galleries

"BREAKFAST," By Philip Laszlo, 1869–

The handsome lad in the sunny breakfast-room is the artist's elder son. Born in Hungary, Laszlo has done most of his painting in England. Scores of his portraits hang on the walls of stately British homes

"THE SUPPER HOUR," By Jules Muenier

Jules Muenier has a delightfully natural way of putting on canvas episodes in a child's day. The young girl at the table is a favorite model. You will see her farther on in "The Piano Lesson"

"THE LANDLUBBER'S SEA BATH," By Virginie Demont-Breton

"THE BEACH NEST," By Virginie Demont-Breton

Water and water sprites are specialties of this French artist. Madame Demont-Breton knows how to paint the sea as Jules Breton painted fields and harvest workers. She knows boys, too, and what goes on in their heads

"SATURDAY NIGHT," By Viggo Johannsen

A Danish artist describes with telling brush the zero hour of depression in a boy's day

© Detroit Publishing Co.

In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

"THE TORN HAT," By Thomas Sully, 1783-1872

"Outward sunshine, inward joy" lights the face of Sully's red-cheeked lad. The fields and their inmates are his world. He is the "Barefoot Boy" of American art

"A DUTCH BOY," By Aelbert Cuyp, 1605–1691

All dressed up and going somewhere, probably with a robust mother in balloon petticoats. Aelbert Cuyp is not a "modern," he was born three centuries ago; but The Mentor makes no apology for including in this series the Dutch painter's study of this Eternal Boy. Merriment in his eyes, mischief on his lips, he can be counted on to cheer up any corner he is permitted to occupy

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York "GRANDMOTHER'S TREASURE," By Josef Israëls, 1824–1911

Israëls was the best loved of modern Dutch masters. "The Millet of Holland," he was called, but his humble folk are more tender and content than the French master's labor-sorrowed peasantry. Peace broods in this old Dutch room, where age and childhood join in sweet communion

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

"PRESSED INTO SERVICE," By Erskine Nicol, 1825–1904

A little housewife, sent to the baker's for the family loaf, is obviously conscious of the responsibility of her task

"THE BUSY HOUR," By Claus Meyer

Tense preoccupation is the keynote of this scéne. Perched on the center bench a tiny maiden, primly coiffed and pinafored, sets an example of industry to schoolmates less practical than she. Claus Meyer, admired abroad for his domestic story pictures, is happiest showing children at work and play. It is safe to say that he never created a busier little

© Detroit Publishing Co.

In the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

"PREPARING FOR CHURCH," By Edouard Frère

The week has swung around to Sunday, and the mother of Marie and Paul has got them ready for church. Dressed in her very best hat and coat, Marie looks well satisfied to parade her pretty costume, but, clothes having no interest for her brother, he is frankly bored and glum

"THE RUDDY JOYS OF WINTER TIME," By Eugen Kaempffer

© George Ford Morris

"THROUGH THE FIELDS," A portrait group by George Ford Morris

"THE PIANO LESSON," By Jules Muenier

A scale forgotten, notes carelessly played! The old master tempers his reproof, realizing that the future holds many more troublous lessons than this one for his small pupil

Courtesy Kraushaar Galleries, New York

"THE SPIELERS," By George B. Luks, 1867–

George Luks, Pennsylvania-born, was the first artist to paint New York's East Side. His ragged youngsters, fun-loving and fun-provoking, are gay figures in life's perpetual merry-go-round

PIP'S COOLING MARSHES

"Great Expectations" has been called a model combination of mystery story and refined melodrama. It differs from most books that Dickens wrote. Cooling lies about six miles from Rochester and near Dickens' home at Gadshill Place. The marshes mark the place where the River Thames broadens out before it mingles with the North Sea. The whole of "Great Expectations" may be said to turn upon the incidents in the opening chapter, where the scene is laid in the Cooling marshes. Here Pip met the convict Magwitch, who had escaped from the terrible prison hulk near by

STROLLING WITH CHARLES DICKENS

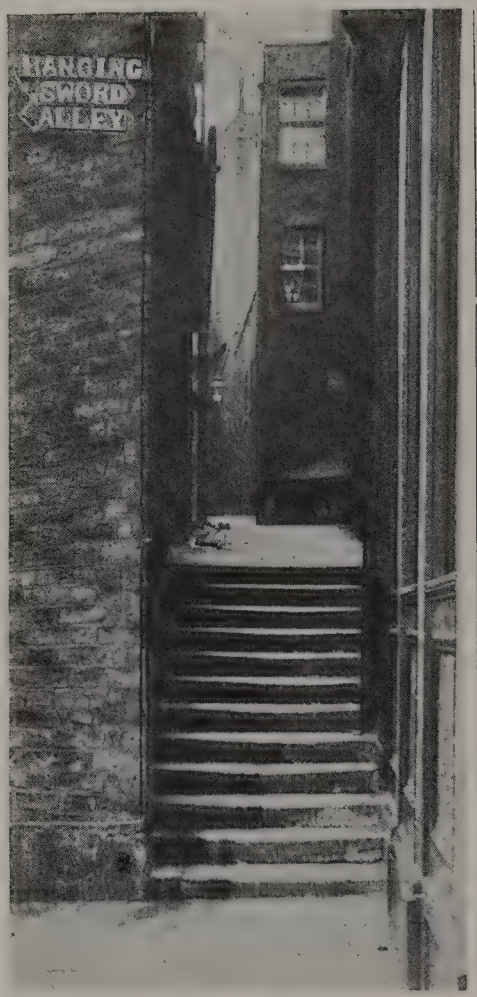
BY ALBERT A. HOPKINS

Editor of "The American Dickensian" and Co-Editor of "The Dickens Atlas"

If you go to the shelves of any public library and run along the fiction stacks under "D" you will come to a row of books that are thumbed and unkempt—the novels of Charles Dickens. To have a book worn out in a library is one of the surest proofs of fame. The presses do not groan with the reprinting of very many authors who have been dead over fifty years, but new editions of Dickens are constantly appearing. The output of Dickens reprints, and of books and articles about the great humanist and his work, continues in an unbroken stream, year in and year out, and there is no diminution in the flow.

What modern novel can be compared with "Our Mutual Friend" or "Great Expectations" for the number of their editions? That rare fragment, that word-mosaic that promised to be the great masterpiece of all —"The Mystery of Edwin Drood"—has given rise to an immense literature of its own, and it is said that more books have been written on it than on any other book except the Bible, even Dante having been outdistanced. The old Dickens classics like "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," and "A Tale of Two Cities" need no advertisement; they will live as long as the English language is read. There are also a number of books relating to the characters, the localities, and the houses of Dickens. There has also been published a Dickens atlas which shows cartographically where individuals who never existed except in the author's brain lived, wandered, and died.

Dickens topography is divided into London proper and the provinces, as they are called in England—meaning everything not included in London and surrounding territory. London is the great locale of Dickens, and from childhood he knew it intimately. As a poverty-stricken boy he used to take long walks between the blacking warehouse where he worked and his lodgings. Like Sam Weller, his knowledge of London was "extensive and peculiar." In the last half of his life he was troubled with insomnia and often walked a good part of the night, returning at dawn. During those solitary prowlings he and the city came face to face. To hundreds of thousands of readers the name London suggests Dickens' London.



HANGING SWORD ALLEY

Readers familiar with "A Tale of Two Cities" need not be told that Jerry Cruncher lived in Hanging Sword Alley, The Dickens pilgrim can easily imagine Jerry crawling back in the early dawn to his "aggerawator" wife, who was in full possession of the facts of his nefarious calling—special messenger for the arch-respectable Tellson's Bank in the daytime and, at night procurer of dead bodies for dissection

JOHN JASPER'S GATE-HOUSE, ROCHESTER

Rochester appears in "Pickwick," and most of the scenes in the story of "Edwin Drood" pass in Rochester, thinly veiled as "Cloisterham." John Jasper, the arch villain, lived in the gabled gatehouse. Its present inhabitants are constantly beset by curious visitors anxious to see Jasper relics

G. A. Sala, himself an authority on London, once drew a pen picture of Dickens as he was often seen tramping about London and its environs in the oddest places, night and day, in sun or rain. "A hansom," he wrote, "whirled you by the 'Bell and Horns' at Brompton, and there he was, striding, as with seven-league boots, in the direction of North End, Fulham. The Metropolitan Railway set you forth at Lisson Grove, and you met him steadily plodding toward the Yorkshire Stingo. He was to be met rapidly skirting the grim brick wall of the prison in Coldbath Fields, or trudging along the Seven Sisters Road at Holloway, or bearing, under a steady press of sail, underneath Highgate Archway, or pursuing the even tenor of his way down the Vauxhall Bridge Road."

Throughout all Dickens' stories we find the fruit of these pleasurable exertions. There is hardly any part of London, or what were its suburbs in his time, that is not associated in some way with his novels. Scores of houses, streets, hotels, inns, taverns, pumps, monuments, have become familiar to us through that association alone.

The Dickens London localities are so numerous that no difficulty has been found in identifying over eight hundred of them, and probably five hundred can be seen to-day in London alone. "Barnaby Rudge" heads the list with ninety London localities; then comes "Our Mutual Friend," with fifty; "Pickwick," forty-five; "Little Dorrit," forty-two; "Nicholas Nickleby," thirty-six; "Martin Chuzzlewit," thirty-three; "Bleak House," thirty.

What part of London is referred to most frequently? Recent researches on the Dickens Atlas determined this point with a great deal of accuracy. Fleet Street and its tributaries gave nearly one hundred and twenty references against eighty for the Strand, and the same number for New Oxford Street and the Holborn section.

When we take up the second part of Dickens' topography—the provinces—we find that the localities fall into groups. "Pickwick" is concerned chiefly with three localities—Rochester, the eastern counties, and the west of England (Bath, Bristol, Birmingham). "Oliver Twist" centers around London and the Thames

Valley. "Nicholas Nickleby" exploits Yorkshire and Portsmouth. The Salisbury country is essentially that of "Martin Chuzzlewit." "David Copperfield" covers the Yarmouth section, Canterbury, and Dover. "The Old Curiosity Shop" trail leads up to Tong, through Warwickshire. The journey of Little Nell and her grandfather is a teaser for Dickensian topographers. "Great Expectations" deals with Rochester and the marshy regions near the Medway. "Edwin Drood" is laid almost entirely in Rochester, except for the delightful London episodes. The Red Lion Inn at Barnet is believed to be the meeting place of Oliver Twist, the hungry fugitive, and Jack Dawkins, the "Artful Dodger." The route followed by Oliver and Bill Sikes on the way from Spitalfields to "crack a crib" at Chertsey can easily be followed, owing to the accuracy of the author's description.

Dickens loved to linger over decrepit and lowly public houses, such as the rickety Grapes Inn in the Limehouse district of London. Grapes Inn should be awarded the palm of the city inns now standing, and there is more than a probability that it will not stand long.

The chance for excursions in Dickens Land are numerous, and my advice to those who are fortunate enough to find themselves in England would be as follows: If one day can be spared from London, take in Rochester. If a three-day trip can be arranged, go to Salisbury, Bristol, and Bath, and return by way of Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Coventry, and Warwick. The Rochester excursion may be continued to Canterbury and Dover.

Those who wish to see the literary landmarks of London should not delay. Already the London County Council has decreed the widening of the Strand. The ground landlord is not apt to be sentimental, and expansion and growth is the order of the day. The mortality of fictional locations in the last five years has been alarming. But we can continue to see them through the accurate lens of Dickens' descriptions. Dickens, who in truth had a camera eye, left a rich heritage of unforgettable places and pictures. He covered the map of England with literary shrines as real as anything that ever had foundation in fact.

THE "BLUE DRAGON" OF "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT"

The George Inn in Amesbury, England, is the "Blue Dragon" of "Martin Chuzzlewit." This, one of the choicest of Dickens' inns, is almost as famous as the Bull Inn of "Pickwick." Mr. Pecksniff used to visit Mrs. Lupin at the "Blue Dragon." The inn still exists and offers comfortable accommodations to the wayfarer in Dickens Land

DICKENS' FIRST LONDON HOUSE

Dickens acquired the house at 48 Doughty Street, London, at the beginning of his fame. Here he brought his bride in 1837. In this house "Pickwick" was finished and "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby" were written. His daughters, Kate and Mary, were born here. The house has been acquired by the Dickens Fellowship as a museum, library, and headquarters for the Dickens lovers of the world

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

BY SHERRILL SCHELL

The Children's Crusade, that remarkable movement among the children of France and Germany in the dawn of the thirteenth century, has been a constant theme of poet and painter. No account of it was written by a participant. Stories have come down from chroniclers who knew something of the beginnings of the enterprise, who saw the children on the march, but who depended upon hearsay and their own imagination for the more fabulous and sensational features of their narratives. The testimony of hysterical children who shared in the crusade was taken as incontrovertible evidence, and a vast number of legends resulted. In that troubled and murky era it was well-nigh impossible to get at the truth of anything.

STEPHEN, THE SHEPHERD BOY, RECRUITING FOLLOWERS

It is estimated that he gathered over 30,000 recruits, who followed him to Marseilles expecting to cross dry-shod through the seas. Many of these children were kidnaped by slave dealers and sold into Egypt

It is easy, however, to understand how the movement started. Everywhere, in the churches, on the streets of the town, and and on country roads, the clerics were making impassioned appeals to the people to support the crusades. Crusaders passed along to the sound of hymns and the swinging of censers. Tales of the mighty deeds of these knights were told to little boys and girls as they clustered open-mouthed about their parents' knees. In 1212 a half-demented priest went from town to town preaching a Children's Crusade. "Why have the other crusades failed?" he cried. "Was it not because the men who joined them were not pure in thought and heart? To you children it is given to set free Jerusalem! God calls you. He will surely work miracles for all along the way. The water of the sea shall be dried up for you to pass over. The Saracen will flee in terror before you, and you, the pure in heart, shall see the City of God. Lo! it has been revealed to me that these things shall be."

The children left their games and listened to this appeal and they trudged after the frenzied priest under a sort of spell. Superstition was in the air and many believed that this was a call from Heaven. A French shepherd boy named Stephen, in the village of Cloyes, near Vendome, France, made a profound impression on young and old by declaring that the Lord had appeared to him in the guise of a humble pilgrim and had given him a message to carry to the king. The ancient chronicles are full of the miracles wrought through him and other "holy boys." Stephen, accompanied by other shepherd lads of his own age, went from town to town saying that Christ had ordered him to lead a company of children to the Holy Land, there to wrest His sepulcher from the unbeliever. His youth, his prepossessing appearance and fiery eloquence, moved all who heard him, and the children hailed him as their leader. Thousands ran after him with the cry: "God wills it! God—wills—it!"

As they marched they sang the song of the old crusaders, with its repeated refrain: "Lord, restore Christendom; Lord, restore to us the true and holy cross." For two centuries this watchword had sounded over Europe and in Asia, and had spurred on the Christian knights in all their battles with the Saracens. It was estimated that the number that followed Stephen was 30,000.

Many of the children were only ten or eleven years of age, while others were only seven or eight. They were accompanied by a few adults, some of them mothers with babes at their breasts. The company took as their text and authorization the passage from the Scriptures: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."

The German children, said to have numbered twenty thousand, were led by a youth named Nicholas. They marched up the Rhine Valley, crossed the Alps, and proceeded to Genoa. The sight of the blue Mediterranean renewed their courage, for they had been promised that it would roll back as did the Red Sea for the Children of Israel, and provide a passage to the Holy Land. They waited weeks for a miracle that never happened. The company of children began to thin out; some wandered down to Rome to see the Pope. A few of the children were adopted by noble Genoese families, other homesick ones returned to their native towns after months of wandering. Many of them died of the hardships of the long journey, the painful marching, the heat of the sun, and the chilling rains.

The story of the French children is even more tragic. They struggled down to Marseilles after many tribulations, some of them stricken with disease, and many dying of exposure. They too had expected the sea to divide and provide them with an easy road to Jerusalem. One day, just when they were beginning to lose hope, they were approached by two merchants, Hugh Ferreus and William Porcus, who offered to take them to Palestine. "We want no money," they said; "we are only too glad to serve in such a holy cause." Suspecting nothing, the company boarded the seven vessels provided for them, but before the towers of Marseilles had faded into the distance the sinister purpose of the merchants had been discovered. The children were to be sold as slaves in the East. A few days after there came a great storm and two of the ships went down with all on board. The other five vessels arrived in Alexandria, and here the children were sold to various potentates and wealthy merchants. The sultan of Cairo bought forty of the strongest boys to train for service in his bodyguard. Twelve lads who refused to change their faith were tortured and put to death.

From an engraving by Gustav Doré

THE INSPIRATION OF "THE PIED PIPER" LEGEND

In Germany, 20,000 youths followed a lad named Nicholas up the Rhine Valley toward the Mediterranean. It is claimed that the legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin is but an echo of the wanderings of the followers of Nicholas

Others passing through the horrors of the slave market were never heard of again. One man who appeared in Paris eighteen years after stated that the ruler of Alexandria still held seven hundred of the band in bondage—"no longer infants, but men of ripe age."

After Christendom realized that the Children's Crusade was a failure, the whole movement was laid to the work of the devil. One of the most interesting of the many tales invented to account for the origin of the crusade was that of the Old Man of the Mountains, who had put a spell upon the children to obtain a choice band of young warriors. The legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin is thought to have been derived from the story of the crusade. The original of the tale is dated 1284, and it is significant that, after relating the disappearance of the children in the mountain, the fable of the rat catcher and his magic charm makes them reappear on the Road of Charles the Great, the traditional route of the crusaders on the way to the Holy Land.

THE CREATOR OF THE KATE GREENAWAY CHILD

BY E. M. DOLE

The name Kate Greenaway suggests old-fashioned children playing graceful, happy games; implies the sweet intimacy of flower banks, the gaiety of meadow revels; calls up a world populated by birds, babies, and butterflies. To most of us the frolicsome folk of her imagination are more familiar than the personality of the artist herself. Her name, so fanciful, so appropriate to the airy quaintness of her style, became a hallmark. She created a new realm of illustration unequaled in charm and simplicity.

Most of Kate Greenaway's work was done to illustrate Christmas rhymes and books that she wrote herself. She was a modest English spinster, bright-eyed and prim, severely critical of her shortcomings, and always a little surprised that the world should find her exceptional. Her reputation, which became enormous, rested on her ability to interpret youth and infancy in a distinctive, original way that breathed both of the earth and the spirit, the real and the mythical.

Boutet de Monvel, the French illustrator famous for his pictures of childhood, acknowledged his debt to Kate Greenaway. So did Robert Louis Stevenson, who found in her cheerful poems the inspiration for his "Child's Garden of Verse." The frocks and hats she drew created a vogue. A visitor to the home of Jules Breton in Normandy found the sons and daughters of the artist in Kate Greenaway costumes, for they alone, Breton declared, "fitted children and sunshine, and they only were worthy of beautifying God's little masterpieces." As a small child Miss Greenaway had lived in a part of England where boys and girls still wore clothes of the period of 1800. When she grew up and began to paint she recalled these archaic costumes. It was her delight to make with her own hands short-waisted frocks and poke bonnets and long-trousered suits, and put them on dolls and living models to try out modes and effects.

One of the first of the many great ones who recognized her genius was John Ruskin, with whom over a long period of years she exchanged letters of intimate friendship. Ruskin lectured on her "minuteness and delicacy of touch" before his classes at Oxford University. "You do more beautiful things, in their way, than ever were done before," he once wrote.

At her birth in 1846 she was christened Catherine. Her father, John Greenaway, was a wood engraver who used to work for *Punch* and the *Illustrated London News*. She began to draw as a young girl. Her first commercial success was made with a series of designs for Christmas and birthday cards and valentines. Her first book, "Under the Window," published in 1878, made her name a household word. She has been dead for twenty years and more, and still children on both sides of the Atlantic find joy in her wisps of verse and incomparable illustration. Millions of her cards, almanacs, and picture books have reached the public. Factories have copied her designs on dishes, fabrics, and wall paper, and composers have set her stanzas to music. So definitely did she create a type that it is not uncommon to hear it said, "Little John or Mary is a real Kate Greenaway child."

©Elliott & Fry, London

KATE GREENAWAY

A leading feature of her work was her revival of the quaint costume of the early nineteenth century. Her type so captured public fancy that it was said Kate Greenaway dressed the children of two continents

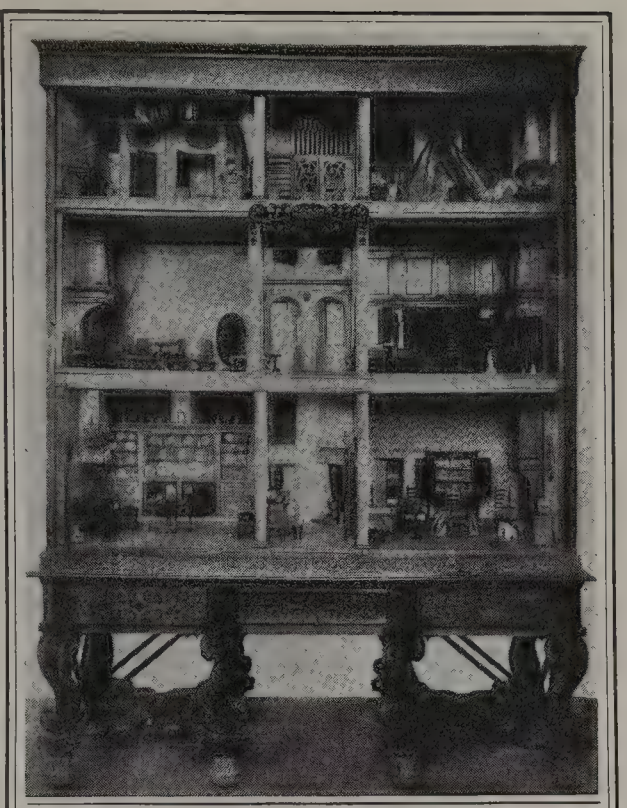
A DOLL'S HOUSE BUILT FOR THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

BY VINCENT STARRETT

While Peter the Great was living in Holland as a young man of twenty-four, working at various jobs to acquaint himself with the arts, commerce, and industry of the Dutch, he chanced to see one day a tiny model of a seventeenth-century dwelling, and promptly fell in love with it. "No matter what the cost," he declared, "I must have one like it." But the miniature house and its lovely lavish furnishings were not for sale, and the creator would make none for pay. The artisan's name was Brandt. He was a successful merchant of Utrecht, who, having amassed a fortune, had retired from business and in his leisure made diminutive houses, furniture, toys, and ornaments for his amusement.

His creations became the rage. Many besides the royal youth desired an example of his marvelous handiwork. Once in a while he would give away a house of Lilliputian dimensions to a lucky friend or to a museum. It was a hobby with Brandt to turn out these exquisite toys, and to possess one became a passion, and fashion, with collectors. The Antiquarium Museum at Utrecht, the old Dutch university town, still treasures one of Brandt's sumptuously furnished little dwellings, with thumb-nail paintings on the wall by Dutch celebrities. It was probably this very model that so enchanted Czar Peter and stirred his desire to own one like it.

Brandt graciously offered to make for his admirer a little palace excelling all others in delicacy and ingenuity of workmanship, furnish it appropriately, and equip it with all the necessaries of life in a patrician Dutch household of the times. With his own hands he constructed a three-story house about six feet wide. All of the furniture it contained was made by him. He made the molds, which afterward he destroyed, for the articles of plate and for silver and copper utensils. Regardless of expense, he had suitable carpets manufactured, and ordered chests of table and house linen woven in Flanders. The books that filled the miniature library shelves came from Mayence; each volume had golden clasps and was of a size to be enclosed in a walnut. The hanging chandeliers and services of glass were of Dutch manufacture; in the picture gallery paintings two inches square adorned the walls.



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WERE SPENT IN BUILDING AND FURNISHING THIS HOUSE

Standing eight feet high and about six feet wide, this doll's house built for Peter the Great is perfect even to the minutest detail. It is now in the Royal Museum, Amsterdam

For twenty-five years Brandt labored to create this royal gift. At last he sent word to the Czar that the task was completed. His townsmen protested against such a masterpiece being lost to the country, but the model had been promised to the monarch, and Brandt had expended effort, time, and a small fortune to redeem that promise.

When Peter received Brandt's message he had just concluded an advantageous peace with Sweden and was turning his attention to conquests in the East. But he had not forgotten the desire he had expressed a quarter of a century before, and he directed that a reply be sent asking what he would have to pay for the possession of the masterpiece. Deeply offended at Peter's gross tactlessness and disposition to bargain, Brandt replied that even a czar had not money enough to pay for twenty-five years of a man's life. Forthwith he presented the house to the nation. It is now in Amsterdam in the Royal Museum, none of whose major treasures better exemplifies Dutch patience, industry, and love of decoration than the little house that Brandt built for Peter the Great.

WHAT WAS THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM?

Most picturesque among ancient tales is that of the Magi—Eastern Wise Men who journeyed from the Orient to lay beside the cradle of Christ the world's first Christmas gifts.

> We three kings of Orient are,
> Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthasar.

The original story tells us little about the Wise Men. Even *how many* there were we do not know. Augustine and Chrysostom said there were twelve; common Catholic tradition fixed the number at three because of the three gifts. Truth is, we know little about the Magi. They step out of the wings, move gracefully across the stage, and disappear into the darkness of the proscenium.

THE WISE MEN AND THE STAR

There are three interpretations of the story. The *supernaturalist* tells us that it is literal history, and that the star was a supernatural phenomenon. He contends that the Creator kindled a light in the heavens for a sign, which, having served its purpose, was extinguished forever.

Reacting from this extreme, *rationalists* declare the whole story a myth, either supplied intentionally to honor Christ, or transferred to Christ from some older god. Others hint that the story was intended to be symbolic and was not meant to be historic in any sense.

The modern *historical* view goes to neither extreme. Inclining to the belief that the story is true, it yet sees that it is colored by Oriental imagery. The star is, of course, the main criterion for testing its historicity. Assuming the heavenly apparition to be a natural phenomenon, is there any astronomical evidence for the appearance of any such star?

The birth of Jesus occurred, according to the most likely chronology, in the year numbered by the Romans 749 A. V. C. (*anno urbis conditæ*, meaning "in the year the city (Rome) was built"). Apparently the Magi told Herod that they had seen the star two years previous, since he ordered slain all children *two years old* and under. What astronomical phenomena then have been discovered for A. V. C. 747?

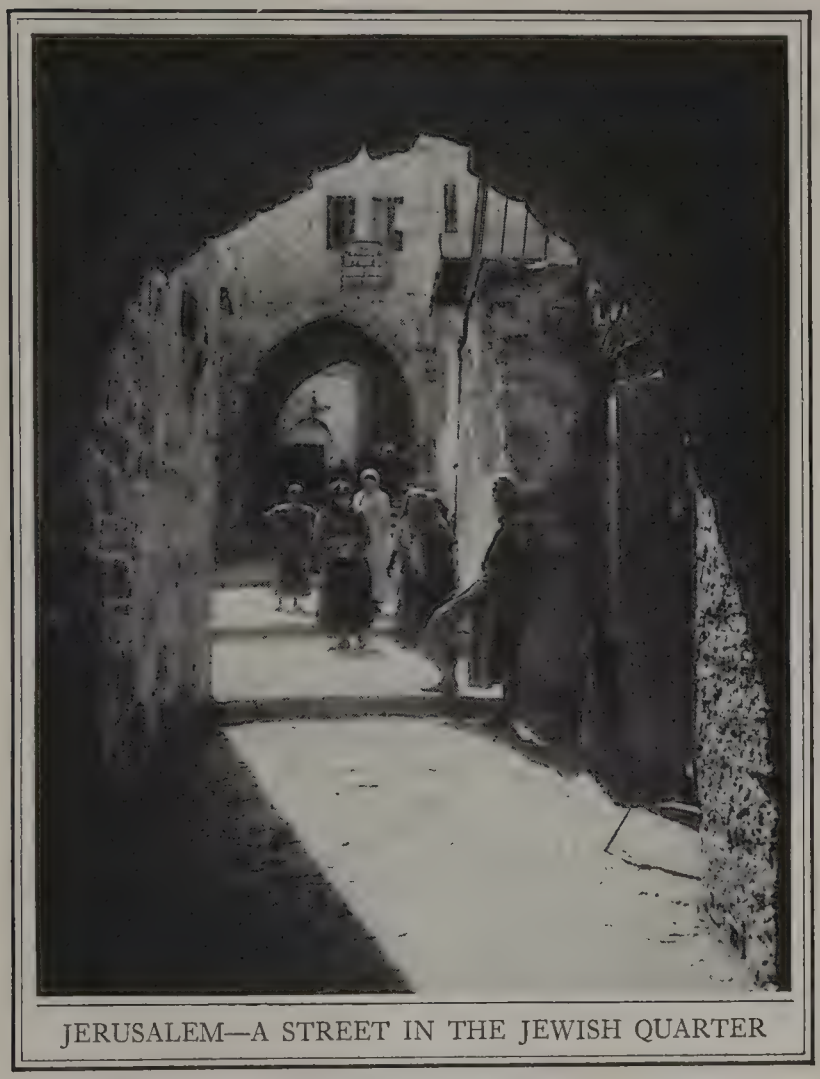
The most remarkable conjunction of planets—that of Jupiter and Saturn in the constellation of Pisces, which occurs only once in eight hundred years—*did take place no less than three times* in A. V. C. 747. This fact is admitted by astronomers. Such an extraordinary phenomenon would be obvious to all ancient students of the stars. In the following year (A. V. C. 748) *another planet, Mars, joined in the conjunction.*

Kepler, the great astronomer, noted this extraordinary phenomenon in 1603-04, and found that when the three planets came into conjunction a brilliant and peculiarly colored, misty star was visible between Jupiter and Saturn. Going back twice eight hundred years would place this conjunction at the time of Christ's birth. So Kepler suggested *that this star had probably appeared under the same circumstances* at that time and had attracted the attention of the Magi.

Another remarkable coincidence comes from the astronomical tables of the Chinese. The appearance of a misty star is noted, and they calculated its first appearance in February, 750 A. V. C., which is just the time in all probability when the Magi would leave Jerusalem for Bethlehem. Moreover, it has been astronomically ascertained that this comet, if viewed from the gate of Jerusalem that leads toward Bethlehem, *would appear to stand over the town of Bethlehem.* It is no wonder therefore that the Magi exclaimed, as they looked upon the Bethlehem road and up toward the heavens, "Lo, the star!"

MADEIRA AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

A WINTER TRIP WITH DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF



JERUSALEM—A STREET IN THE JEWISH QUARTER

"THE people of ancient days believed the Mediterranean to be the 'center of the universe'—as its name signifies. Geographically they were wrong; but for history, romance, art, poetry, and religion they named this great sea better than they thought, for here is human interest touching every age and condition."

Elmendorf Photo

© Ewing Galloway, N.Y.

VIEW FROM THE CAPUCHIN MONASTERY AT AMALFI, ITALY ✣ Located in a superb position two hundred and thirty feet above the sea, overlooking a busy fishing village clinging to the side of a steep cliff. The monastery is now run as a hotel, the proceeds going to the Order. The captivating beauty of this spot has been the inspiration of many artists who have aspired to transfer its charm to canvas

The MENTOR

Vol. 11
No. 12

SERIAL
NO. 251

JANUARY, 1924

MADEIRA AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR WITH
DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF
TRAVELER AND AUTHOR

THE FIRST THRILL OF THE VOYAGE

After a number of days at sea our ship drops anchor in the harbor of Funchal, Madeira. Very effective is the setting of the bay, surmounted by a barren range of mountains broken by jutting peaks. At the base, the city occupies a narrow strip close to the water. Gardens, country houses, and vineyards mount the steep hillside

A number of years ago I told the readers of The Mentor about some of the interesting places on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Travel on the Mediterranean was a very different affair then from what it is now, and a visit to the various beauty spots of that blue inland sea was a long and, at times, an inconvenient undertaking. I visited the Mediterranean first thirty years ago, when a circuit of the shores meant a journey of months by land and sea.

There were many ways of "doing" the Mediterranean then, but all of them had their hitches, their delays, and their inconveniences. To-day—the facilities of oceanic travel have been so developed—one may go with a party on a chartered steamer and visit all the important places on the Mediterranean shore with the steamer as living quarters throughout the whole journey, both going and coming.

On such a trip we see, without waste of time or effort, the beautiful scenes and interesting historic spots that travelers of an earlier day saw only at a great expenditure of time, effort, and money.

Before the great sea is reached, we break the voyage at Madeira—a little island paradise. Even before we anchor, a swarm of tiny boats surrounds us, bearing expert swimmers from five years of age upward, all begging a silver coin, which they will dive for and catch as it sinks in the clear blue water. For a dollar one of them will dive from the top of the deck of an ocean liner, swim under the hull and come up on the other side to claim his reward. In doing this he descends thirty-five feet under water, and at that depth swims for one hundred feet under the bottom of the steamer!

One no sooner sets foot on the stone quay at Funchal than the quaintness

DIVING BOYS GREET THE STEAMER AT MADEIRA

These urchins learn to swim as soon as they can walk. Their feats of aquatic skill usually win rewards of silver coins thrown into the water by the crowd that lines the ship's rail

of the town and its people is in evidence. Nowhere else in the world does one go sledding every day of the year—*without snow.* A wickerwork body on wooden runners, with a canvas canopy and chintz side curtains, makes an ideal vehicle for this hilly little city. A team of patient oxen is the motive power, and we ride in perfect comfort over the small shiny cobbles with which all the streets are solidly paved.

The "chauffeurs" are strong-lunged—they must be to hold their jobs. Running mile after mile, uphill and down, goading the oxen with one hand and lubricating the runners with an oily rag carried in the other, is not an occupation for the weak-hearted. These drivers in their youth probably peddled pretty little boutonnières, as the youngsters do to-day, running alongside the sledges and casting the flowers in the laps of the riders, hoping for a coin in exchange. These little urchins will chase you half a mile for a nickel; their dimpled smiles are finally irresistible.

A POPULAR THOROUGHFARE IN FUNCHAL

Bordered by stately plane trees and lined with little shops, where the fine Madeira needlework, wickerwork, and famous wines of the island are offered at tempting prices

The most

EXCITING INCIDENT OF A VISIT TO MADEIRA

A four-mile slide down the smoothly cobbled roadway from the top of the mountain above Funchal, in a wicker basket on runners. Every sharp turn brings to view a new scene of gorgeous beauty. The skilful steering of the attendants makes this thrilling journey a safe one, in spite of the breakneck speed on the steep stretches

exciting experience that Madeira offers is the four-mile "slide" down the mountainside. To get to the top of the mountain we take the rack-and-pinion railway. The grade is steep, and every few feet brings exclamations of delight. Our leisurely upward progress is marked by changing panoramas of exquisite beauty, for every variety of semi-tropical vegetation flourishes here on the warm southern slope. At the top there is an excellent restaurant, literally above the clouds—when there are clouds. Spread at our feet, beyond the flowered hillsides, is a hundred miles of sunny sea, stretching in the distance until the horizon imperceptibly merges with the blue sky.

Now begins the "slide." We get in a basket-like affair on runners and start down a steep, winding, cobbled path; at times we crawl along on the side of a deep ravine, then at a brisk run between garden walls, all but concealed with bright-hued flowering vines. Overhanging the pathway are giant geraniums, huge poinsettias, and other flowering plants in gorgeous array.

The last half-mile of the slide is taken at breathless speed, and at the end one finds a warm reception from the shopkeepers, who offer the famed Madeira needlework for sale in great variety—and sell it to you at New York prices, unless you are a good bargainer.

The departure from Funchal is always regretful; one could well spend many weeks in this sunny land.

Standing with a group on the deck of a steamer approaching Gibraltar, one invariably hears expressions of surprise at the first sight of the Rock.

Nearly everyone has had in mind a huge cliff jutting boldly out of the water at the very entrance to the straits. Instead we see first the rocky steeps of the Moroccan coast with ancient Moorish watch towers crowning each pointed eminence; then the hilly coast of the Spanish mainland to the northward, and finally a low cape with a graceful white lighthouse. The point of land which is Gibraltar is least impressive from the straits, and it is not until we sail well up into the splendid curving Bay of Gibraltar that we realize the dominating strength and majesty of this greatest fortress in the world.

Elmendorf Photo © Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

AN ARAB HOUSE, ALGIERS

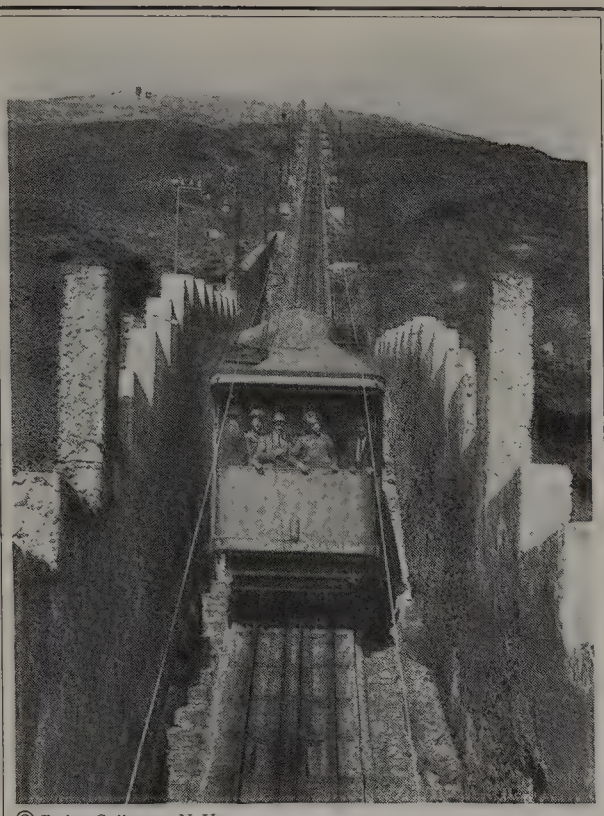
The fact that many of the gleaming white houses are embowered in luxuriant foliage gives rise to the Arab saying that Algiers is "a diamond set in an emerald frame"

After Gibraltar is passed, a day's journey along the African coast, with the rugged, snowy peaks of the Atlas range in the distance, brings us into the curving bay about which is built Algiers. In this fascinating city the Moorish first begins to make its indelible impress felt. Algiers has just about an even mixture of ancient and modern. Cross a street a stone's throw behind the magnificent water-front boulevard, and you step back ten centuries. Enter one of these narrow, winding streets, which must have been traced originally by a grazing goat. No vehicles are here—they couldn't pass; a man on donkey back would block the whole street.

Elmendorf Photo © Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

PLACE DU GOVERNEMENT, ALGIERS

The snow-white mosque on the right is laid out in the form of a Greek cross. The Turkish architect who incorporated the Christian emblem in this Moslem mosque was put to death. Not far to the east is the Place de la Pecherie, the site of the pirates' slave market



© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

UP THE SIDE OF MT. VESUVIUS

The electric railway, which goes almost to the top of the cone, affords many fine views of the Bay of Naples. On a spur of the mountain, at an elevation of 2,200 feet, is an observatory. From this position, between two gorges down which lava streams flow, geological observations have been carried on safely

In summer, in these latitudes, the sun beats down unmercifully, and the close-walled streets furnish shade.

Every other doorway is a shop, and we wonder what value the leisurely proprietor places on his time, and what his "overhead" amounts to. You could buy his entire stock for a dollar—a day's transactions must amount to a pitifully small sum. Two-score over-ripe tangerines, a string of shriveled figs, and a handful of black dates would be a typical inventory. In other cave-like shops a small assortment of tarnished brassware is displayed. Next is a meat shop, with a carcass of mutton —from its appearance too "high" for civilized tastes. Another hole-in-the-wall contains a bakeshop with a few loaves of coarse bread, a tray of seed-cakes, and perhaps some native confections, insipidly sweet. Interspersed with all these are the inevitable cafés, where nothing but the black, sirupy Turkish coffee is served. A small charcoal stove, a brass coffee-pot, a few tiny cups, and plenty of bench room is all that is needed. The Arab men dearly love to group themselves in and about these little coffee shops, sitting idly hour after hour. Mohammed put a taboo on strong drink, and his command is strictly obeyed by his followers to this day; a drunken Mohammedan is indeed a rarity.

Up at the top of the hill is a market place where the articles of

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

THE BLUE GROTTO OF CAPRI

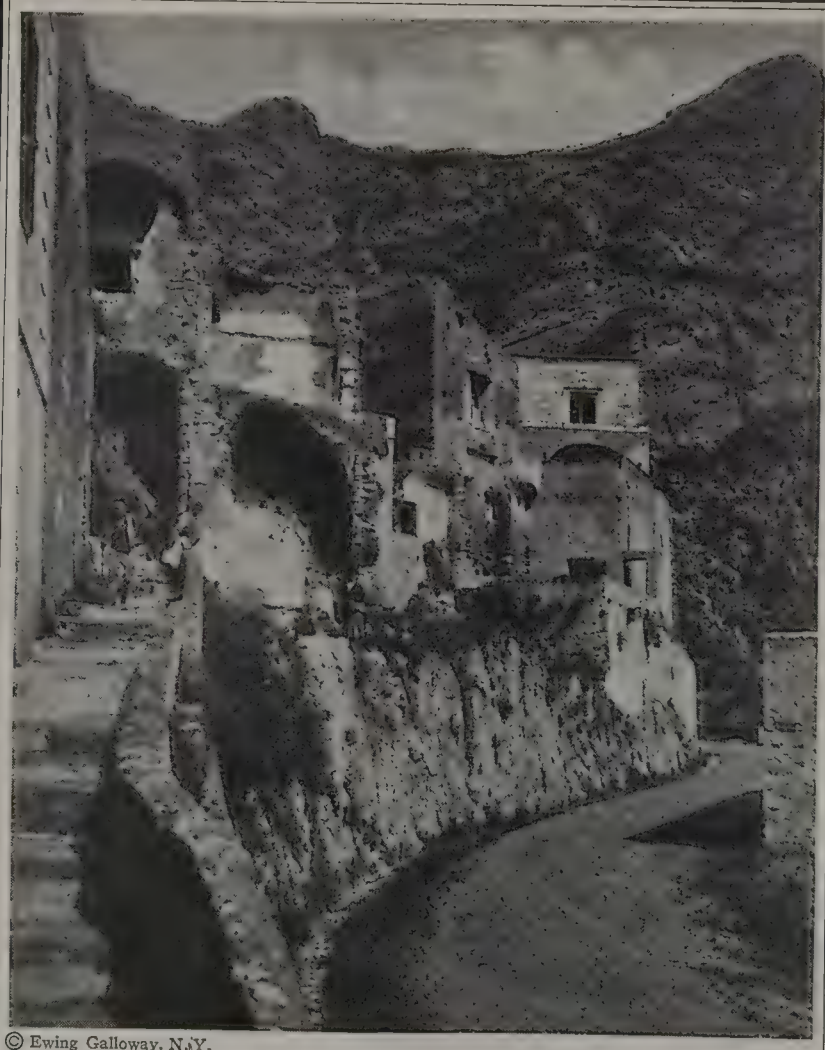
Its entrance is only three feet high; inside, the cave widens into a grotto forty feet high and two hundred feet long. Everything appears to be silver and blue, while the roof twinkles with sapphire lights

trade are such as might be got from a public "dump" in America. An assortment of rusty cans of all sizes, old whisky bottles, a few odd goblets, some pewter spoons, conserve jars, odd bits of hardware—all neatly arranged *for sale*.

Another stall has miscellaneous pieces of furniture, more or less wrecked, sundry bits of cloth, suitable for patching, and some dog-eared books in various languages—surely nothing goes to waste in Algiers.

Here, as in every part of the Near East, a five-gallon oil can is eagerly sought for—to be used instead of the picturesque water jar which has been indispensable in the Oriental home for many centuries.

Outside the native section, Algiers is up to the minute—with wide, well-paved streets, electric trams, rushing automobiles, and neatly kept shops. The suburbs are truly lovely, with their pretty villas set about on the hillsides, always surrounded with bright flowers, luxuriant shrubbery, and stately palms. Wherever one turns, a colorful picture greets the eyes.



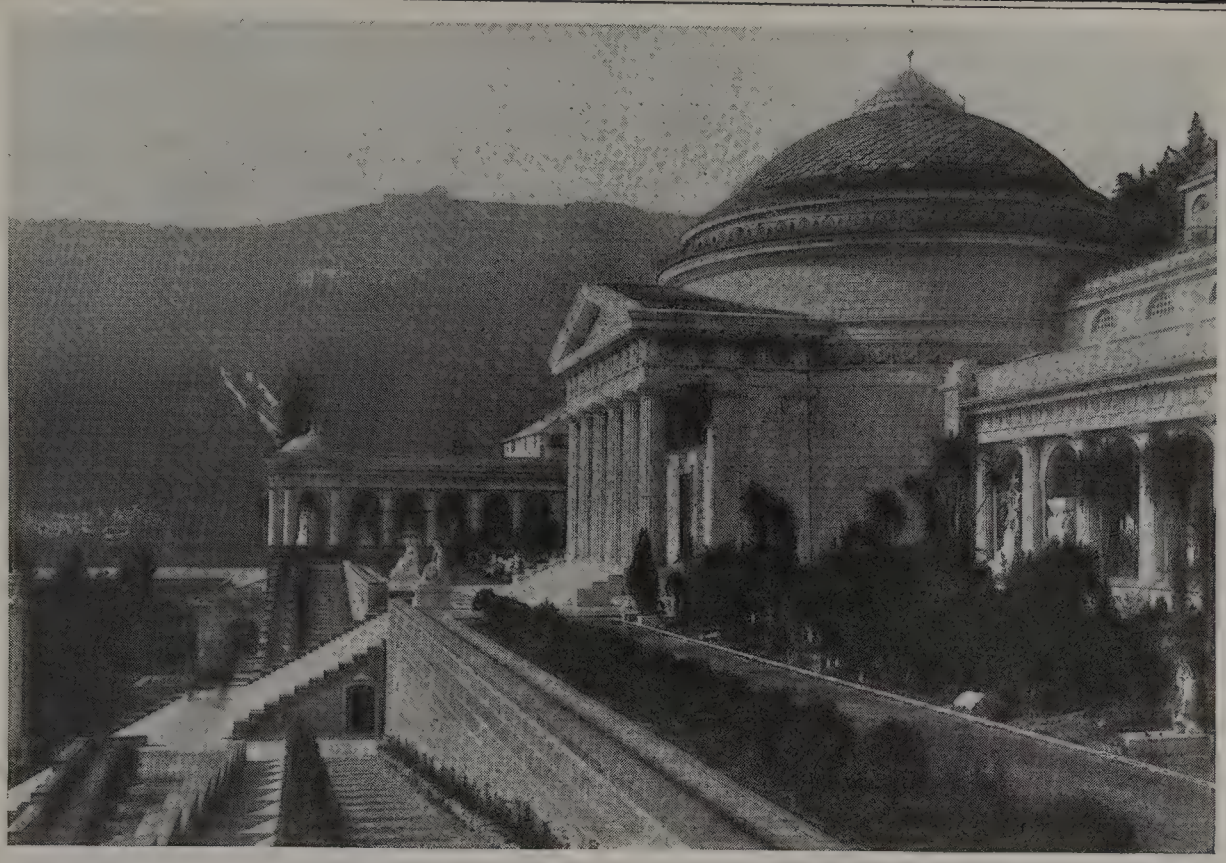
© Ewing Galloway, N.Y.

WINDING ROAD TO AMALFI

Not built for speed maniacs but replete with delightful pictures at every turn. It follows the rugged coast line and is dotted with colorful villages clinging to the cliffs

Usually on leaving Algiers we make our way to the northward toward the Riviera region. The second morning's sunrise finds us awakening to see over the bows the steep southern slopes of the Maritime Alps. The Riviera coast is undoubtedly the most beautiful in the world. Strung along the rocky shore for miles are world-famous resorts, where in winter the bright sunshine delightfully tempers the cold winds and all outdoors offers irresistible delights.

Monte Carlo is the center of this world of gayety. The Casino will attract both the curious traveler and the inveterate gam-



CAMPO SANTO, GENOA ✣ ✣

The Genoese have made of this "Sacred Field" the most ornate cemetery in Europe. The soil was brought from the Holy Land. The classic beauty of the memorial building is enhanced by hundreds of marble statues

bler, but only the latter will very long remain indoors. A stack of chips soon disappears even with a carefully studied "system," and the steady stream of currency of all countries that flows through this somewhat gaudy and, of late years, shabby gambler's resort is sufficient to pay large salaries to the local officials, relieve the permanent inhabitants of taxes, support the nominal head of the principality, his coterie, and the brilliantly garbed "army," and still pay a fair dividend to the stockholders of the Casino. And yet the tables have never been found other than "straight." It is a perfectly conducted Temple of Mammon, where thousands pay their devotions—and dollars—every year in the fond hope of getting something for nothing.

This, however, is the only sordid spot in the sunny Riviera district. The sparkling gayety of the winter vacationists, the holiday spirit of the residents, the invigorating sports and games, the superb scenery along the Grand Corniche Road, the warm transparent blue of the sea, the matchless climate—all combine to drive away care.

Another short sail, within sight of the Italian coast, and we come to Naples. Taken as a whole, the bay, with all its surroundings, is a sight of much beauty; but, frankly, the city of Naples looks best at a distance. The streets, unevenly paved, are not designed for comfortable rapid transit. A major portion of the city seems to consist of tenements, teeming with life.

Photo Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

A NEAPOLITAN VEGETABLE VENDER

Well-laden donkeys and their masters are familiar figures on the narrow, noisy streets of Naples

However, when we get away from the crowded center of Naples we find many imposing avenues, and when the higher portions of the city are reached we catch glimpses of the fascinating curve of beauty backed up by smoking Vesuvius.

Over on the road to Pompeii are the famous macaroni factories. If it isn't rainy these places are nearly hidden behind the racks on which this staple article of food is hung to dry. The road is a busy one, and dusty, and much of the dust is absorbed in the drying process, imparting a delicate yellow-brown shade to the macaroni! After we had seen a not-too-clean old man kneading the mass of dough with his feet we were amazed at the gusto with which the Neapolitan inhales—yes, audibly inhales—his heaping dish of "spaghetti au gratin." Verily, in Naples each man must, in time, eat his "peck of dust."

The real beauty of Naples, however, is not in Naples itself. The bold, rugged cliffs that form the southern tip of the crescent of beauty called the Bay of Naples shelter two towns of rare charm—Sorrento and Amalfi—and broken off from the peninsula, and but a short distance westward, is the rocky isle of Capri.

Swift, comfortable steamers cross from Naples to Sorrento in a couple of hours. Before the vessel loses headway the gangway is encircled with a score of rowboats, each one painted in bright colors and bearing the standard of some one of the hotels perched on the edge of the overhanging precipice a hundred feet above. Hotel "runners" garbed like major generals clamor for your patronage. Entering a rocky tunnel at the landing you are escorted to an elevator, which with jerky deliberation lifts you to the charming courtyard of the hotel.

Sorrento faces northward, and in summer is partially sheltered by the neighboring heights from the direct rays of the sun. At that season it is a flowery paradise. During the winter months, however, the southern slope is eagerly sought. The backbone of the peninsula is quickly crossed in a swift automobile, and a ten- or twelve-mile drive leads to Amalfi. And such a drive! The steering wheel is in constant motion, swinging around sharp curves and jutting crags, over deep ravines and through dark tunnels. The

road is a marvel of construction, carved almost in its entirety from the solid rock, at an average of three hundred to four hundred feet above the warm blue sea. At the end of this drive one is fairly dizzy from the rapid and continuous turns, but there still remains the physical ordeal of climbing the steep pathway to the old Capuchin Monastery (now a hotel), up a hundred and forty-odd steps. If your heart or legs are weak, there is a chair manned by a couple of husky Italians, who will carry you to the hotel doorway. However you get there, the reward for your efforts is one of the world's famous vistas, for it seems as if the monastery was planned to occupy the strategic position for beauty of location in this fascinating little fishing village. The cells of the monks have been converted into bedrooms, each with its individual balcony, where one may enjoy in complete privacy an outspread panorama that rivals the best to be found anywhere.

Capri, "isle of sirens," is beyond the ability of ordinary persons to describe. It is quickly apparent to the visitor why Roman emperors, with the whole known world to choose from, selected this as their favorite abode and place of recreation. Here is complete seclusion, a superb climate, and a diversity of glorious views—a satisfying combination that should spell contentment to anyone.

Everyone visits one or more of the famous grottoes—the Blue Grotto is the favorite, and everyone with a camera or a canvas brings away a picture of the

THE CARNIVAL AT NICE ✣ ✣

The French Riviera is a center of gayety during the winter months. Carnivals of all sorts furnish a continuous round of amusement. The grotesque figures used as "floats" are of huge size, and show much ingenuity and individuality in their make-up

TERRACE OF SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO

Visitors to this cosmopolitan city like to sit here in the warmth of the Egyptian sun and watch the passing crowds. One can see representatives of every race in the endless procession past this door. Hindu magicians, snake charmers, animal trainers, sword swallowers, fortune tellers, and fakirs furnish diversion at all hours of the day

white-bearded "fisherman" who haunts the little town at the landing, and who has probably not cast a net or a line for many, many years, owing to the demands of tourists for "poses," requests which are graciously granted for a small consideration.

The introduction to the rugged beauty of Greece, as we thread our way through the archipelago, lends conviction to our preconceived idea that here indeed was a land of inspiration for the immortal poets. The mind reacting to scenes in and about Athens finds expression chiefly in superlatives. Everything is extraordinary! Amazing! Wonderful! The temples and other public structures of the ancient city were so solidly built that they have resisted well the ravages of time and the thoughtless destruction of man, and they are to-day tremendously imposing in their perfection even as ruins.

For some reason the ancient town was not overbuilt and absorbed in more recent construction, as Rome has been. The Greeks not only attained great delicacy and refinement in their smaller temples, but they carried it into their ponderous structures of immense proportion, such as the Temple of Zeus. It is only when one stands close by the columns that supported the roof of this temple (and there were once one hundred and twenty of these columns) that he can appreciate the gigantic scale on which the Greeks constructed their greatest shrines.

One of the oddest sights in Athens is a parade of the Royal Guard. The

STREET IN THE NATIVE QUARTER OF CAIRO

The streets of Cairo in the outskirts of the city are comparatively quiet and orderly. About every coffee house are gathered groups of men who sit for hours sipping black, sirupy Turkish coffee, conversing in hushed voices. The enigmatic expression of their faces adds a certain air of mystery to the setting

costume worn by these men makes for anything but a military aspect. It consists of a small skull-cap with a long, heavy tassel, a bright red waistcoat with an abundance of shining braid, a flounced white skirt, coming just above the knees, long white stockings, and Turkish slippers with sharp, upturned toes and large, fluffy pompons. A company of these guards marching briskly along is well worth seeing.

Athens is the cleanest and best maintained city in the Near East. Marble from Mount Pentelicus, a few miles distant, is plentifully used in building, and the view of the city from the Belvedere of the Acropolis is one of rare beauty. The modern public buildings of Athens are in keeping with the character and refinement that marks the Parthenon and other noble temples of the Greek capital.

The troublous Dardanelles region and the great Moslem metropolis of Constantinople are one of the most fascinating districts of the Levant. The numberless bizarre and colorful streets and shops, the multitude of picturesque characters, and the oddities of Byzantine architecture are most alluring, and so are the many varied scenes on the shores of the "Sweet Waters of Europe" and the Golden Horn.

Palestine, the Holy Land, rises next in our thoughts as we skirt the coast of Asia Minor, past ill-fated Smyrna, Rhodes, Cyprus, and finally head in toward the noble range of Lebanon.

Up until the time of the Great War, Jaffa, notorious as one of the worst of

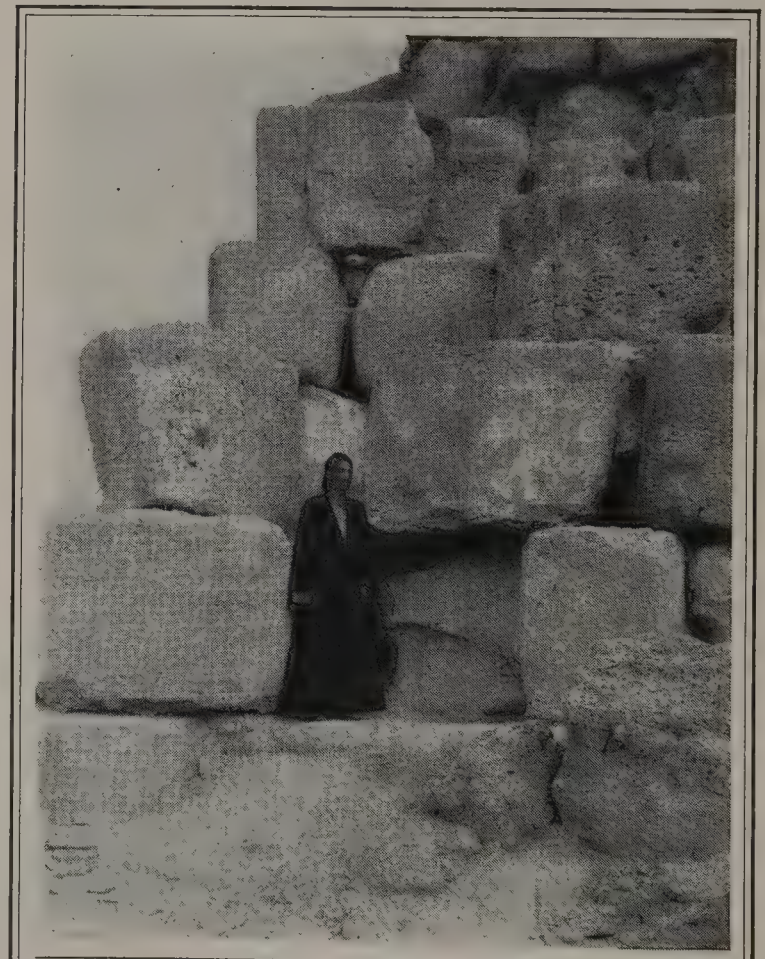
THE PERFECT EXAMPLE OF CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE

The Parthenon, like a regal crown on the brow of the Acropolis, overlooks Phaleron Bay and the Attic Plain. For two centuries it remained in a fine state of preservation until it was wrecked by the explosion of a powder magazine in 1687

the world's ports, was the gateway to Palestine. But to-day, benefiting by the network of splendid wide-gauge railways constructed by the British military forces, Haifa has become the port of entry. The crescent-shaped Bay of Acre furnishes the only shelter to shipping to be found for a hundred miles along this coast.

Those who wish to see Palestine as it has been for many centuries should not long delay their visit. With fine highways and modern railways, travel and transportation by donkey, horse, and camel is rapidly diminishing, and the necessity to do a thing to-day instead of the inevitable "to-morrow" is infusing new life into races heretofore deliberate in the extreme.

The arable land, what there is of it, is amazingly fertile; by merely scratching the surface with the pointed stick of a native plow the inhabitants have been able to eke out a meager portion of food from the land. But the prevalence of stones, large and small, in a great part of the country would discourage even a Vermont farmer in a very short time.



BASE OF THE PYRAMID OF KHUFU

This great pyramid contains about 2,300,000 blocks, the average weight being two and a half tons. Originally, this pyramid was smooth-faced, but the exterior casing of white limestone was removed long ago and used in building streets and mosques in Cairo. Ascent is made with the assistance of Arab guides. At the top is found an enterprising native with a jug of water, to whom the parched and exhausted tourists are willing to pay almost any price for a drink

Outside a score of the best known villages, the settlements are groups of tiny mud huts, each one about the size of a large dry-goods case. It seems as if a good midsummer thunderstorm would wash them away to the ground; but they stand, and the faces of the dwellers reflect their cheerless and usually filthy surroundings. Smiles are never seen in these villages, except on the faces of the younger children.

But from every hill-top an unexpectedly pleasing scene is spread at our feet. This is essentially a pastoral country, and peace seems to overhang it as from an ancient blessing.

In the north, Nazareth, Tiberias, and the Lake of Galilee hold the greatest interest. The tortuous Jordan leads us southward to the region of Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and to a great many other places associated with important events in Biblical history.

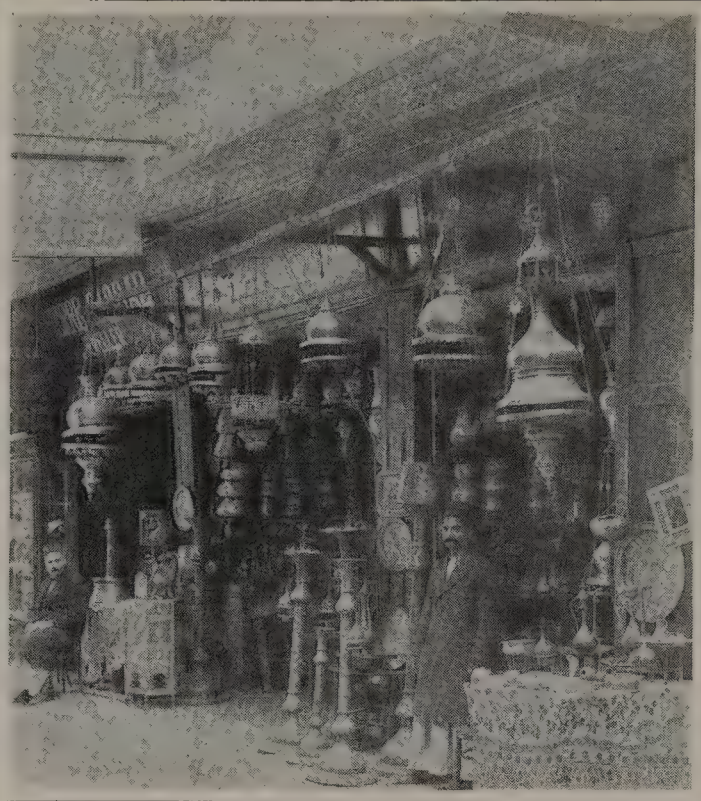
RIVALS IN SIZE AND AGE OF THE CALIFORNIA SEQUOIAS

These columns of stone at Luxor and Karnak have withstood thirty centuries of destructive inundations and earth tremors. Their conception is almost beyond imagination. The prodigious labor necessary to construct them was only possible where man power was available in uncounted thousands

A day's journey by the new desert railway to Cairo, or by our steamer to Alexandria, and we are in Egypt. What magic there is in that word! A marvel to Herodotus twenty centuries ago, it is still the land of fascination and mystery, and will remain so for countless generations to come.

Egypt is the grand climax of every Mediterranean voyage, with its glorious winter climate, its gigantic ruins left by a race of Titans, the colorful throngs in the streets, the Indian magicians with their wonders of black art, the uncanny performances of snake charmers, the weird native funeral processions with the advance guard of shrieking hired mourners, the queer processions of pilgrims setting out or returning from the holy Moslem shrine, Mecca. Cairo is truly the crossroads of the world.

Everywhere about us we find beggars, great numbers of them; beggars who by long years of experience have become skilled in their profession, beggars for the reason that they have nothing else to do, beggars trained to



A BAZAAR IN CAIRO

The magnet for every visitor. There are no "Do It Now" signs in such shops. Buying is a leisurely matter. Coffee is served and cigarettes offered before settling down to business

prey on the gullibility of foreign sight-seers. The British Government used to appeal to tourists not to give so lavishly to these beggars, because they collected sufficient in the two or three months of the "season" to keep them in good financial shape for the whole year, and the people were forming the habit of indolence.

They say the children in Levantine lands are born with outstretched hands. This seems credible after a few days in this part of the world. The children seem to lisp "bakshish" (money) as soon as their lips can form the simplest word. The slightest service, even an imaginary one, brings with it a demand for alms.

Get astride one of those diminutive donkeys for a little journey around the pyramids. Your donkey boy trots alongside praising his own ability as a driver and extolling his manly virtues. Mixed in the jabber is subtle flattery of his "fare." If you are solemn and dignified, your donkey's name is "Moses." If your aspect suggests a genial nature, your beast is "Brandy and Soda;" if the boy takes you for a statesman, the hundred-odd pounds of animal is "Teddy Roosevelt" or "Woodrow Wilson." But in these latter days you occasionally find a particularly agile donkey dressed up with a string of beads and dew-dabs hanging about his neck, with his coat of short hair trimmed in a pattern suggestive of an Oriental blanket. As he patters along with his ornaments jingling and his short, stiff legs pounding on the firm sand, your boy smilingly remarks, "This one, Henry Ford." If you close your eyes, the illusion is complete.

Much might be said of points off the main highways along the Mediterranean—places that are easy of access if time allows. A detour can be arranged into Spain and the hospitable little country of Portugal, or a visit made to Tangier and Fez in Morocco. The auto-caravan trip in Algeria and Tunisia over fine new roads is recommended. There are many beautiful spots along the Dalmatian coast of the Adriatic Sea, the Peloponnesian peninsula, the Ægean islands, and Sicily.

PICTURESQUE SCENES ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SHORES

STREET SCENE IN OLD ALGIERS

There are two Algierses—the modern French town built by the water, and the ancient Arab city clinging to the steep hill. The old town furnishes most of the fascination for travelers. The streets are winding, steep, and narrow—some barely wide enough to pass through. The houses are whitewashed stone, bare and uninviting from the streets. The overhanging balconies are supported by small timbers, and give the impression that each house leans upon its neighbor for support

THE PICO FORT AT FUNCHAL

Dating from the earliest years of Madeira, is now entirely obsolete and serves only for a support for a score of vineyards and trellised gardens. In the fort are some musty dungeons and the crumbling quarters of the former garrison

AN UNUSUAL SCENE IN GIBRALTAR

Gibraltar's streets, with one or two exceptions, are blind alleys. Even Main Street is too narrow to permit any vehicles but the curious two-seated surrey drawn by a miniature horse. The city clings to the lower edge of the rock, and, although activity centers in the powerful garrisons, the street life comprises all races. The free port has attracted merchants with varied wares from all corners of the world

Photo Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

NICE—A GAY WORLD PLAYGROUND

Situated at the western limit of the Riviera di Ponente (coast of the setting sun). The mildness of the climate and the natural beauty of the coast scenery, with its steep crags and towered hill-tops, together with the imposing background made by the Maritime Alps, attract visitors from all parts of the world

MONTE CARLO—THE CAPITAL OF CHANCE

The most frequented portion of the tiny principality of Monaco is ideally situated under the shelter of the steep sides of the Maritime Alps. Residents here pay no taxes, but, except for the employees of the Casino, none of them can enter the confines of the Casino. The Casino pays the upkeep of the entire principality and leaves a very substantial balance for the shareholders

Photo by Elmendorf

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

TYPICAL STREET IN GENOA

Genoa has a particular appeal for Americans because of its associations with Columbus. In his will, Columbus mentioned Genoa as his birthplace. Because of the city's magnificent situation it is surnamed "La Superba." It has been a landing port since the Middle Ages

UNCOVERED AFTER SEVENTEEN CENTURIES

Pompeii to-day is about one half uncovered. Excavation proceeds slowly, due to limited funds. During the eruption, the city was overlaid with ashes to a depth of twelve feet or more, preserving the lower stories in splendid condition. The stucco walls in some of the more pretentious houses bear paintings that give valuable data about life in Roman days. The stone face of the drinking fountain, from which poured a stream of water, is barely recognizable; the thousands of faces pressed against it have worn away the features

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

PIAZZA AMEDEO, NAPLES

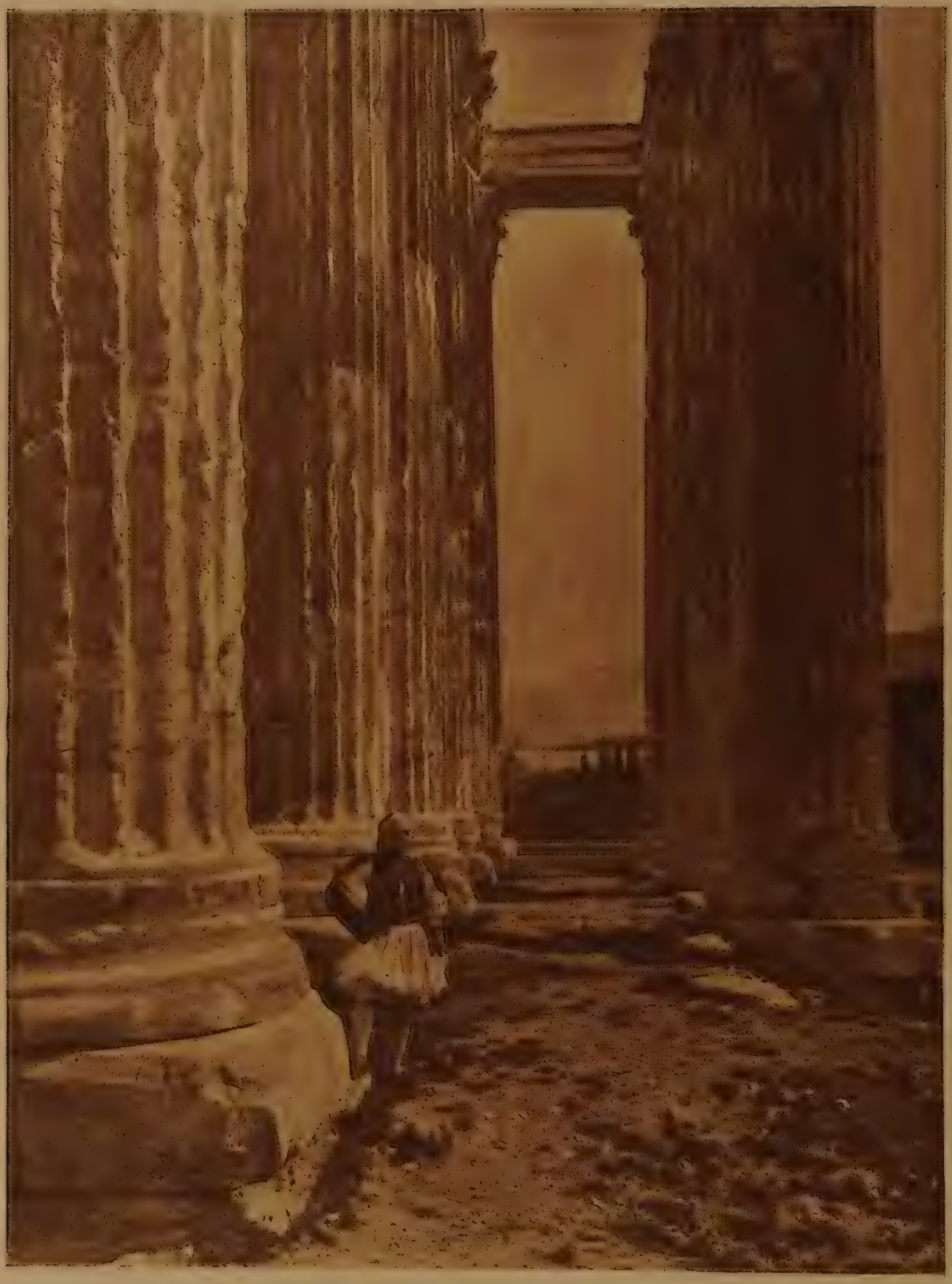
The heart of the modern aristocractic residential section of Naples. Here, where each building is a veritable palace, live the wealthy Neapolitans

Photo by Elmendorf

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

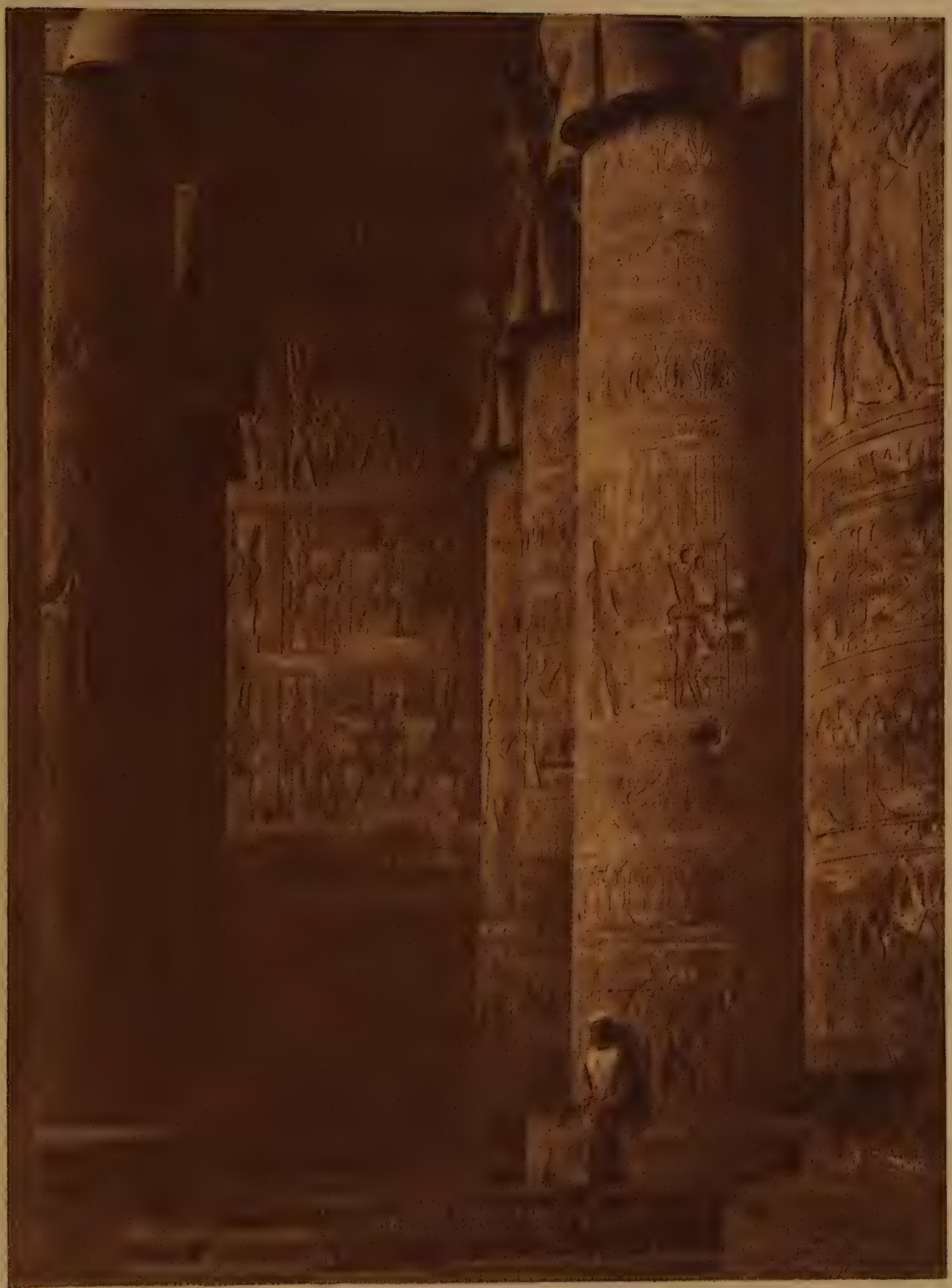
PUBLIC FOUNTAIN, CAPRI

The center of civic activity. Thousands of inhabitants of the quaint old town on the western coast of Italy come daily to this fountain for water and the exchange of local gossip



MAJESTIC COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS, ATHENS

Hadrian completed this temple to the great god Zeus about 129 A.D. It was the third largest of any Greek shrine. The columns, of which there were originally one hundred and four, are fifty-six feet in height and five feet in diameter



© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

INTERIOR, TEMPLE OF DENERAH, EGYPT

The exquisite tracery of the picture-stories of ancient Egypt rouse the admiration of travelers. These carvings have retained their original delicacy, due to the mild, dry climate, and in some cases the original coloring is still evident

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

CASTELLO BARBAROSSA, CAPRI

A picturesque, historic old ruin perched high above the blue Mediterranean and dominating what is admitted to be the most beautiful bit of rugged marine scenery in southern Europe

Photo by Elmendorf

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

A HOUSE IN CAPRI

The Island of Capri was the favorite resort of the Emperors Augustus and Tiberius, who lived there in the greatest luxury. Capri, the port, has about three thousand inhabitants, mostly fishermen and vine dressers

MARY'S WELL IN NAZARETH

Here the housewives gather for their daily supply of water. The well has been the source of clear cold water for many hundreds of years, and even in the time of Christ it served as a gathering place for the women of that time—hence its name. The artistic earthen water jars are being displaced by the ugly but more practical five-gallon cans used by the oil companies as containers for gasoline, which when emptied are eagerly sought for the family reservoir

THE DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM

Most important of Jerusalem's many portals, excepting the Jaffa Gate, which is the one mainly used by tourists. The gate opens to the north, and is the main thoroughfare for the natives coming from the cities and villages of Judea, Samaria, and Galilee. The antiquated aspect reminds one that it dates from the fourth century

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

Just under the shadow of the east wall of Jerusalem is a carefully kept plot which surrounds a few olive trees so ancient that they seem to groan under the weight of the years they have survived. Their trunks are gnarled and twisted as if they too had borne the agony of the Lord who suffered there. Life still remains in the smaller branches, and under the careful ministrations of a few monks who have the garden in their charge it is indeed a grateful sight in a land so rugged and barren

DAVID STREET IN JERUSALEM

The Broadway of Jerusalem. No vehicles gain access within the walls except for a short distance at Jaffa Gate. At sunset all shops are closed, and few people venture out after dark, for the streets are unlighted. David Street runs eastward from Jaffa Gate to the temple, and is the boundary line of the four sections of the old city—the Armenian, Jewish, Christian, and Mohammedan quarters

THE BAZAARS OF CAIRO

The streets in the native section of Cairo have been imitated in the side shows of carnivals and expositions in every civilized land, but all these attempts lack the "atmosphere" of the real thing. The Arab spends his waking hours almost entirely out of doors, and the streets are filled with surging crowds, and threading through them are every sort of wheeled vehicle

A DESERT "DANDY"

A superb example of Arab strength and grace. The beaded ornaments and the potent "charms" are necessary adjuncts to his costume. Yards and yards of linen, wound in complicated fashion, form the headdress and robe

Photograph by Paul Klotz

THE CONE INSIDE THE CRATER OF MT. VESUVIUS ✣ ✣ ✣

For centuries the cause of terror to the densely populated area about it and the source of the greater part of the information on which geological theories of volcanic action have been based

MT. VESUVIUS ✣ ✣

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS VOLCANO ✣

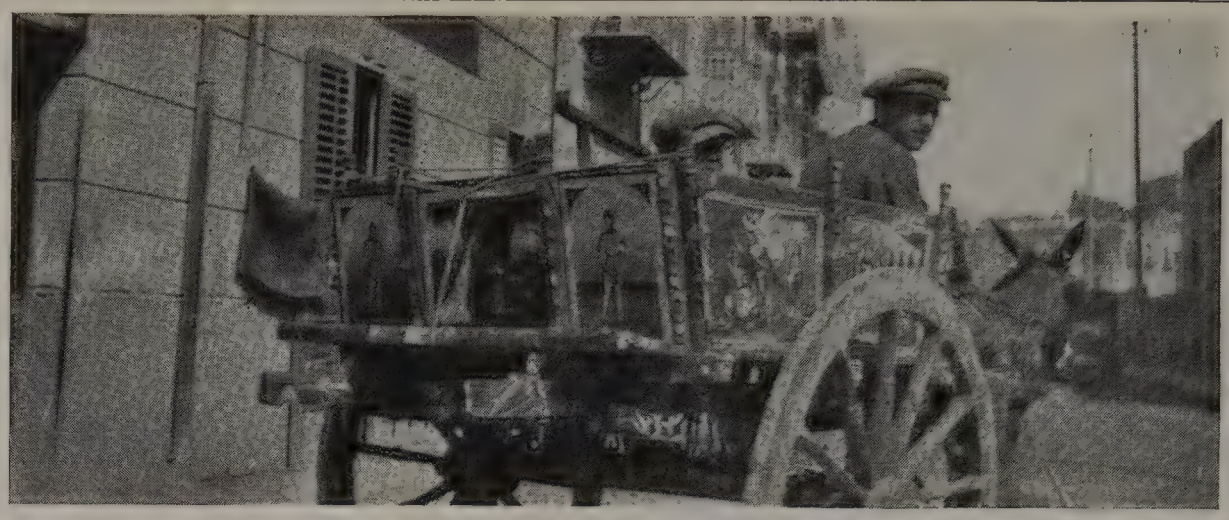
Vesuvius dominates from every vista, by day and by night, from Naples or Capri, from Pompeii or Sorrento. Indulge at leisure, if you can, the glow of awe and wonder that comes at first sight of this dramatic pile. Consult your mental reserve of geography, history, and Bulwer Lytton, and then give yourself up to the luxury of just *feeling* Vesuvius. This may be done while you lunch in the shadow of the old fort, with the bright-colored sailboats and beflagged launches crowding the inlet between the coast and the island. Naples is green and majestic, the bay sparkles. Ten miles away, on the plain of Campania, Vesuvius stands guard—or challenger—with its eternal flag of smoke flying aloft, 4,200 feet above the sea. Those are truly brave villagers that have dared to build homes and plant grape arbors on its very breast.

Play around the mountain, get the perspective of its twin peaks from all vantages, see it by sun, rain, and moonlight, and then go near. There are two irresistible viewpoints: one from Sorrento, the other from the ruins of Pompeii. Standing in the ruins of the Pompeian Forum, you will realize not so much the vine-clad Vesuvius of the present as the fire-belching destroyer of eighteen and a half centuries ago.

The finest and deepest impression of Vesuvius is to come. The funicular road up the volcano passes the grape orchards, the piles of stone, slag, and lava indicative of the several periods of eruption. Government guides conduct you carefully over the rim of ashes to the vantage point for a view of the crater and the cone. And then—the moment of a lifetime! In the huge abyss the vapor clears and from the cone a crimson stream leaps and falls, and flows into the waiting bed of cold green mineral. That sinuous, brilliant fire against a background of desolation—a thing startingly alive in a region of death-flare, a menace, a blood-red scourge—and all else gray smoke, brown rock, dun-colored ashes! Strangely, you have no fear. You go nearer and nearer. The old guide supports you on the steaming pile inside the crater; but for him you would forget danger and be lured still farther to the rim of the roaring furnace.

At the sunset hour the descent is made to the pine-fringed city on the shore of the Bay of Naples. You have been face to face with Vesuvius, felt its hot breath, looked on its living furnace. It is an experience you can never forget.

Della Mohr.



A SICILIAN "CARRETTO," OR CART — These oak carts are heirlooms and are carefully preserved. Upon their panels are painted pictorial representations of the island's history, landscapes, and holy sites

SICILIAN SILHOUETTES

BY SAMUEL R. STERN

Long before maps were made or geographies written, the triangular wedge of land inhabited at the beginning of civilization by a tribe called *Siculi* undoubtedly divided the Mediterranean Sea in half. It is also likely that the island was formerly attached to the toe of Italy's boot, from which it is now separated by the Straits of Messina. Sicily is the largest island of the Mediterranean. At the narrowest point, between Scylla on the Italian shore and Charybdis on the island, the currents and tides are so treacherous as to justify the portent of the phrase "between Scylla and Charybdis," meaning between two dread alternatives. The Straits of Messina are from two to twelve miles wide, and about twenty miles long.

There are several convenient ways of crossing from Italy to Sicily. The trip of 170 miles from Naples to Palermo, on the northwest coast, is made daily in fairly good-sized vessels. One can also go from Rome or Naples to Messina by a train that is transported across the straits by ferry. The island has a population of about three and a half million people. A great majority of the people are engaged in growing fruit, nuts, and olives. Sicily is also the chief source of the world's supply of sulphur, and her fisheries give employment to thousands of persons.

All Sicilian towns were apparently laid out on the same plan. No matter where you go, in the valley or on the mountain top, you see people huddled together in small narrow houses built only a few feet apart, and often resting on arches that shade the streets below. Some streets are too narrow to admit of a vehicle's entering. Goats are everywhere—in the homes, streets, roads, and fields, and even climbing the olive trees. Cows and horses are seldom seen. The jackass is the only carrier of man and merchandise on land. The arched ways keep out the heat in summer and provide shade, and they also minimize the effect of the sirocco, a hot wind that comes from the Sahara Desert and creates great havoc. It tears doors from hinges and windows from their casements, and the dust that follows in its wake penetrates to the innermost chambers of the houses and stores.

Taormina, a popular winter resort in the Province of Messina, is reached from the coast by a remarkable motor road. Hairpin turns wind on a constant up-grade for hundreds of feet. A splendid panorama, gradually unfolding, shows the Ionian Sea below and Mt. Etna high above. Etna, situated near the east shore, is the loftiest point on the island, its elevation being nearly 11,000 feet above sea level. Alexander Dumas, writing of Taormina, described the prospect in the evening "when the sun is setting behind Etna and the shadow of the great mountain is cast upon the Calabrian hills, the forest and uplands glowing with purples melting into blues, and violets into reds." Nearly everything in this old-world town of 5,000 souls dates from a period before the Christian era. The hotel, majestically placed on a soaring peak, was built centuries ago as a castle for a medieval knight. In

and about beautiful Taormina artists are at work, sketching the architecture and decorations of old churches, towers, and buildings, and making pictures of the workers in the orange and lemon groves.

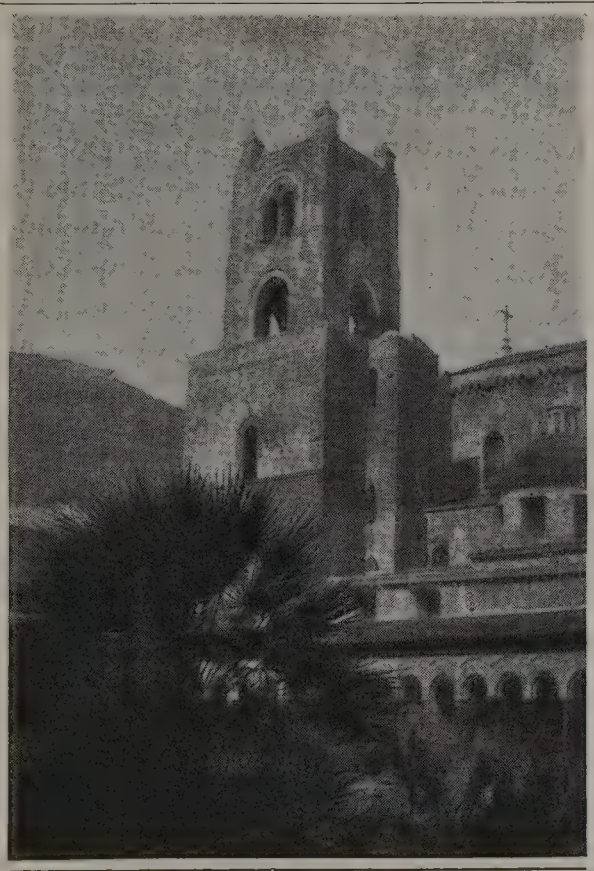
There is an open-air theater only a short distance from the town that was erected over two thousand years ago when the Greeks were in possession of the island. Local concerts are often held in this mammoth amphitheater.

It must have taken a deal of time, patience, and labor to construct towns like these on heights far above the sea. Yet all over Sicily you find them. The principal reason for building them so was that the difficulty of their approach discouraged attack. If enemies did dare the trail they could be seen advancing and a better defense could be prepared.

Palermo, called "the happy," has an imposing position on the shore. Within its walls is a private chapel with mosaics of matchless beauty portraying the creation and development of man and the life of Christ and the Apostles. Palermo has four hundred thousand inhabitants.

Sicily is unfortunate in the fact that one sixth of the island is owned by less than two

A NARROW ARCHED STREET IN TAORMINA



NORMAN ROMANESQUE CATHEDRAL NEAR PALERMO

hundred people. Only about ten per cent of the inhabitants live in the open country. Sicilians seem to prefer the cities, and often willingly travel many miles to and from their work in the fields, forests, mines, or orchards. There is an entire absence of the cottage life found in other parts of Europe.

The better class of Sicilians are fine-looking. The women have handsome eyes, and the men are well groomed. The majority of the people are extremely poor, but their appearance and occupations are invariably picturesque. Gossipy old women sit in doorways weaving their yarns. Younger ones go to the community fountain balancing expertly their well-filled jugs, or carrying fuel upon their heads from the mountains to the villages below. The children are much overworked; extreme youth seems to be no impediment to heavy physical labor. Many young girls are employed making lace and embroidery.

The roads of Sicily are for the most part very bad, and lend themselves to travel by cart much better than by automobile. But the island is so attractive that sooner or later tourists will compel a good roads movement, and then it will indeed be a motorists' paradise.

A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN HISTORY

THE OPENING OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB

Described for The Mentor by Arthur Weigall

It was a dramatic moment in history, that hour in early afternoon on February 16, 1923, when Lord Carnarvon passed through the door of the death chamber of Tutankhamen,* the very location of which had been forgotten before the first Rameses came to the throne. That moment has been described for The Mentor by Mr. Weigall, who was for many years Inspector-General of Antiquities in Egypt.

"The uppermost feeling was of pity," he said. "It touched all of us who were there. There was something of a sense of the tragic in it: compassion for this Pharaoh who was being awakened. Once so powerful, now he seemed like a man washed up on a strange beach, a man stranded in the ages, one left behind by time, with all his people gone. He had lain so long in his dark room; and now he was being brought from his own world into a world of cameras and moving pictures, X-rays and electric lights. There was not a soul there who did not feel a tremendous tension. We had come to the last of the great kings' tombs, and probably the most complete. For more than a hundred years men had been seeking it.

"The scene was like the setting of a drama, but it was intensely real: In the distance, the city of the dead, all gaunt and glaring; about us, the barren Libyan hills, with not even a palm in sight, and the hot narrow valley—Biban-el-maluk, 'the doorways of kings,' which they chose for their secret resting places so they might lie forever unmolested by marauders. And in the tomb itself, buried in the rock, the two Ka statues of Tutankhamen himself, each with the royal mace, on guard beside the sealed door in the outer chamber, with its treasures about them.

"It is no doubt nonsense to talk of superstitions. Yet even Lord Carnarvon was nervous. He was a sick man when he went to Luxor, and he was under a tremendous strain. This was the moment which would show if years of work had been wasted or would give up the biggest find. When the moment to enter came at last, after the way had been cleared, he was laughing and joking nervously. His voice was that of a man strung up. He gave the word in some such phrase as, 'Well, come on, boys.'

"Six weeks later, on the day of Carnarvon's death, a colleague asked me, 'Do you remember what you said to me when he went in?' I had forgotten. 'What you said,' my friend told me, 'was this: "If he goes in there in that spirit, I give him six weeks to live."'

"As the party filed down the stone steps of the tomb, I could not help thinking of Aladdin and the Forty Thieves. The entrance was a spot of black in the brilliance of the desert. The heat shimmered on the barren earth and the biscuit-colored rocks. The dead-white road glared where it wound for miles through the necropolis. To one side a few police huddled in a tent; on the hill, thirty feet above the tomb, a watchman cooked his dinner at an open fire.

"There came a tapping: Howard Carter's chisel on the limestone blocks at the top of the sealed door leading to the third of the four rooms cut in the rock. Bit by bit the stone work came loose and workmen carried it out. The sharp tapping kept on, steadily. There was no other sound. The

ARTHUR WEIGALL IN HIS STUDIO

Preparing a cast of Tutankhamen for exhibition in Great Britain. As scientist, artist, and author, Weigall has for twenty years been discovering and describing Egyptian antiquities. He began his career as assistant to Professor Flinders Petrie, and later conducted excavations at Thebes and Sakkara, and in other archæological fields. Mr. Weigall is the one standing on the box

*Note: The king's name is made up of three words, Tut-ankh-Amen, meaning "In the Living Image of God."

tapping continued. It was like awakening at Resurrection. We had a curious feeling that the man inside was awake now, that he had heard and was straining to know what had come to him. The sealed doorway was swung free. At that moment a hawk—the royal bird of the Pharaohs—came soaring over the burial plain from Luxor; it hovered a moment directly over the tomb and flew straight into the west. This sounds like nonsense. None the less, it happened.

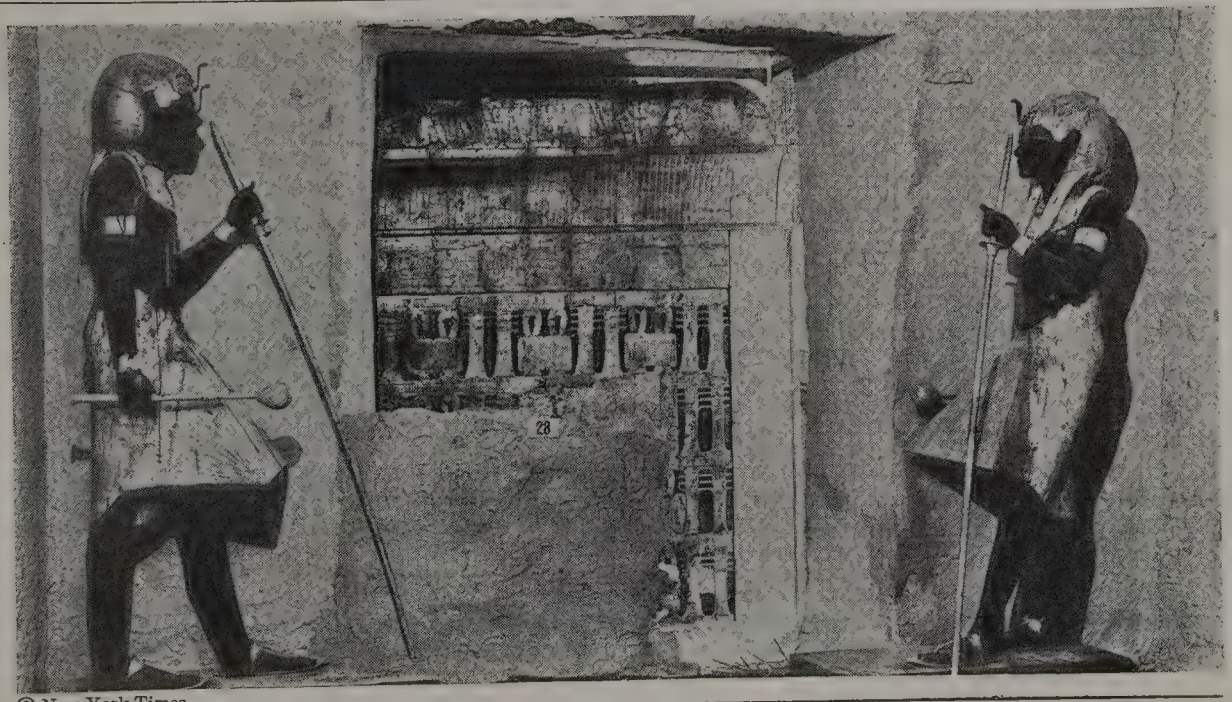
"The seal covering the inner entrance was shifted aside. Two great eyes stared out through the opening: the magical eyes of the dead, painted on a panel of wood and left on watch.

"The inner chamber, containing the catafalque, is perhaps twenty-five feet by twelve, and ten feet high; its floor is three feet lower than that of the outer room. Carter and Carnarvon dropped down, carrying an electric torch. They found what appeared to be the first royal tomb intact. There is but ten inches between the catafalque and the wall; they squeezed around a corner, and on the front of the big wooden structure found two doors, bolted and bearing the seals put there by priests after robbers had once entered the tomb.

"When Carnarvon came out at last, his face was dead white. The doors creaked open as Carter shot the bronze bolt; within the catafalque he and Carnarvon found a space of two feet, and then a second great box, shrouded with a pall of linen covered with gold sequins. Skill was needed to erect these tabernacles, which all but fill the chamber they occupy.

"Robbers had entered the central chamber of Tutankhamen's tomb, but the catafalque, resealed by the priests, appeared not to have been entered. A vase or two lay about, and outside the doorway, which priests also sealed, a bit of linen drapery had been thrown over one of the Ka statues of the king: the desecrators could not stand the watchfulness of the figure. Often in such cases the thieves gouged out the eyes of the statues. The robbers that entered the tomb of Tutankhamen made their attempt before 1150 B. C. The burial place was already old: Tutankhamen ruled from 1358 to 1351 B. C., and by 1150 the entrance to his tomb was covered by a natural accretion of earth and by rubbish from the tomb of Rameses VI, in the hillside above.

Terror drove out the Egyptian thieves who so long ago dared the king's wrath, and something of that terror laid its spell on the exploring men of to-day, who came not to despoil but to preserve the name and story of a king whom some believe to have been the Pharaoh of the Exodus.



© New York Times

THE SECRET OF THE INNER CHAMBER

A portion of the shrine of Tutankhamen's tomb, elaborately carved and gilded and inlaid with blue faïence. The piece of the wall in the foreground bears the seals. Ka statues guard the entrance

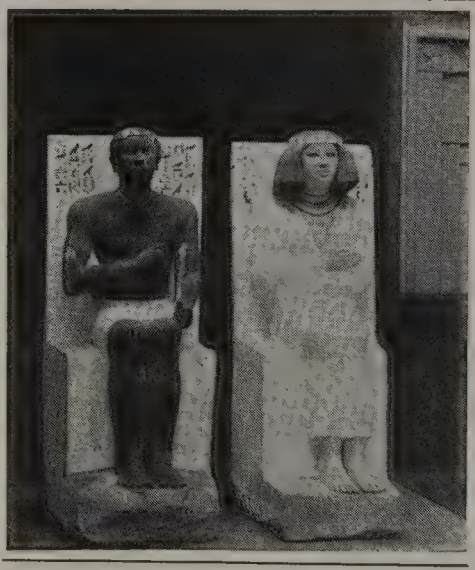
MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CAIRO MUSEUM

STEPPING BACK 4,000 YEARS

BY ALFRED HEINICKE

The disposition of the objects found in the tomb of Tutankhamen is an active source of speculation. Some will go to the British Museum, but the finest specimens will remain in Egypt. The National Museum at Cairo is now undergoing a house-cleaning to make room for the Tutankhamen effects.

So many antiques of historic importance were removed from Egypt in the past, that the Egyptian Government created a Department of Government Excavations, and ruled that only after officials had chosen half of the rarest specimens unearthed by European expeditions could the remainder be transported from the country.



THE INSPIRATION OF A MODERN FASHION

Ever since a member of Napoleon's military expedition to the Nile found the Rosetta Stone, key to Egyptian hieroglyphics, the French have been active Egyptologists. In the middle of the last century Auguste Mariette, an assistant in the Louvre at Paris, went to Egypt to undertake archæological excavations under the auspices of the French Government. He demonstrated such an ardent spirit and became such an admirer of Egypt that he was appointed the first Director of Government Excavations.

With the aid of the Egyptian and French Governments, Mariette founded in 1858 the National Museum. He died in 1881, and a few years later plans were drawn up for a modern museum building in Cairo. At the entrance is Mariette's tomb, a sarcophagus unearthed in the Nile Valley. Sir Gaston Maspero, the noted French Egyptologist and author, became the second director of the museum.

The building, constructed at a cost of five million francs, was completed in 1902. In its stately halls have been assembled the rarest treasures taken from ancient Egyptian tombs and storehouses. In the Gallery of Honor are many beautifully carved granite basalt sarcophagi. Here also are boats in which the ancient Egyptians carried their dead for burial in the pyramids. These boats were found imbedded in the loose desert sand near the northern pyramids of Dalishur. Their discovery leads to the conclusion that the royal burial grounds could be reached only by boats in times of high water.

A heroic group on the stairway represents King Amenthosis III and his wife Tiji, with their three children. This splendid work of art was found in the years 1906–1908 and was brought to the museum in sections. Some missing pieces were cleverly reproduced;

luckily, the heads were found intact in the excavations.

The Cow of Deir el Bahri and her chapel are particularly interesting to visitors. The sacred cow is called the finest piece of animal sculpture ever taken from Egyptian soil.

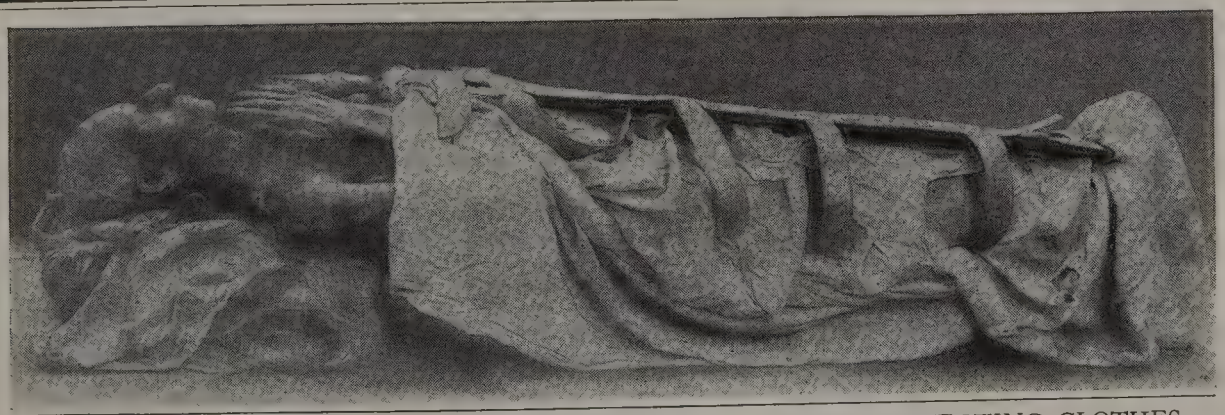
Articles from the graves of the Theban kings are found on the upper floor of the museum. Toilet requisites, musical instruments, goldware, dresses, fan and mirror handles, suggest a luxurious age. The curators have sorted small sphinxes, statuettes, axes, chisels, wooden tortoises (used for pincushions), shoes and sandals, boxes for cosmetics used by the women of those days, and children's toys. In the Gallery of Gems are displayed the jewels of royal ladies of Egypt—necklaces, bracelets, amulets, and clasps of amazing workmanship.

CHAIRS 4,000 YEARS OLD
After which "Empire" furniture was modeled

The tomb of Queen Teja of the first dynasty yielded four bracelets of great beauty and value. The story of their discovery leads into the byways of romance. Centuries ago the queen's tomb was pillaged and her mummy broken into small pieces. One of her forearms was secreted by a robber in a hole in the wall of the tomb. Here it remained forgotten. Finally the tomb was converted into a shrine; for more than a thousand years none of the pilgrims continued to worship at the shrine, and no one discovered the hidden arm and the bracelets. The Copts destroyed the shrine, and later, when a foreign mission carried away the contents of the tomb, the arm still remained undisturbed. Finally it was discovered by a workman who had put his dole of bread in the opening of the wall. When the bandages were removed, Queen Teja's bracelets clattered to the ground. They represent the very earliest examples of jewelry known, dating back nearly 5,000 years before Christ.

Mummy hunting flourished for many years in Egypt. Hundreds were sold out of the country, until finally the Government put a stop to this ghoulish trade. In room after room of the museum are ranged the coffins of dead monarchs and their royal households. The arms of all mummies are folded over the chest. There were several different processes of mummy making. Most of the bodies in the museum have been preserved by means of spiced gums, or pitch, or carbonate of soda.

A never-failing object of pilgrimage is the casket of Rameses, who built Thebes and Karnak and laid a heavy hand on the Israelites. Another tomb that always attracts attention is that of a princess mummy with a tiny baby.



MUMMY OF SETI I AS IT LOOKED ON REMOVAL OF THE PROTECTING CLOTHES
As the most perfectly preserved mummy in the world, it is one of the most precious exhibits in the Cairo Museum

THE KA

Man's Double in Ancient Egypt

BY LORINDA M. BRYANT

The Egyptians believed that every man, king, and god was born with a double personality. They were taught that a second self, or "Ka," was created with him, and that this Ka represented him in the spirit world, throughout his life. When death came, the Ka was free to wander at will. If food and drink were not furnished for the Ka, then it would wander about in search of it. This to the Egyptian was unthinkable. Food must be furnished, and also an abiding place.

A portrait-statue of the deceased was always made so that the Ka might recognize the home prepared for it. The Ka animated the statue and received the mortuary offerings. An invariable characteristic of a Ka was its dignity. The effigy of a prince must have a princely bearing, and one of a professional person must have a pose indicative of his calling.

After the statue of the Ka was made it was put in the Ka chapel, called the "Serdad." This was an inner room of the *mastaba*, or tomb, of the deceased. It was believed that the carved image possessed intelligence, and that when it lived in its new home, the Ka chapel, it could enjoy the odor of the delicious offerings brought by "the priests of the Ka." The food was placed on a low table in front of the false door of the tomb where the Ka could easily regale itself. These tables—really a kind of doorstep to the false door—were made of marble, alabaster, or granite, and were elaborately carved with pictures of foods and drinks—cakes, bread, geese, beef, fruits, vegetables—and flower decorations. On many of the tables were small tanks or hollow channels where libations of wine were supposedly poured out to the honor of the deceased and his gods.

In the Cairo Museum

THE VILLAGE CHIEF

A Ka statue carved thousands of years ago, and accounted the finest known example of ancient Egyptian sculptural art. The face and figure are of wood; the eyes are of quartz and rock crystal, with eyelids of bronze

The freedom of the Ka was remarkable. It could come and go as it willed; it could live in the other world or in this world. In the marvelous Egyptian exhibit of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, is the reconstructed original tomb of Perneb, who lived about 2650 B. C. This royal sepulcher was found on the west side of the Nile at Sakkara, the cemetery of old Memphis. The wooden portrait-statue of Perneb was destroyed by ancient plunderers. The museum authorities have substituted for Perneb's own Ka a replica of the famous "Wooden Man," which is one of the most remarkable features of the Cairo Museum.

In the British Museum is a wooden Ka figure of Rameses II taken from his tomb at Thebes. Old Rameses the Great merits interest on several counts.

Besides being one of the most powerful rulers of an ancient dynasty, he is particularly worthy of notice because he was the father of one hundred and eleven sons and fifty-one daughters. He honored several of his favorite children by having small statues set up beside his own Ka.

The Ka of Tutankhamen has frequently been mentioned in cable dispatches. Portrait-statues of the youthful ruler were discovered on either side of the entrance to the tomb, opened under sensational circumstances in February, 1923.*

*A picture of these statues is shown on page 37 of this issue

BOCCACCIO, KING OF STORY TELLERS

BY PHILIP HARRIDAN

It gives one a strange emotion, walking in the environs of Florence, to look over the walls of the identical gardens where Boccaccio's lovely ladies sat six centuries ago and exchanged with their companions the immortal tales of the Decameron.

There are two of these gardens. One surrounds the country house called Poggia Gherardo, a two-mile walk from Florence. Pools, greensward, and lanes pertaining to the Villa Palmieri supplied the background for the second part of the story-telling tourney comprised in the collection titled "Decameron," or "Ten Days."

Boccaccio was familiar with both these estates as a boy. His stepmother dowered her husband with a farm near by, and young Giovanni lived there for several years. Information about his birth and boyhood is not definite. He was born in 1313 or 1314 in Paris, where his father, a Florentine, was engaged in business. There the young merchant met and loved a French noblewoman. As a babe in arms the child was carried back to Italy, where his father married a girl of his own countryside. When he became a writer, Giovanni was never tired of calling attention in his poems and stories to the beauty of the olive and cypress trees that covered the hills. Twenty miles from Florence there is an old dwelling called the House of Boccaccio, part of which sheltered the youth Giovanni.

To please his father, he tried to learn the banking business in Naples, and later he studied law. For six years, he says in one of his works, "he did nothing but waste irrecoverable time." He hated business and money-making, but he passionately loved the pursuit of culture. He had plenty of good times, too, for Naples was a gay city under the reign of King Robert, and the Boccaccio family had many friends at Robert's court.

Giovanni was still an unwilling student of the law when on a certain fateful Holy Saturday he went to mass in a fine church of Naples. While he was listening to the service there appeared to his eyes "the wondrous beauty of a young woman. . . . I had no sooner seen her than my heart began to throb."

Seized by her blond loveliness, he watched the lady leave the church . . . and returned on Easter Day, and saw her again, and she him. He learned that she was the natural daughter of the King of Naples, and the wife of Count d'Aquino, to whom she had not long been wedded. Her age was about seventeen. Her personal allurements and her appetite for admiration had already involved her in numerous affairs.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO

Whose "Decameron" ("Ten Days") is one of the classics of literature, also wrote a Life of Dante and commentaries on the first sixteen cantos of the "Inferno"

After a protracted period of coquetry, the fair-haired countess accepted Boccaccio as a lover. Fast in Cupid's chains, from now on he had but two desires: to write, and to continue in the smiles of Maria d'Aquino, the "Fiammetta" of his dreams. She became his inspiration and his despair. As Dante loved Beatrice; as Petrarch, Laura; so Giovanni gave himself to Fiammetta. Faithless Fiammetta! She betrayed him when he was twenty-two. His entire life seemed then on the edge of disaster; but he found consolation in following after another and always constant mistress—Literature. Of the many works he produced, the one most truly worthy of enduring fame is his romance "Amorosa Fiammetta." He was the creator of the novel, and is named with Dante and Petrarch as one of the three founders of modern literature.

Even when Fiammetta died, Boccaccio's love for her still remained a definite part of his existence. Because of her betrayal he mistrusted all women and held their morality in contempt. This attitude is bitterly evidenced in his "Life of Dante," and in "Corbaccio," written "to open the eyes of the young to woman's perfidy."

When Boccaccio was forty years old he undertook the major work of his career, the

SCENE OF THE DECAMERON

Villa Palmieri, where the stories of the third to the tenth days of the Decameron were narrated, can still be seen in the suburbs of Florence

Decameron. In this, too, he finds a place for false Fiammetta. She is named as one of the seven patrician young women who fled to the country from the mournful horrors of the Black Death, which ravaged Florence in the year 1348. Escorted by three gallants, they found diversion at the little palace identified as Poggio Gherardo, and on the walled terraces of Villa Palmieri. Amid these pastoral surroundings, the ten friends passed the time telling stories, crowning every day for ten days a new "story master," and choosing a different theme daily.

These inventions of Boccaccio's pleasure-seeking young Florentines were related in turn, ten tales to a day—some short, some longer, but all with variety as limitless as humanity; better than the "Arabian Nights' Tales" in their setting, more authentic than Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" in their relations of life, and sprightlier, more comic than either. No literary product of the fourteenth century can be compared to this series of one hundred imaginary narratives, just as in the thirteenth century Dante's "Divine Comedy" was supreme. There is a considerable bibliography reciting the influence of the Decameron upon the work of Shakespeare, Molière, Keats, Tennyson, Lessing, and other master writers of European nations. The French say truthfully that the subject matter of many of the ribald tales in the Decameron are borrowed from their literature, but it was Boccaccio's genius that wove into a shining fabric these types and themes drawn from other sources. An epic poem, "Teseide," written at Fiammetta's wish and dedicated to her, has an important place in the evolution of poetry in its modern form because of its original rhythm. Chaucer adopted some of its principal features in "The Knight's Tale," and Lord Byron made use of the meter in "Don Juan."

The first printed edition of the Decameron was probably issued in Florence about 1470. The first English translation appeared in 1620.

One of the pleasures that came to Boccaccio in middle life was his friendship with Petrarch, whom he had long admired for his piety and gifts of scholarship. When he got word of his friend's passing, in the year 1374, Boccaccio had himself been ill for some time at Certaldo in the Tuscan hills. His death came about Christmas time a year later. As specified in his will, he was buried in the village church, and there he lies still, the master story teller of all time, and a master lover.

ROOM IN BOCCACCIO'S HOUSE, CERTALDO